



ABRAHAMUS COULETIUS

Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus Maro,
Desicæ Decus, Desiderium Aui sui,
Hic juxta situs est.

Aurea dum volitant lætæ tua scripta per orbem,
Et famâ æternum vivis, Divite Poeta,
Hic placidâ jaceas requie, Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides vigilentq; perenni lampade Mula;
Sit sacer iste locus, Nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacilegâ turbare manu Venerabile Bullum
Intacti macant, nunciant per secula Dulcis
COULEII cineres, serventq; immobile saxum

sic Vovet.

Votumq; suum apud Posteros sacratum esse vo-
luit Qui viro incomparabili posuit sepulcrum maro:

GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGAMLE.

Excessit è vita Anno R. 49 et honorifica pompa
elatus ex Ædibus Buckinghamianis viris illustri-
bus omnium Ordinum exsequias celebranti-
bus sepultus est Die 3. Augusti An. D. 1667.



ABRAHAMUS COULETIUS

Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus Maro,
Desicæ Decus, Desiderium Aui sui,
Hic juxta situs est.

Aurea dum volitant lætæ tua scripta per orbem,
Et famâ æternum vivis, Divite Poeta,
Hic placidâ jaceas requie, Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides vigilentq; perenni lampade Mula;
Sit sacer iste locus, Nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacilegâ turbare manu Venerabile Bullum
Intacti macent, nunciant per secula Dulcis
COULEII cineres, serventq; immobile saxum

sic Vovet.

Votumq; suum apud Posteros sacratum esse vo-
luit Qui viro incomparabili posuit sepulcrum maro:

GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGAMLE.

Excessit è vita Anno R. 49 et honorifica pompa
elatus ex Ædibus Buckinghamianis viris illustri-
bus omnium Ordinum exsequias celebranti-
bus sepultus est Die 3. M. Augusti An. D. 1667.

The Second Part
OF THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

*Being what was Written and Published by himself in his
YOUNGER YEARS.*

And now Reprinted together.

The Fifth Edition.



LONDON:

Printed by Mary Clark, for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-luce
in Fleet-street, and Abel Swalle, at the Unicorn in
St. Pauls Church-yard. MDCLXXXIV.

The Second Part

OF THE

VOLUME

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

T H T O T

The Book-sellers to the Reader.

Right Honourable and Right Reverend

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquired after, and very scarce, (the Town hardly affording one Book, tho' it hath been four times Printed) we thought this Fifth Edition could not fail of being well received by the World. We presume one reason why they were omitted in the last Collection, was, because the propriety of this Copy belonged not to the same Person that published those; but the reception they had found appears by the several Impressions through which they had pass'd. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his Riper Years, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in obscurity. We presume the Authors Judgment of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modesty) give them no small Character. His words are in the 6th. Page of his Preface before his former published Poems.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems, in his several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose, in the 11th. Discourse treating of himself, pag. 143. These we suppose a sufficient Authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the smallest Remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the Copy of his mind, so that by this Supplement to his other Volume you have the Picture of that so deservedly Eminent Man from almost his Childhood to his Latest Years, The bud and bloom of his Spring, The warmth of his Summer, The richness and perfection of his Autumn. But for the Readers further curiosity, we refer him to the Author's following Preface to them, Published by himself. And to contribute all we can to our Readers satisfaction, we have endeavour'd to make these Poems something more acceptable, by prefixing the Sculpture of the Authors Monument.

Your Humble Servants.

A

T O

TO THE
Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God,

JOHN
Lord Bishop of Lincoln, and Dean of Westminster.

MY LORD,

I Might well fear, lest these my rude
and unpolish'd Lines should offend
your Honourable Survey; but that I
hope your Nobleness will rather smile
at the Faults committed by a Child,
than censure them. Howsoever I de-
sire your Lordships Pardon, for pre-
senting things so unworthy to your
View, and to accept the good will of
him, who in all Duty is bound to be

Your Lordships

most humble Servant,

Abraham Cowley.

TO

To the Reader.

REader (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their Envy) at my Poetical Boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, ~~carmines~~ others who are either of a weak Faith, or strong Malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which never sounds but when tis blowed in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Antharax* answering to the first answer, that it is an envious Frost which nips the Blossoms, because they appear quickly: to the latter, that he is the worst Homicide who strives to murder another Famer, so both that it is a ridiculous Folly to condemn or laugh at the Stars, because the Moon and Sun shine brighter. The small fire ~~flavels~~ rather blown than extinguished by this Wind. For the itch of Poetrie by being angered increaseth, by rubbing, spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this Third Edition. What tho it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first Book which hath lighted Tobacco, or been imployed by Cooks and Grocers. If in all mens Judgments it suffer Shipwreck, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased my self and the Bookseller. In it you shall find one Argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poetrie flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, may I would do it my self, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years age. My *Constantius* and *Philetus* confesseth me two years older when I writ it. The rest were made since upon several occasions, and perhaps do not bely the time of their Birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their Fate lies in your hands; it is only you, can effect, that neither the Bookseller repent himself of his Charge in Printing them, nor I of my labor in composing them. Farewel.

A. Cowley

To the Reader.

I.

I Call'd the Buskin'd Muse MELPOMINE,
And told her what sad Story I would write:
She wept at hearing such a Tragedy,
Tho' wont in Mournful Ditties to delight.
If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know
My Muse with tears, not with Conceits did flow.

II.

And as she my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the Paper fall,
If then unequal numbers be espied,
Oh Reader! do not that my error call,
But think her Tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muses grief, and not my missing Pen.

Abraham Cowley.

C O N.



CONSTANTIA

A N D

PHILETUS.

I.

I Sing two constant Lovers various fate,
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their Loves: Their Rivals envy, Parents hate,
I sing their woful life, and tragick end.
Aid me, ye gods, this story to rehearse
This mournful tale, and favour every Verse.

2.

In *Florence*, for her stately Buildings fam'd,
And lofty Roofs that emulate the Skie;
There dwelt a lovely maid, *Constantia* nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all *Italy*.

Her, lavish nature did at first adorn,
With *Pallas* Soul in *Cytherea's* Form.

3.

And framing her attractive eyes so bright,
Spent all her Wit in study, that they might
Keep earth from *Chaos* and eternal night;
But envious death destroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty then, since she did part;
For in her Nature wasted all her Art.

B

Her

4.

Her Hair was brighter than the beams which are
 A Crown to *Phœbus*, and her breath so sweet,
 It did transcend *Arabian* Odours far,
 Or smelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet
 Approaching Summer, teeth like falling Snow
 For white, were placed in a double row.

5.

Her wit excelling praise, even all admire,
 Her speech was so attractive it might be
 A cause to raise the mighty *Pallas* ire
 And stir up envy from that Deity.
 The Maiden Lillies at her sight
 Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew white,

6.

She was in Birth and Parentage as high
 As in her Fortune great, or Beauty rare,
 And to her vertuous minds nobility
 The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
 That in her spotless soul, and lovely Face
 You might have seen each Deity and Grace.

7.

The scornful Boy *Adonis* viewing her
 Would *Venus* still despise, yet her desire,
 Each who but saw, was a Competitor
 And Rival, scorch'd alike with *Cupid's* fire.
 The glorious beams of her fair Eyes did move,
 And light beholders on their way to Love.

8.

Among her many Suitors a young Knight
 'Bove others wounded with the Majesty
 Of her fair presence, presseth most in fight;
 Yet seldom his desire can satisfy
 With that blest objects or her rareness see;
 For Beauties guard is watchful jealousy.

9.

Oft times that he might see his *Dearest* fair,
 Upon his stately Jennet he in th' way
 Rides by her house, who neighs, as if he were
 Proud to be view'd by bright *Constantia*.
 But his poor Master tho' to see her move
 His joy, dares shew no look betraying love.

Soon

10.

Soon as the morning left her roſie bed,
And all Heavens ſmaller lights were driv'n away :
She by her friends and near acquaintance led
Like other Maids would walk at break of day :
Aurora bluſht to ſee a ſight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

11.

Th' obſequious Lover follows ſtill her train
And where they go, that way his journey feigns.
Should they turn back, He would turn back again ;
For with his Love, his buſineſs does remain.
Nor is it ſtrange he ſhould be loth to part
From her, whoſe eyes had ſtole away his heart.

12.

Philetus he was call'd, ſprung from a race
Of Noble Anceſtors ; but greedy *Time*
And envious *Fate* had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great Stock did ſhine ;
Small his eſtate, unfitting her degree,
But blinded Love could no ſuch difference ſee.

13.

Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,
And dipt his Arrow in *Conſtantia's* eyes,
Blowing a fire, that would deſtroy him quite,
Unleſs ſuch flames within her heart ſhou'd riſe.
But yet he fears, becauſe he blinded is,
Tho he have ſhot him right, her heart he'll miſs.

14.

Unto Loves Altar therefore he repairs,
And Offers up a pleaſing Sacrifice ;
Intreating *Cupid* with inducing Prayers,
To look upon, and eaſe his miſeries :
Where having wept, recovering breath again,
Thus to immortal Love he did complain :

15.

Oh mighty Cupid! Whoſe unbounded ſway,
Hath often rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,
Whom all Caeſtial Deities obey,
Whom men and gods both reverence and fear !
Oh force *Conſtantia's* heart to yield to Love,
Of all thy Works the Maſter-piece 'twill prove ;

16.

*And let me not Affection vainly spend,
But kindle flames in her like those in me;
Yet if that gift my Fortune doth transcend,
Grant that her charming Beauty I may see.
For ever view those Eyes, whose charming light,
More than the World besides does please my sight,*

17.

*Those who contemn thy sacred Deity,
Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger know,
I faultless am, what honour can it be,
Only to wound your Slave, and spare your Foe.
Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect mone,
In language far more moving than his own.*

18.

*Home he retir'd, his Soul he brought not home,
Just like a Ship while every mounting wave
Toss'd by enraged Boreas up and down,
Threatens the Mariner with a gaping grave;
Such did his case, such did his state appear,
Alike distracted between hope and fear.*

19.

*Thinking her love he never shall obtain,
One morn he haunts the Woods, and doth complain
Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vain,
And thus fond Eccho answers him again.
It mov'd Aurora, and she wept to hear,
Dewing the verdant Grass with many a tear.*

The E C C H O.

I.

*O H! what hath caus'd my killing miseries?
EYES, Eccho said. What hath detain'd my ease?
EASE, straight the reasonable Nymph replies;
That nothing can my troubled mind appease:
PEACE, Eccho answers. What, is any nigh?
Philetus said; She quickly utters, I.*

II. L't

II.

Is't Eccho answers? tell me then thy will:
I WILL, she said; What shall I get (says he)
By loving still? To which she answers, ILL.
Ill? shall I void of wish'd for pleasures die?
I. Shall not I who toil in ceaseless pain,
Some pleasure know? NO, she replies again.

III.

False and inconstant Nymph, thou lyes (said he)
THOU LTEST, she said; and I deserv'd her hate,
If I should thee believe; BELIEVE, (saith she)
For why thy idle words are of no weight.
WEIGHT, (she answers) therefore I'll depart.
To which, resounding Eccho answers; PART.

20.

Then from the Woods with wounded heart he goes,
 Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind.
 He quarrels with himself because his woes
 Spring from himself, yet can no medicine find:
 He weep to quench the fires that burn in him,
 But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

21.

No morning banish'd darkness, nor black night
 By her alternate course expell'd the day,
 In which *Philetus* by a constant rite
 At *Cupid's* Altars did not weep and pray;
 And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain
 But Care and Sorrow was his only gain.

22.

But now at last the pitying god, o'come
 By constant votes and tears, fixt in her heart
 A golden shaft, and she is now become
 A suppliant to Love, that with like Dart
 He'd wound *Philetus*, does with tears implore
 Aid from that power she so much scorn'd before.

23.

Little she thinks she kept *Philetus* heart
 In her scorch'd breast, because her own she gave
 To him. Since either suffers equal smart,
 And a like measure in their torments have:
 His soul, his griefs, his fires, now hers are grown:
 Her heart, her mind, her love is his alone.

24.

Whist thoughts 'gainst thoughts rise up in mutiny,
 She took a Lute (being far from any ears)
 And tun'd this Song, posing that harmony
 Which Poets attribute to heavenly spheres.
 Thus had she sung when her dear Love was slain,
 She'd surely call'd him back from Styx again.

The SONG.

I.

TO whom shall I my sorrows show?
 Not to Love, for he is blind;
 And my Philetus doth not know
 The inward torment of my mind.
 And all the senseless walls which are
 Now round about me cannot hear.

II.

For if they could, they sure would weep,
 And with my griefs relent:
 Unless their willing tears they keep,
 Till I from Earth am sent.
 Then I believe they'll all deplore
 My fate, since I taught them before.

III.

I willingly would weep my store,
 If th' flood would land thy Love,
 My dear PHILETUS on the shore
 Of my heart; but should'st thou prove
 Afraid of flames, know the fires are
 But Bonfires for thy coming there.

25.

Then Tears in Envy of her speech did flow.
 From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there
 Her burning flame had melted Hills of Snow,
 And so dissolv'd them into many a tear;
 Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
 And quickly caus'd new serpent griefs to grow.

26.

Here stay, my *Muse*, for if I should recite,
 Her mournful Language, I should make you weep
 Like her, a flood, and so not see to write,
 Such Lines as I, and th' age requires, to keep
 Me from stern death, or with victorious rime,
 Revenge their Masters Death, and conquer time.

27.

By this time, chance and his own industry
 Had helpt *Philetus* forward, that he grew
 Acquainted with her Brother, so that he
 Might, by this means, his bright *Constantia* view :
 And as time serv'd, shew her his misery :
 This was the first Act in his Tragedy.

28.

Thus to himself sooth'd by his flattering state,
 He said ; *How shall I thank thee for this gain,*
O Cupid, or reward my helping Fate,
Which sweetens all my sorrows, all my pain ?
What Husband-man would any pains refuse,
To reap at last such fruit, his labors use ?

29.

But when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful state,
 Seeing his griefs link'd like an endless chain,
 To following woes, he wou'd when 'twas too late
 Quench his hot flames, and idle Love disdain.
 But *Cupid*, when his heart was set on fire,
 Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire.

30.

The wounded Youth, and kind *Philocrates*
 (So was her Brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
 So true, and constant, in their Amities,
 And in that League, so strictly joyned were ;
 That Death it self could not their friendship sever,
 But as they liv'd in Love, they dy'd together.

31.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad ;
 If one be sick, the other's surely ill ;
 And if *Philetus* any sorrow had,
Philocrates was partner in it still :
Pylades soul and mad *Orestes* was
 In these, if we believe *Pythagoras*.

32.

Oft in the Woods *Philetus* walks, and there
 Exclaims against his Fate, Fate too unkind.
 With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
 And with sad sighs instructs the angry *Wind*
 To sigh; and did even upon that prevail,
 It groan'd to hear *Philetus* mournful tale.

33.

The Crystal Brooks which gently run between
 The shadowing Trees, and as they through them pass
 Water the Earth, and keep the Meadows green,
 Giving a colour to the verdant grass:
 Hearing *Philetus* tell his woful state,
 In shew of grief run murmuring at his Fate.

34.

Philomel answers him again and shews
 In her best Language, her sad History,
 And in a mournful sweetness tells her woes,
 Denying to be pos'd in misery:
Constantia he, she *Tereus*, *Tereus* cries,
 With him both grief, and grief's expression vies.

35.

Philocrates must needs his sadness know,
 Willing in ills, as well as joys to share,
 Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,
 Who in light sport, not sorrow partners are.
 Who leaves to guide the Ship when Storms arise,
 Is guilty both of sin, and cowardise.

36.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he
 Yielded to Tyrant Passion more and more,
 Desirous to partake his Malady,
 He watches him in hope to cure his sore
 By counsel, and recall the poisonous Dart,
 When it, alas, was fixed in his heart.

37.

When in the Woods, places best fit for care,
 He to himself did his past griefs recite,
 Th' obsequious friend straight follows him, and there
 Doth hide himself from sad *Philetus* sight.
 Who thus exclaims; for a swoln heart would break,
 If it for vent of sorrow might not speak.

38.

Oh! I am lost, not in this Desert Wood,
 But in loves pathless Labyrinth, there I
 My health, each joy and pleasure counted good
 Have lost, and which is more, my liberty,
 And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice
 My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

39.

Long have I staid, but yet have no relief,
 Long have I lov'd, yet have no favor shown,
 Because she knows not of my killing grief,
 And I have fear'd, to make my sorrows known.
 For why alas, if she should once but dart
 Disdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

40.

But how should she, e're I impart my Love,
 Reward my ardent flame with like desire?
 But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
 Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire?
 Why, he who hath all sorrows born before,
 Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more.

41.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
 Runs to his friend, and sighing, Oh! (said he)
 My dear Philetus be thy self, and swear
 To rule that Passion which now masters thee,
 And all thy reason; but if it can't be,
 Give to thy Love but eyes that it may see.

42.

Amazement strikes him dumb, what shall he do?
 Should he reveal his Love, he fears 'twould prove,
 A hind'rance; and should he deny to show,
 It might perhaps his dear friends anger move:
 These doubts like Scylla and Charibdis stand,
 Whilg Cupid a blind Pilot doth command.

43.

At last resolv'd; how shall I seek, said he,
 To excuse my self, dearest Philocrates;
 That I from thee have hid this secrecie?
 Yet censure not, give me first leave to ease
 My case with words, my grief you should have known
 E're this, if that my heart had been my own.

C

44. I am

44.

*I am all Love, my heart was burnt with fire
From two bright Suns which do all light disclose;
First kindling in my breast the flame desire,
But like the rare Arabian Bird, there rose
From my hearts ashes never quenched Love,
Which now this torment in my soul doth move.*

45.

*Oh! let not then my Passion cause your hate,
Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
Your antient Friendship; 'tis alas too late
To call my firm affection back again:
No Physick can recure my weak'ned state,
The wound is grown too great, too desperate.*

46.

*But Counsel, said his Friend, a remedy
Which never fails the Patient, may at least
If not quite heal your minds infirmity,
Assuage your torment, and procure some rest.
But there is no Physician can apply
A Med'cine e're he know the Malady.*

7.

*Then hear me, said Philetus; but why? Stay,
I will not toil thee with my History,
For to remember Sorrows past away,
Is to renew an old Calamity.*

*He who acquainteth others with his mone,
Adds to his friends grief, but not cures his own.*

48.

*But said Philocrates, 'tis best in woe,
To have a faithful partner of their care;
That burthen may be undergone by two,
Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
I should mistrust your love, to hide from me
Your thoughts, and tax you of Inconstancy.*

49.

*What shall he do? or with what language frame
Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,
But open his close thoughts, and inward flame,
With that, as prologue to his Tragedy.
He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments ire,
When they alas, did blow the raging fire.*

50.
 When years first fly'd that twenty, I began
 To sport with catching snare that love had set,
 Like Birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'en,
 Or the poor Fly caught in Arachne's net:
 Even so I sported with her Beauties light,
 Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

51.
 First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought,
 'Twas easie to repel it, but as fire,
 Tho but a spark, soon into flames is brought,
 So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
 Which so have scorch'd my Love-struck Soul, that I
 Still live in torment, yet each minute die,

52.
 Who is it, said *Philoerates*, can move
 With charming eyes such deep affection?
 I may perhaps assist you in your love;
 Two can effect more than your self alone.
 My Counsel this thy Error may reclaim,
 Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame.

53.
 Nay, said *Philetus*, oft my eyes do flow
 Like *Nilus*, when it scorns th' oppos'd shore:
 Yet all the watry plenty I bestow,
 Is to my flame an Oyl that feeds it more.
 So Fame reports of the *Dodoncan* Spring,
 That lightens all those which are put therein.

54.
 But being you desire to know her, she
 Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower
 As if they fain would drown the memory
 Of his life-keepers name) *Constantia*; more
 Grief would not let him utter; Tears the best
 Expressers of true Sorrow, spoke the rest.

55.
 To which his noble friend did thus reply:
 And was this all; What e're your grief would ease
 Tho a far greater task, believ't for thee
 It should be soon done by *Philoerates*;
 Think all you wish perform'd, but see, the day
 Tyr'd with its heat is hasting now away.

56.

Home from the silent Woods, night bids them go;
 But sad *Philetus* can no comfort find,
 What in the day he fears of future woe,
 At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
 Why do'st thou vex him, Love? couldst thou but see,
 Thou would'st thy self *Philetus* Rival be.

57.

Philocrates pitying his doleful mone,
 And wounded with the Sorrows of his friend,
 Brings him to fair *Constantia*, where alone
 He might impart his love, and either end
 His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,
 Or by her liking, his wisht Joys attain.

58.

Fairest (said he) whom the bright Heavens do cover,
 Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise,
 These heaving sighs of a submissive Lover,
 Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazling eyes.
 And do not you contemn that ardent flame,
 Which from your self, Your own fair Beauty came.

59.

Trust me, I long have hid my Love, but now
 Am forc'd to show't, such is my inward smart,
 And you alone (fair Saint) the means do know
 To heal the wound of my consuming heart.
 Then since it only in your power doth lie
 To kill, or save, Oh help! or else I die.

60.

His gently cruel Love did thus reply;
 I for your pain am griev'd, and would do
 Without impeachment of my Chastity
 And honor, any thing might pleasure you.
 But if beyond those limits you demand,
 I must not answer, (Sir) nor understand.

61.

Believe me virtuous Maiden, my desire
 Is chaste and pious, as thy Virgin thought,
 No flash of Lust, 'tis no dishonest fire
 Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought:
 But as thy beauty pure, which let not be
 Eclipsed by disdain, and cruelty.

62. Oh!

62.

Oh! How shall I reply (the cry'd) thou'lt won
My soul, and therefore take thy Victory:
Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'come,
And if I should deny thee love, then I
Should be a Tyrant to my self; that fire
Which is kept close, burns with the greatest ire.

63.

Yet do not count my yielding, lightness now;
Impute it rather to my ardent Love,
Thy pleasing Carriage won me long ago,
And pleading beauty did my liking move,
Thy eyes which draw like loadstones with their might
The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

64.

Oh! I am rapt above the reach, said he,
Of thought, my Soul already feels the bliss
Of Heaven, when (Sweet) my thoughts once tax but thee
With any crime, may I lose all happiness
Is wish'd for: both your favor here, and dead,
May the just gods pour Vengeance on my head.

65.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their Fate)
Constantias Father entred in the room,
When glad Philetus ignorant of his state,
Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting Sun :
Or else the morn, blushing through clouds of water,
To see ascending Sol congratulate her.

66.

Just as the guilty Prisoner fearful stands
Reading his fatal Theta in the brows
Of him, who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows.
Such was his state to see her Father come,
Nor wish'd for, nor expected in the room.

67.

Th' inrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be
At any time with his lov'd Daughter there,
Till he had given him such authority,
But to depart, since she her love did shew him
Was living death, with ling'ring torments to him.

68. This

68.

This being known to kind *Philocrates*,
 He hears his friend, bidding him banish fear,
 And by some Letter his griev'd mind appease,
 And shew her that which to her friendly ear
 Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
 Declares to her the absent Lovers will.

The LETTER.

PHILETUS to CONSTANTIA.

I Trust (dear Soul) my absence cannot move
 You to forget, or doubt my ardent Love ;
 For were there any means to see you, I
 Would run through Death, and all the misery
 Fate could inflict, that so the World might say,
 In Life and Death I lov'd Constantia.
 Then let not (dearest sweet) our absence part
 Our loves, but each breast keep the others heart ;
 Give warmth to one another, till there rise
 From all our labours, and our industries
 The long expected fruits ; have patience (Sweet)
 There's no man whom the Summer pleasures greet
 Before he tast the Winter, none can say,
 Ere Night was gone , he saw the rising Day.
 So when we once have wasted Sorrows night,
 The Sun of Comfort then shall give us light.

Philetus.

This when *Constantia* read, she thought her state
 Most happy by *Philetus* Constancy,
 And perfect Love : she thanks her flattering Fate,
 Kisses the Paper, till with kissing she
 The welcome Characters doth dull and stain,
 Then thus with Ink and Tears writes back again.

CON-

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

Y Our absence (Sir) tho it be long, yet I
 Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancy.
 Nor need you fear, that I should yield unto
 Another, what to your true Love is due.
 My heart is yours, it is not in my claim,
 Nor have I power to take it back again.
 There's nought but death can part our Souls, no time
 Or angry Frinds, shall make my Love decline:
 But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,
 Unless Death cut it, e're 'tis ripe, away.

Constantia.

70.
 Oh! how this Letter seem'd to raise his pride!
 Prouder was he of this than *Phaeton*;
 When he did *Phæbus* flaming Chariot guide,
 Unknowing of the danger was to come.
 Prouder than *Jason*, when from *Colchos* he
 Returned with the *Fleeces* Victory.

71.
 But e're the *Autumn*, which fair *Ceres* Crown'd,
 Had paid the sweating Plowman's greediest prayer;
 And by the Fall disrob'd the gaudy ground
 Of all those Ornaments it us'd to wear.
 Them kind *Philocrates* to each other brought,
 Where they this means t'enjoy their freedom wrought.

72.
 Sweet fair one, said *Philetus*, since the time
 Favours our wish, and does afford us leave
 T'enjoy our Loves, Oh let us not resign
 This long'd for favor, nor our selves bereave
 Of what we wish'd for, opportunity,
 That may too soon the wings of Love out-fly.

73.
 For when your Father, as his Custom is,
 For pleasure doth pursue the tim'rous Hare,
 If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
 To be in those Woods ready for you, where
 We may depart in safety, and no more
 With dreams of pleasure only, heal our sore.

74. To

74.

To this the happy Lovers soon agree;
 But e're they part, *Philetus* begs to hear
 From her enchanting voices melody,
 One Song to satisfy his longing ear:
 She yields; and singing, added to desire;
 The list'ning Youth increas'd his amorous fire.

The S O N G.

I.

Time flie with greater speed away,
 Add feathers to thy wings,
 Till thy haste in flying brings
 That wist for, and expected Day.

II.

Comforts Sun, we then shall see,
 Tho at first it darkned be,
 With dangers, yet those Clouds but gone
 Our Day will put his lustre on.

III.

Then tho Deaths sad night appear,
 And we in lonely silence rest;
 Our ravish'd Souls no more shall fear,
 But with lasting day be blest.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,
 Nor no new death extend its power;
 Thus there's nothing can dissever,
 Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together.

75.

Fear of being seen, *Philetus* homeward drove,
 But e're they part she willingly doth give
 (As faithful pledges of her constant love)
 Many a soft kiss, then they each other leave,
 Rapt up with secret joy that they have found
 A way to heal the torment of their wound.

76. But

76.

But e're the Sun through many days had run,
Constantia's charming Beauty had o'recome
Guisardo's heart, and Icorn'd affection won,
 Her eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,
 Shot through his wounded heart such hot desire,
 As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

77.

In Roofs, which Gold and *Parian* stone adorn
 (Proud as the owners mind) he did abound,
 In Fields so fertile for their yearly Corn,
 As might contend with scorch'd *Calabria's* ground ;
 But in his Soul that should contain the store,
 Of surest riches, he was base and poor.

78.

Him was *Constantia* urg'd continually
 By her friends to love, sometimes they did intreat
 With gentle Speeches, and mild courtesie,
 Which when they see despis'd by her, they threat.
 But Love too deep was seated in her heart,
 To be worn out with thought of any smart.

79.

Soon did her Father to the Woods repair,
 To seek for sport, and hunt the started game;
Guisardo and *Philocrates* were there,
 With many friends too tedious here to name.
 With them *Constantia* went, but not to find
 The Bear or Wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

80.

Being entred in the pathless Woods, while they
 Pursue their game, *Philetus* who was late
 Hid in a thicket, carries straight away
 His Love, and hastens his own hasty fate.
 That came too soon upon him, and his Sun
 Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

81.

Constantia mis'd, the Hunters in a maze,
 Take each a several course, and by curst fate
Guisardo runs, with a Love-carried pace
 Towards them, who little knew their woful state:
Philetus like bold *Icorns* soaring high
 To honours, found the depth of Misery.

82.
 For when *Guisardo* sees his *Rival* there,
 Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,
 And with his sword a way to's heart does find.
 But ere his spirits were possess'd of Death,
 In these few words he spent his latest breath:

83.
 O see *Constantia*, my short race is run,
 See how my blood the thirsty ground doth die,
 But live thou happier than thy Love hath done,
 And when I'm dead, think sometime upon me.
 More my short time permits me not to tell,
 For now death seizeth me, My dear farewell.

84.
 As soon as he had spoke these words, he fell
 From his pierc'd body, whilst *Constantia*, the
 Kisses his cheeks that lose their lively red,
 And become pale, and wan, and now each eye
 Which was so bright, is like, when life was done
 A Star that's fain, or an eclipsed Sun.

85.
 Thither *Philocrates* was driven by fate,
 And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth;
 Near his pale Corps his weeping Sister fate,
 Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.
Philocrates when he saw this did cry,
 Friend I'll revenge or bear thee company.

86.
 Just *Jove* hath sent to revenge this fate,
 Nay, stay *Guisardo*, think not Heaven in jest,
 'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state.
 Then thrust his sword into the Villains breast.
 Here, said *Philocrates*, thy life I send
 A Sacrifice, to appease my slaughter'd friend.

87.
 But as he fell, take this reward, said he,
 For thy new Victory: with that he flung
 His darted Rapier at his enemy,
 Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
 With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,
 Farewel *Constantia*, that word said, he dies.

88.

What shall she do? she to her Brother runs;
His cold, and lifeless body does embrace;
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
And with her kisses warms his clammy face:

*My dear Philocrates, she weeping, cries;
Speak to thy Sister: but no voice replies.*

89.

Then running to her Love, with many a tear,
Thus her minds fervent Passion she exprest,
O stay (blest'd Soul) stay but a little here,
And take me with you to a lasting rest.

*Then to Elifsums Mansions both shall flie;
Be married there, and never more to die.*

90.

But seeing em both dead; she cry'd, Ah me,
Ah my *Philetus*, for thy sake will I
Make up a full and perfect tragedy,
Since 'twas for me (dear Love) that thou didst dye;
I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore,
These eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

91.

It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,
And thy *Constantia* live when thou wast slain:
No, no, dear Soul, I will not stay from thee,
That will reflect upon my valued fame.

*Then piercing her sad breast, I come, she cries,
And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.*

92.

Her Soul being fled to its eternal rest,
Her Father comes, and seeing this, he falls
To th' Earth, with grief too great to be exprest:
Whose doleful words my tyred Muse me calls

*T' o'repass, which I most gladly do, for fear
That I should toil too much, the Readers ear.*

F I N I S.

And with her kind's warm's his clasp
And with her kind's warm's his clasp
And with her kind's warm's his clasp
And with her kind's warm's his clasp

Then to Ebbw Vale's soft hills
Then to Ebbw Vale's soft hills
Then to Ebbw Vale's soft hills
Then to Ebbw Vale's soft hills

And my Philomela, for I will
And my Philomela, for I will
And my Philomela, for I will
And my Philomela, for I will

I shall not find the bird that thou didst die
I shall not find the bird that thou didst die
I shall not find the bird that thou didst die
I shall not find the bird that thou didst die

Her soul being fled to its eternal rest
Her soul being fled to its eternal rest
Her soul being fled to its eternal rest
Her soul being fled to its eternal rest

F I N I S

THE
Tragical History
OF
PIRAMUS
AND
THISBE.

The Fifth Edition.

Enlarged by the Author.

—*Fit surculus Arbor.*



L O N D O N :

Printed by M.C. for C. Harper, and A. Swalle,
MDCLXXXIV.

THE
TITIGAL HISTORY
OF
PIKAMUS
AND
THE
HISSE

THE HISTORY

OF THE

OF THE



OF THE

Printed by M.C. for C. Harper, and A. Smith.
MDCCLXXIV.

To the Right Worshipful, my very loving Master,
Mr. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,
Chief School-Master of Westminster School.

S I R,

MY childish Muse is in her Spring, and yet
Can only shew some budding of her Wit.
One frown upon her Work (learn'd Sir) from you,
Like some unkindler storm shot from your brow,
Would turn her Spring to withering Autumns time,
And make her Blossoms perish, ere their Prime.
But if you smile, if in your gracious Eye
She an auspicious Alpha can descry:
How soon will they grow Fruit: How fresh appear,
That had such beams their infancy to chear:
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then
The earliest offering of her grateful Pen.

Your most dutiful Scholar,

ABR. COWLEY.

T H E

To the Right Worshipful my very loving Master,

Mr. AMBERT OSBORNE

Chief School Master of Westminster School

1671

MY child is now 12 years of age and

can copy from some books of the New

One from whom he is now (learned the) New

Like some children from some other

Would in the Spring to deliver some

and make the Children's books, which I

But if you find it in your power

She an answer to it by the end of

I am sure will be very true. How fresh

I had had had been the same to cheer

Which being for my children, I expect

I be careful of the children's

Your most humble servant

Co



The Tragical History

O F

PIRAMUS

A N D

THISBE.

When *Babylons* high Walls erected were
By mighty *Ninus* Wife; two houses joy'd:
One *Thisbe* liv'd in, *Pyramus* the fair
In th' other: Earth ne're boasted such a pair.
The very senseless Walls themselves combin'd,
And grew in one just like their Masters mind.

^{2.}
Thisbe all other Women did excell,
The Queen of Love, less lovely was than she:
And *Pyramus* more sweet than tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them so well.
But *Venus* envying they so fair should be,
Bids her Son *Cupid* shew his cruelty.

E

3. The

3.
The all-subduing God his Bow doth bend,
Whets and prepares his most remorseless Dart,
Which he unseen unto their hearts did send,
And so was Love the cause of Beauties end.
But could he see, he had not wrought their smart;
For pity sure would have o'recome his heart.

4.
Like as a Bird which in a Net is ta'ne,
By struggling more entangles in the gin;
So they who in Loves Labyrinth remain,
With striving never can a freedom gain.
The way to enter's broad; but being in,
No art, no labor can an *exit* win.

5.
These Lovers tho their Parents did reprove
Their fires, and watch'd their deeds with jealousy,
No in these forms no comfort could remove
The various doubts, and fears that cool hot Love:
Tho he nor hers, nor she his face could see,
Yet this not abolish Loves Decree.

6.
For age had crack'd the Wall which did them part,
This the unanimate couple soon did spy,
And here their inward sorrows did impart,
Unlading the sad burthen of their heart.
Tho Love be blind, this shews he can descry
A way to lessen his own misery.

7.
Oft to the friendly Cranny they resort,
And feed themselves with the Celestial Air
Of odoriferous breath; no other sport
They could enjoy, yet think the time but short:
And wish that it again renewed were,
To suck each others breath for ever there.

8.
Sometimes they did exclaim against their Fate,
And sometimes they accus'd Imperial Jove;
Sometimes repent their flames: but all too late;
The Arrow could not be recall'd: their state
Was first ordain'd by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

9.

They curst the wall that did their kisses part,
 And to the stones their mournful words they sent,
 As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
 And by their tears could understand their smart:
 But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
 Nor with their sighs (alas) would it relent.

10.

This in effect they said; *Curs'd Wall, O why*
Wilt thou our Bodies sever, whose true love
Breaks through all thy flinty cruelty:
For both our Souls so closely joyned lie:
That nought but angry Death can them remove,
And tho he part them, yet they'l meet above.

11.

Abortive tears from their fair eyes out-flow'd,
 And damm'd the lovely spendor of their sight,
 Which seem'd like *Titan*, whilst some watry Cloud
 O're spreads his face, and his bright beams doth shroud:
 Till *Vesper* chat'd away the conquered light,
 And forceth them (tho loth) to bid *Good night*.

12.

But e're *Aurora* Usher to the Day,
 Began with welcome lustre to appear,
 The Lovers rise, and at that cranny they
 Thus to each other, their thoughts open lay,
 With many a sigh and many a speaking tear,
 Whose grief the pitying Morning blisht to hear.

13.

Dear Love (said *Piramus*) how long shall we
 Like fairest Flowers, not gathered in their prime,
 Wast precious youth, and let advantage see,
 Till we bewail (at last) our cruelty
 Upon our selves, for beauty though it shine
 Like day, will quickly find an evening time.

14.

Therefore (sweet *Thysbe*) let us meet this night
 At *Ninus Tomb*, without the City Wall,
 Under the Mulberry-Tree, with Berries white
 Abounding, there I enjoy our wisht delight:
 For mounting Love stopt in its course, doth fall,
 And long'd for, yet untasted joy, kills all.

15.

What tho our cruel parents angry be?
 What tho our friends (alas) are to unkind?
 Time that now offers quickly may deny,
 And soon hold back fit opportunity.
*Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find.
 Occasion once passed by, is bald behind.*

16.

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,
 For little wooing needs, where both consent;
 What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd:
 Which *Venus* seeing, with blind *Chance* conspir'd,
 And many a charming accent to her sent,
 That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

17.

Thus Beauty is by Beauties means undone,
 Striving to close those eyes that make her bright;
 Just like the Moon, which seeks t'eclipse the Sun,
 Whence all her splendor, all her beams do come:
 So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,
 Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

18.

Unto the *Mulberry-tree* fair *Thisbe* came;
 Where having rested long, at last she 'gan
 Against her *Piramus* for to exclaim,
 Whilst various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain:
 And imitating thus the *Silver Swan*,
A little while before her death she sang.

The SONG.

I.

Come Love, why stayest thou? The night
 Will vanish ere we tast delight:
 The Moon obscures her self from sight,
 Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

II.

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as Time,
 Or we by Morn shall be o'ertane,
 Loves Joy's thine own as well as mine,
 Spend not therefore the time in vain.

Here

19:

Here doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant Song,
And for her Lovers stay sent many a sigh,
Her *Piramus* she thought did tarry long,
And that his absence did her too much wrong:
Then betwixt longing hope, and jealousy,
She fears, yet's loth, to tax his Loyalty.

20.

Sometimes she thinks, that he hath her forsaken;
Sometimes, that danger hath befallen him;
She fears that he another Love hath taken;
Which being but imagin'd soon doth waken
Numberless thoughts, which on her heart did fling
Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

21:

While she thus musing fate, ran from the Wood
An angry Lion to the crystal Springs
Near to that place; who coming from his food,
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood:
Swifter than thought, sweet *Thisbe* straight begins
To fly from him, fear gave her Swallows wings.

22.

As she avoids the Lion, her desire
Bids her to stay, lest *Piramus* should come,
And devour'd by the stern Lion's ire,
So she for ever burn in unquench'd fire:
But fear expells all reasons, she doth run
Into a darksome cave, ne're seen by Sun.

23.

With haste she let her looser Mantle fall:
Which when th' enraged Lion did espy,
With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small,
While *Thisbe* ran and lookt not back at all.
For could the senseless Beast her face descry,
It had not done her such an injury.

24.

The night half wasted, *Piramus* did come;
Who seeing printed in the yielding sand
The Lion's paw, and by the Fountain some
Of *Thisbe's* garment, sorrow struck him dumb:
Just like a Marble Statue did he stand,
Cut by some skilful Gravers artful hand.

25.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
 Washing with tears the torn and bloody weed:
 I may, said he, my self for her death blame;
 Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame:
Since she is dead, whose Beauty doth exceed
All that frail man can either hear or read.

26.

This spoke, he drew his fatal Sword, and said;
 Receive my Crimson Blood, as a due debt
 Unto thy constant Love, to which 'tis paid:
 I straight will meet thee in the pleasant shade
Of cool Elysium, where we being met,
Shall taste those Joys, that here we could not get.

27.

Then through his Brest thrusting his Sword, Life hies
 From him, and he makes haste to seek his fair.
 And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
 His blood had dropt upon the *Mulberries*:
 With which th' unspotted Berries stained were,
And ever since with red they colour'd are.

28.

At last fair *Thisbe* left the Den, for fear
 Of disappointing *Piramus*, since she
 Was bound by promise, for to meet him there:
 But when she saw the Berries changed were
 From white to black, she knew not certainly
 It was the place where they agreed to be.

29.

With what delight from the dark Cave she came,
 Thinking to tell how she escap'd the Beast;
 But when she saw her *Piramus* lie slain,
 Ah! how perplext did her sad Soul remain!
 She tears her Golden Hair, and beats her Breast,
 And every sign of raging grief express.

30.

She blames all powerful *Jove*, and strives to take
 His bleeding body from the moist'ned ground.
 She kisses his pale face, till she doth make
 It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake
 His parting Soul with mournful words, his wound
 Washes with tears, that her sweet speech confound.

31.
But afterwards recovering breath, said she,
(Alas) what chance hath parted thee and I?
O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
That of thy Death I may a partner be:
Tell Thisbe, what hath caus'd this Tragedy.
He hearing Thisbe's name, lifts up his eye.

32.
And on his love he rais'd his dying head:
Where striving long for breath, at last, said he;
O Thisbe, I am hasting to the dead,
And cannot heal that wound my fear hath bred:
Farewel, sweet Thisbe, we must parted be;
For angry Death will force me soon from thee.

33.
Life did from him, he from his Mistress part,
Leaving his Love to languish here in woe.
What shall she do? How shall she cease her heart?
Or with what language speak her inward smart?
Usurping passion reason doth o'reflow,
She vows that with her Piramus she'l go,

34.
Then takes the Sword wherewith her Love was slain,
With Piramus his crimson Blood warm still;
And said, Oh stay (blest Soul) a while refrain,
That we may go together, and remain
In endless Joys, and never fear the ill
Of grudging Friends.—Then she her self did kill:

35.
To tell what grief their Parents did sustain,
Were more than my rude Quill can overcome,
Much did they weep and grieve, but all in vain,
For weeping calls not back the Dead again.
Both in one Grave were laid, when Life was done:
And these few words were writ upon the Tomb.

EPITAPH.

Underneath this Marble Stone,
Lie two Beauties joyn'd in one.

II.

Two whose Loves Death could not sever,
For both liv'd, both di'd together.

III.

Two whose Souls, being too divine
For Earth, in their own Sphere now shine.

IV.

Who have left their Loves to Fame,
And their Earth to Earth again.

F I N I S.

SYLVIA:

O R,

DIVERS COPIES

O F

VERSES,

Made upon sundry Occasions.

By *A. Cowley.*



LONDON:

Printed by *M. C.* for *C. Harper,* and *A. Swalle,*
MDCLXXXIV.

ST. L. A.

DIRECTORIES

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

ST. L. A.

A N
E L E G Y
O N

The DEATH of the Right Honourable *Dudley*
Lord *Carleton*, Viscount *Dorchester*, late
Principal Secretary of State.

THE Infernal Sisters did a Council call
Of all the Fiends, to the black Stygian Hall;
The dire Tartarean Monsters; hating light,
Begot by dismal Erebus, and Night;
Where e're dispers'd abroad, hearing the Fame
Of their accursed meeting, thither came.
Revenge, whose greedy mind no Blood can fill,
And Envy, never satisf'd with ill.
Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,
Resorted, with Deaths neighbour, envious Age:
These to oppress the Earth, the Furies sent
The Council thus dissolv'd, an angry Feaver,
Whose quenchless thirst, by Blood was sated never:
Envying the Riches, Honour, Greatness, Love,
And Vertue (Load-stone, that all these did move)
Of Noble CARLETON; him she took away,
And like a greedy Vulture seiz'd her Prey:
Weep with me each who either reads or hears,
And know his loss deserves his Countries Tears:
The Mutes lost a Patron by his Fate,
Vertue a Husband, and a Prop the State;
Sol's Chorus weeps, and to adorn his Herse
Calliope would sing a Tragicke Verse.
And had there been before us Spring of theirs,
They would have made a Helicon with tears.

A. B. COWLEY.

A N E L E G Y O N

The DEATH of my loving Friend and Cousin,
Mr. Richard Clarke, late of Lincolns-Inn. Gent.

IT was decreed by steadfast Destiny,
(The World from Chaos turn'd) that all should die.
He who durst fearless pass black Acheron
And dangers of the Infernal Region,
Leading Hell's tripple Porter captive,
Was overcome himself, by Conquering Fate.
The Roman Tully's pleasing Eloquence,
Which in the Ears did lock up every Sence
Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath
Could not at all charm remorseless Death,
Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save
Himself withal his Wisdom, from the Grave.
Stern Fate brought Mæro to his Funeral Flame,
And would have ended in that fire his Fame;
Burning those lofty Lines, which now shall be
Times Conquerers, and our last Eternity.
Even so lov'd Clark from death no scope could find,
Tho arm'd with great Alcides valiant mind.
He was adorn'd in years tho far more young,
With learned Cicero's, or a sweeter Tongue,
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His youth a Solon's Wisdom did presage,
Had envious Time but given him Solon's age.
Who would not therefore now, if Learning's friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end:
Who hath such bard, such unrelenting Eyes,
As not to weep when so much Vertue dies?
The God of Poets doth in darkness shroud
His glorious face, and weeps behind a Cloud.
The dolefull Muses thinking now to write
Sad Elegies, their tears confound their sight:
But him to Elifiums lasting Joys they bring,
Where winged Angels his sad Requiems sing.

A. C.

A

S

S Y L



SYLVIA:
OR,
DIVERS COPIES
OF
VERSES.

A Dream of Elysium.

Phaebus expell'd by the approaching Night
Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful light,
While I with leaden *Morpheus* overcome,
The *Muse* whom I adore, enter'd the Room:
Her Hair with looser curiosity,
Did on her comely back dishevel'd lye.
Her Eyes with such attractive beauty shone,
As might have wak'd sleeping *Eudymon*.
She bid me rise, and promis'd I should see
Those Fields, those Mansions of Felicity,
We Mortals soadmire at: Speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegasus*,
On whom I rid; knowing where ever she
Did go, that place must needs a *Tempe* be.
No sooner was my flying Courser come
To the blest dwellings of *Elysium*:

When

When straight a thousand unknown joys resort,
 And hemm'd me round : Chast loves innocuous sport:
 A thousand Sweets, bought with no following Gall,
 Joys, not like ours, short, but perpetual.
 How many objects charm my wand'ring eye,
 And bid my soul graze there eternally?
 Here in full streams, *Bacchus* thy Liquor flows,
 Nor knows to ebb : here *Joves* broad Tree bestows
 Distilling Honey, here doth *Nectar* pass
 With copious current through the verdant Grass.
 Here *Hyacinth* his fate writ in his looks,
 And thou *Narcissus* loving still the Brooks,
 Once lovely boys ; and *Adonis* now a Flower,
 Are nourish'd, with that rarer herb, whose power
 Created thee, Wars potent God, here grows
 The spotless Lilly, and the blushing Rose.
 And all those divers ornaments abound,
 That variously may paint the gaudy ground.
 No Willow, Sorrow's Garland, there hath room,
 Nor Cypress, sad attendant of a Tomb.
 None but *Apollo's* Tree, and th' Ivy Twine
 Embracing the stout Oak, the fruitful Vine,
 And Trees with golden Apples loaded down,
 On whose fair tops sweet *Philomel* alone,
 Unmindful of her former misery,
 Tunes with her voice a ravishing Harmony.
 Whilst all the murmuring Brooks that glide along,
 Make up a burthen to her pleasing Song.
 No *Screech-Owl*, sad companion of the Night,
 No hideous Raven with prodigious flight
 Presaging future ill. Nor, *Progne*, thee
 Yet spotted with young *Iris* Tragedy,
 Those Sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there,
 That is not pure, all innocent, and rare.
 Turning my greedy sight another way,
 Under a row of storm-contemning Bay,
 I saw the *Thracian* Singer with his lyre
 Teach the deaf stones to hear him, and admire
 Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compass'd round,
 All whom the Oak, all whom the Lawrel crown'd.
 There banish'd *Ovid* had a lasting home,
 Better than thou could'st give ingrateful *Rome*;
 And *Lucan* (spight of *Nero*) in each vein
 Had every drop of his spilt blood again :
Homer, *Sol's* first-born, was not poor or blind,
 But saw as well in Body as in mind.
Tully, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the rest
 Of Greece's admir'd Wise-men, here possess
 A large reward for their past deeds, and gain
 A life, as everlasting as their Fame.

By these the valiant *Heroes* take their place,
All who stern Death and perils did embrace
For *Vertues* cause. Great *Alexander* there
Laughs at the Earths small Empire, and did wear
A nobler Crown, than the whole World could give.
There did *Horatius*, *Cocles*, *Sceva* live,
And valiant *Decius*, who now freely cease
From War, and purchase an eternal Peace.

Next them beneath a Myrtle Bowre, where Doves,
And gall-less Pigeons build their nests, all Loves
True faithful Servants with an amorous kiss,
And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.
Leander with his beauteous *Heroe* plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.
Porcia enjoys her *Brutus*, Death no more
Can now divorce their Wedding, as before.
Thisbe her *Piramus* kiss'd, his *Thisbe* he
Embrac'd, each bless'd with t'others company.
And every couple always dancing, sing
Eternal pleasures to *Elysiums* King.
But see how soon these pleasures fade away,
How near to evening is delights short day?
The watching Bird, true *Nuncius* of the Light,
Straight crowd: and all these vanish'd from my sight.
My very *Muse* her self forsook me too.
Me grief and wonder wak'd: What should I do?
Oh! let me follow thee (said I) and go
From life, that I may dream for ever so.
With that my flying *Muse* I thought to clasp
Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.

*Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,
And all our greatest pleasure's but a Dream.*

A. C.

On His Majesties return out of Scotland.

Great *Charles*: there stop you Trumpeters of Fame,
(For he who speaks his Titles, his great Name
Must have a breathing time) Our *King*: stay there,
Speak by degrees, let the inquisitive ear
Be held in doubt, and e're you say, *Is come*,
Let every heart prepare a spacious Room
For ample joys: then *Io* sing as loud
As thunder shot from the divided cloud..

Let

Let *Cygnus* pluck from the *Arabian* waves
 The ruby of the Rock, the Pearl that paves
 Great *Nepunes* Court, let every Sparrow bear
 From the three Sisters weeping bark a tear.
 Let spotted Lynces their sharp tallons fill
 With Crystal fetch'd from the *Promethean* hill.
 Let *Cytherea's* Birds fresh wreaths compose,
 Knitting the pale fac'd Lilly with the Rose.
 Let the self-gotten Phoenix rob his nest,
 Spoil his own Funeral pile, and all his best
 Of Myrrhe, of Frankincense, of *Cassia* bring,
 To strew the way for our returned King.

Let every post a *Panegyrick* wear,
 Each wall, each pillar gratulations bear:
 And yet let no man invoke a Muse;
 The very matter will it self infuse
 A sacred fury. Let the merry Bells
 (For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
 Ring without help of *Sexton*, and presage
 A new-made holy-day for future age.

And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
 A golden Temple to propitious fate,
 At the return of any Noble-men,
 Of Heroes, or of Emperors, we must then
 Raise up a double *Trophee*, for their fame
 Was but the shadow of our *CHARLES* his name.
 Who is there where all Vertues mingled flow?
 Where no defects or imperfections grow?
 Whose head is always crown'd with Victory,
 Snatch'd from *Bellona's* hand; him luxury
 In Peace debilitates, whose tongue can win
Tully's own Garland, pride to him creeps in.
 On whom (like *Atlas* shoulders) the propt state
 (As he were *Primum Mobile* of fate)
 Solely relies; him blind ambition moves,
 His Tyranny the bridled subject proves.
 But all those vertues which they all possess
 Divided, ate collected in thy brest,
 Great *Charles*! Let *Cæsar* boast *Parthia's* fight,
Honorius praise the *Parthians* unfeigned flight.
 Let *Alexander* call himself *Joves* Peer,
 And place his Image near the Thunderer,
 Yet while our *Charles* with equal balance reigns
 'Twixt Mercy and *Astrea*; and maintains
 A noble Peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
 Who is most near, most like the Deity.

A SONG on the same.

Hence clouded looks, hence briny tears,
Hence eye, that sorrows' livery wears,
What tho a while Apollo please
To visit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd, the night
What tho the Spring Vanish away,
And with it the Earths Form decay?
Yet his new birth will soon restore
What its departure took before,
What tho we miss'd our absent King
A while? Great Charles is come again,
And, with his presence make us know
The gratitude to Heaven we owe.
So doth a cruel storm impart
And teach us Palinurus Art.
So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus doth arise.

A VOTE.

Lest the mis-judging World should chance to say,
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,
To whisper in Joves ear,
How much I wish that Funeral,
Or gape at such a great ones fall,
This let all Ages hear,
And future times in my soul picture see
What I abhor, what I desire to be.

I would not be a Puritan, tho he
Can Preach two hours, and yet his Sermon be

But half a quarter long,
Tho from his old mechanick trade
By Vision he's a Pastor made,

His Faith was grown so strong,
Nay tho he think to gain salvation,
By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

I would

3.
I would not be a School-master tho he
His Rods no less than *Fasces* deems to be,
Tho he in many a place,
Turns *Lilly* oftner than his gowen,
Till at the last he make the Nowns,
Fight with the Verbs apace.
Nay tho he can in a Poetick heat,
Figures, born since, out of poor *Vargil* beat.

4.
I would not be Justice of Peace, tho he
Can with equality divide the Fee,
And stakes with his Clerk draw:
Nay tho he fit upon the place
Of Judgment with a learned Face
Intricate as the Law.
And whilst he multi enormities demurely,
Breaks *Priscians* head with sentences securely.

5.
I would not be a Courtier, tho he
Makes his whole life the truest Comedy:
Altho he be a man
In whom the Taylors forming Art,
And nimble Barber claim more part
Than Nature her self can.
Tho, as he uses men, 'tis his intent
To put off death too, with a Complement.

6.
From Lawyers tongues, tho they can spin with ease
The shortest cause into a Paraphrase,
From Usurers Conscience
(For swallowing up young Heirs so fast
Without all doubt they'll choak't at last)
Make me all Innocence.
Good Heaven; and from thy eyes, O Justice keep,
For tho they be not blind, they're oft asleep.

7.
From Singing-mens Religion, who are
Always at Church just like the Crows, 'cause there
They build themselves a nest.
From too much Poetry, which shines
With Gold in nothing but its lines,
Free, O you Powers, my brest.
And from Astronomy within the Skies
Finds Fish, and Bulls, yet doth but Tantalize.

8. From

8.

From your Court-Madams Beauty, which doth carry
At morning *May*, at night a *January*.

From the grave City brow
(For tho it want an *R*, it has
The Letter of *Pythagoras*)

Keep me O Fortune now,
And Chines of Beef innumerable send me,
Or from the stomach of the Guard defend.

9.

This only grant me : that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone,
Th' unknowers are better than ill known

Rumor can ope the Grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not from the Number, but the choice of friends.

10.

Books should, not businels, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a Cottage more
Than Palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury,

My Garden painted o'er.
With Natures hand, not arts, that pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his *Sabine* field.

11.

Thus would I double my lifes fading space,
For he that runs it well, 'twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, and happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
To morrow let my Sun his Beams display,
Or in Clouds hide them; *I have liv'd to day.*

A Poetical Revenge.

Westminster-Hall a friend and I agreed
 To meet in; he (some business 'twas did breed
 His absence) came not there; I up did go
 To the next Court, for tho I could not know
 Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
 (As most Spectators do at Theater)
 Things very strange; Fortune did seem to grace
 My coming there, and helpt me to a place,
 But being newly settled at the sport,
 A semi-gentleman of th' Inns of Court,
 In a Satin Suit, redeem'd but yesterday;
 One who is ravish'd with a Cock-pit Play,
 Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
 Besides a Taylors Bill; and fears no Devil
 Besides a Sergeant, thrust me from my seat;
 At which I gan to quarrel, till a neat
 Man in a Ruff (whom therefore I did take
 For Barrester) open'd his mouth and spake:
 Boy, get you gone, this is no School: Oh no;
 For if it were, all you Gown'd-men would go
 Up for false Latin: they grew straight to be
 Incens'd, I fear'd they would have brought on me
 An Action of Trespas, till th' young man
 Afore said, in the Sattin Suit, began
 To strike me: doubters there had been a fray,
 Had not I providently skipp'd away,
 Without replying; for to scold is ill,
 Where every tongue's the Clapper of a Mill,
 And can out-sound *Homer's Gradivus*: so
 Away got I; but ere I far did go,
 I flung (the Darts of wounding Poetry)
 These two or three sharp curses back: May he
 Be by his Father in his Study took
 At Shakespeares Plays, instead of my Lord Coke,
 May he (though all his writings grew as soon
 As Butters out of estimation)
 Get him a Poets name, and so ne'er come
 Into a Serjeants, or dead Judges room.
 May he become some poor Physicians prey,
 Who keeps men with that Conscience in delay
 As he his Client doth, till his health be
 As far fetch as a Greek Nouns pedigree.
 Nay, for all that, may the Disease be gone
 Never but in the long Vacation.
 May his Neighbors use all Quarrels to decide;
 But if for Law any to London ride,

Of all those Clients not one be his,
 Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis*.
 Grant this ye gods that favor *Poetry*,
 That all these never-ceasing tongues may be
 Brought into reformation, and not dare
 To quarrel with a thred-bare Black; but spare
 Them who bare Scholars names, lest some one take
 Spleen, and another *Ignoramus* make.

To the Dutcheffs of Buckingham.

I F I should say, that in your face were seen
 Natures best Picture of the *Cyprian Queen*;
 If I should swear under *Minerva's Name*,
Poets (who *Prophets* are) foretold your fame,
 The future age would think it flattery;
 But to the present which can witness be,
 'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far,
 As you above the rest of Women are.

When *Mannors* name with *Villiers* joyn'd I see,
 How do I reverence your Nobility!
 But when the virtues of your Stock I view,
 (Envy'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)
 I half adore them: for what Woman can
 Besides your self (nay I might say what man)
 But Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and Years excel
 In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in living well?

Oh, how had this beget *Idolatry*,
 If you had liv'd in the Worlds infancy,
 When man too much Religion made the best
 Of Deities, or Semi-gods at least?
 But we, ~~substituted this~~ *idolatry*,
 Or, if we were not, by your modesty
 Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray
 Not to, but for you, ~~for that~~ *England* may
 Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
 But what's more possible, 't enjoy you long.

To his very much honoured Godfather, M^r. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of Fame,
 Shall perhaps mock Death or times Darts) my Name
 I love it more, because 'twas given by you;
 I love it most; because 'twas your name too.
 For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame
 Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm glad that City t'whom I ow'd before,
 (But ah me! Fate hath crost that willling Score)
 A Father, gave me a Godfather too,
 And I'm more glad, because it gave me you;
 Whom I may rightly think, and term to be
 Of the whole City an Epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
 (When Nature had not licenced my tongue
 Farther than cries) who should my office do;
 I thank her more, because she found out you:
 In whose each look, I may a sentence see;
 In whose each deed, a teaching Homily.

How shall I pay this Debt to you? My Fate
 Denies me *Indian Pearl* or *Persian Plate*.
 Which tho it did not, to requite you thus,
 Were to send Apples to *Alcinous*,
 And sell the cunning'st way: No, when I can
 In every Leaf, in every Verse write Man,

When my Quill relisheth a School no more,
 When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soar,
 And gotten wings as well as feet; look then
 For equal thanks from my unwearied Pen:
 Till future ages say; 'twas you did give
 A name to me, and I made yours to live.

An ELEGY on the Death of *John Littleton*,
 Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir *Thomas Little-*
ton, who was drowned leaping into the Wa-
 ter to save his younger Brother.

AND must these Waters smile again? and play
 About the Shore, as they did yesterday?
 Will the Sun court them still? and shall they show
 No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
 That to the thirsty Traveller may say,
 I am accurst, go turn some other way?
 It is unjust; black flood, thy guilt is more,
 Sprung from his loss, than all thy watry store
 Can give thee tears to mourn for: Birds shall be
 And Beasts henceforth afraid to drink of thee.
 What have I said? my pious rage hath been
 Too hot, and alls whilst it accuseth sin.

Thou

Thou'rt innocent I know, still clear, and bright,
 Fit whence so pure a soul should take its flight.
 How is angry zeal confin'd? for he
 Must quarrel with his Love and Piety,
 That would revenge his death. Oh I shall see
 And wish anon he had less vertuous been.
 For when his Brother (tears for him I'd spill,
 But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
 Strugled for life with the rude waves, he too
 Leapt in, and when Hope no faint beam could show,
 His Charity shone most; then shalt, said he,
 Live with me, Brother, or I'll die with thee;
 And so he did: Had he been thine, O Rome,
 Thou would'st have call'd this Death a Martyrdom,
 And Sainted him; my conscience gives me leave,
 I'll do so to: if fate will us bereave
 Of him we honour'd living, there must be
 A kind of reverence to his memory,
 After his death: and where more just than here,
 Where life and end were both so singular?
 He that had only talk'd with him, might find
 A little Academy in his mind;
 Where Wisdom, Master was, and Fellows all
 Which we can good, which we can vertuous call.
 Reason, and Holy Fear the Professors were,
 To apprehend those words, those thoughts that err;
 His learning had out-run the rest of Men,
 Stolen beard from time, and leapt to twenty years.
 And as the Sun, tho in full glory bright,
 Shines upon all men with impartial light,
 And a good morrow to the Beggat brings
 With as full Rays as to the mightiest Kings:
 So he, altho his worth just state might claim,
 And give to pride an honourable name,
 With courtesie to all, cloth'd a vertue so,
 That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.
 In's Body too, no Critique eye could find
 The smallest blemish, to bely his mind;
 He was all pureness, and his outward part
 But represents the picture of his heart.
 When Waters swallow'd Mankind, and did cheat
 The hungry Worm of its expected meat;
 When gems, pluckt from the shore by ruder hands,
 Return'd again unto their native sands;
 'Mongst all those spoils, there was not any prey,
 Could equal what this Brook hath stoln away.
 Weep then sad Flood; and tho thou'rt innocent,
 Weep because Fate made thee her instrument:
 And when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,
 Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

A Transf.

*A Translation of Verses upon the Bless
Written in Latin by the Right Worships. Dr.*

Ave Maria.

Once thou rejoycest, and rejoye for ever.
Whose time of joy shall be expired never:
Who in her Womb the *Hive of Comfort* bears,
Let her drink *Comforts Honey* with her ears.
You brought the word of Joy in, which was born
An Hail to all, let us *An Hail* return.
From you God *save* into the World there came;
Our *Eccho Hail* is but an empty name.

Gratia plena.

How loaded Hives are with their Honey fill'd,
From divers Flowers by *Charming Bees* distill'd:
How full the *Collet* with his Jewel is,
Which, that it cannot take, by love doth kiss:
How full the *Moon* is with her Brothers Ray,
When she drinks up with thirsty orb the day,
How full of Grace the *Graces* dances are,
So full doth *Mary of Gods* light appear.
It is no wonder if with *Graces* she
Be full, who was full with the *Deity*.

Dominus tecum.

The fall of Mankind under Deaths extent
The Quire of blessed *Angels* did lament,
And wish'd a reparation to see
By him, who Man-hood joyn'd with *Deity*.
How grateful should mans safety then appear
Thimself, whose safety can the *Angels* cheer?

Benedicta in in mulieribus.

Death came, and Troops of sad *Diseases* led
To th' earth, by *Womans Hand* solicited:
Life came so too, and Troops of *Graces* led
To th' earth by *Womans Faith* solicited.
As our lives spring came from thy blessed Womb,
So from our Mouths springs of thy praise shall come.
Who did lifes blessing give, 'tis fit that she
Above all Women should thrice blessed be.

Et Benedixit fructus ventris tui.

With Mouth Divine the Father doth protest,
He a good word sent from his stored breast;

'Twas

'Twas *Christ*: which *Mary* without carnal thought
 From the unfathom'd depth of goodness brought,
 The word of blessing a just cause affords,
 To be oft blessed with redoubled words.

Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te.

As when soft West winds strook the Garden Rose,
 A shower of sweeter Air salutes the Nose.
 The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power
 Unlocks the Virgin bosom of the Flower.
 So th' *Holy Spirit* upon *Mary* Blow'd,
 And from her Sacred Box whole Rivers flow'd.
 Yet loos'd not thine Eternal Chastity,
 Thy Roses folds do still entangled lie.
 Believe *Christ* born from an unbruised Womb,
 So from unbruised Bark the Odors come.

Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.

God his great Son begot ere time begun,
Mary in time brought forth her little Son.
 Of double Substance, One, Life he began,
 God without *Mother*, without *Father Man*.
 Great is the Birth, and 'tis a stranger deed,
 That *She* no *Man*, than *God* no *Wife* should need.
 A Shade delighted the the Child-bearing Maid,
 And *God* himself became to her a Shade.
 O strange descent! who is lights Author, he
 Will to his creature thus a shadow be:
 As unseen Light did from the Father flow,
 So did seen Light from *Virgin Mary* grow.
 When *Moses* sought *God* in a shade to see,
 The Fathers shade, was *Christ* the Deity.
 Let's seek for day, we darkness, whilst our fight
 In light finds darkness, and in darkness light.

ODDE I.

On the Praise of Poetry

'TIS not a *Pyramide* of Marble stone,
 Though high as our ambition;
 'Tis not a Tomb cut out in brals, which can
 Give life to th' ashes of a man,
 But verses only; they shall fresh appear,
 Whilst there are men to read, or hear.

H

Turn

When Time shall make the lasting Brass decay,
 And eat the *Pyramide* away,
 Turning that Monument wherein men trust
 Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust:
 Then shall the *Epitaph* remain, and be
 New graven in Eternity.
Poets by Death are conquered, but the wit
 Of *Poets* triumph over it.
 What cannot Verse? When *Thracian Orpheus* took
 His Lyre, and gently on it strook,
 The learned stones came dancing all along,
 And kept time to the charming Song.
 With artificial pace the Warlike *Pine*,
 Th' *Elm*, and his Wife the *Ivy twine*,
 With all the better trees, which erst had stood
 Unmov'd, forsook their native Wood.
 The *Lawrel* to the *Poets* hand did bow,
 Craving the honor of his Brow:
 And every loving arm embrac'd, and made
 With their officious leaves a shade.
 The Beasts too strove his auditors to be,
 Forgetting thir old tyranny,
 The fearful *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,
 And *Wolf* was *Shepherd* to the *Lamb*.
Nightingales, harmless *Syrens* of the air,
 And *Muses* of the place, were there,
 Who when their little wind pipes they had found
 Unequal to so strange a sound,
 O'come by art and grief they did expire,
 And fell upon the conquering Lyre.
 Happy, O happy they, whose Tomb might be,
Mansolus, envied by thee!

O D E II.

*That a pleasant Poverty is to be preferred before
 discontented Riches.*

I.
WH Y O doth gaudy *Tagus* ravish thee,
 Though *Neptune's* Treasure-house it be?
 Why doth *Pactolus* thee bewitch,
 Infected yet with *Midas* glorious Itch?

2. Their

2.

Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all
 Like other Floods, *Poetical*,
 They have no dance, no wanton sport,
 No gentle murmur, the lov'd Shore to court.

3.

No Fish inhabit the adulterate Flood,
 Nor can it feed the Neighbouring Wood,
 No Flower or Herb is near it found,
 But a perpetual Winter starves the ground.

4.

Give me a River which doth scorn to shew
 An added beauty, whose clear brow
 May be my looking-glass, to see
 What my face is, and what my mind should be.

5.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
 And prattle to the smiling bank
 Here sad *King-fishers* tell their tales,
 And Fish enrich the Brook with silver scales.

6.

Daisies the first-born of the teeming Spring,
 On each side their imbroidery bring,
 Here *Lillies* wash, and grow more white,
 And *Daffadills* to see themselves delight.

7.

Here a fresh Arbor gives her amorous shade,
 Which *Nature*, the best *Gard'ner* made.
 Here I would sit, and sing rude lays,
 Such as the *Nymphs*, and *me my self* should please.

8.

Thus I would waste, thus end my careless days,
 And *Robin-red-breasts* whom men praise
 For pious Birds, should when I dye,
 Make both my *Monument* and *Elegy*.

ODE III.

To his Mistris.

1.

Trian dye why do you wear
 You whose cheeks best Scarlet are?
 Why do you fondly pin
 Pure Linnen o're your Skin,
 (Your skin that's whiter far)
 Casting a dusky Cloud before a Star?

2.

Why bears your neck a golden Chain?
 Did nature make your hair in vain,
 Of Gold most pure and fine?
 With gemms why do you shine?
 They, neighbours to your eyes,
 Shew but like *Phospor*, when the *Sun* doth rise.

3.

I would have all my *Mistris* parts,
 Owe more to *Nature* than to *Arts*,
 I would not woe the dress,
 Or one whose nights give less
 Contentment, than the day.
 She's fair, whose Beauty only makes her gay.

4.

For 'tis not Buildings make a Court,
 Or pomp, but 'tis the Kings resort:
 If *Jupiter* down pour
 Himself, and in a showre
 Hide such bright *Majesty*
 Less than a golden one it cannot be.

O D E IV.

On the uncertainty of Fortune. A Translation.

1.

Leave off unfit complaints, and clear
From sighs your breast, and from black Clouds your brow,
When the Sun shines not with his wonted chear,
And Fortune throws an adverse cast for you.

That Sea which vext with *Notus* is,
The merry *East-winds* will to morrow kiss.

2.

The Sun to day rides drowsily,
To morrow 'twill put on a look more fair,
Laughter and groaning do alternately
Return, and tears sports nearest neighbors are.

'Tis by the Gods appointed so
That good fare should with mingled dangers flow.

3.

Who drave his Oxen yesterday,
Doth now over the noblest *Romans* reign.
And on the *Gabii*, and the *Cures* lay
The yoke which from his Oxen he had ta'ne.

Whom *Hesperus* saw poor and low,
The mornings eye beholds him greatest now.

4.

If Fortune knit amongst her play
But seriousness; he shall again go home
To his old Country Farm of yesterday,
To scoffing people no mean jest become.

And with the crowned Axe, which he
Had rul'd the World, go back and prune some Tree.

Nay if he want the fuel cold requires,
With his own *Fasces* he shall make him fires.

O D E V.

*In Commendation of the time we live under the Reign
of our Gracious King Charles.*

Curst be that wretch (Deaths Factor sure) who brought
Dire Swords into the peaceful World, and taught

Smiths,

Smiths, who before could only make
The Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake;
Arts, in most cruel wise
Mans Life t'epitomize.

2.

Then men (fond men alas) ride post to th' grave,
And cut those threds, which yet the *Fates* would save.
Then *Charon* sweated at his trade,
And had a larger *Ferry* made,
Then, then the silver hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

3.

Then *Revenge* married to *Ambition*,
Begot black *War*, then *Avarice* crept on.
Then limits to each field were strain'd,
And *Terminus* a God-head gain'd.
To men before was found,
Besides the Sea, no bound.

4.

In what Plain or what River hath not been
Wars story, writ in blood (sad story) seen?
This truth too well our *England* knows,
'Twas civil slaughter dy'd her *Rose*:
Nay then her *Lilly* too,
With bloods loss paler grew.

5.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should feel,
Did not just *Charles* silence the rage of steel;
He to our Land blest Peace doth bring,
All Neighbour Countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till *Charles* his Reign!

6.

Where dreaming *Chymicks* is your pain and cost?
How is your oil, how is your labor lost?
Our *Charles*, blest *Alchymist* (tho strange,
Believe it future times) did change
The *Iron* age of old,
Into an age of *Gold*.

O D E VI.

Upon the shortness of Mans Life.

Mark that swift Arrow how it cuts the air,
 How it out-runs thy following eye,
 Use all persuasions now, and try
 If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
 That way it went, but thou shalt find
 No tract is left behind.
 Fool, 'tis thy life, and the fond *Archer* thou,
 Of all the time thou'st shot away
 I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
 And it shall be too hard a task to do.
 Besides repentance, what canst find
 That it hath left behind?
 Our life is carried with too strong a tide,
 A doubtful *Cloud* our substance bears,
 And is the Horse of all our years.
 Each day doth on a winged *Whirl-wind* ride.
 We and our *Glass* run out, and must
 Both render up our dust.
 But his past life who without grief can see,
 Who never thinks his end too near,
 But says to *Fame*, thou art mine *Heir*.
 That man extends lifes natural brevity;
 This is, this is the only way
 T'out-live *Nestor* in a day.

An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge.

N*ichols*, my better self, forbear,
 For if thou tell'st what *Cambridge* pleasures are,
 The *School-boys* sin will light on me,
 I shall in mind at least a *Truant* be.
 Tell me not how you feed your mind
 With dainties of *Philosophy*,
 In *Ovid's Nut* I shall not find,
 The taste once pleased me.
 O tell me not of *Logicks* diverse *Chear*,
 I shall begin to loath our *Crambe* here.

2.

Tell me not how the waves appear
 Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *Learned Shire*,
 I shall contemn the troubled *Thames*.
 On her chief *Holiday*, even when her streams
 Are with rich folly gilded, when
 The *Quondam Dung-boat* is made gay,
 Just like the bravery of the men,
 And graces with fresh paint that day.
 When th' *City* shines with *Flags* and *Pageants* there,
 And *Satin Doublets*, seen not twice a year.

3.

Why do I stay then? I would meet
 Thee there, but *Plummet*s hang upon my feet:
 'Tis my chief wish to live thee,
 But not till I deserve thy company:
 Till then we'll scorn to let that roe,
 Some forty miles, divide our hearts:
 Write to me, and I shall enjoy,
Friendship, and *Wit*, thy better parts.
 Tho' envious *Fortune* larger hindrance brings,
 We'll easily see each other, *Love* hath wings.

Loves

LOVES RIDDLE.

A

Pastoral Comedy;

WRITTEN

At the time of his being Kings Scholar in
WESMINSTER-School,

By *A. Cowley.*



LONDON:

Printed by *M. C.* for *C. Harper*, and *A. Smalle.*
MDCLXXXIV.

LOVES

DILE.

A

Pastoral Comedy;

WRITTEN

At the time of his being Kings Scholar in
St. Mary's School,

By A. Cooper.



TOYDOY

Printed by M. C. for C. B. and A. 2nd ed.
MDCCLXXIV.

To the truly Worthy and Noble,
 Sir *KENELM DIGBY*, Knight.

THis latter Age, the Lees of Time, hath known,
 Few that have made both Pallas arts their own;
 But you, Great Sir, two Lawrels wear, and are
 Victorious in Peace, as well as War.
 Learning by right of Conquest is your own,
 And every liberal Art your Captive grown.
 As if neglected Science (for it now
 Wants some defenders) fled for help to you
 Whom I must follow, and let this for me
 An earnest of my future Service be.
 Which I should fear to send you, did I know
 Your Judgment only, not your Candor too.
 For 'twas a Work, stoln (though you'll justly call
 This Play, as fond as those) from Cat, or Ball.
 Had it been written since, I should, I fear,
 Scace have abstain'd from a Philosopher.
 Which by Tradition here is thought to be
 A necessary part in Comedy.
 Nor need I tell you this; each line of it
 Betrays the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ,
 And I could wish, that I might safely say
 Reader, this Play was made but th' other day:
 Yet 'tis not stuff'd with names of Gods, hard words,
 Such as the Metamorphosis affords.
 Nor has't a part for Robinson, whom they
 At School, account essential to a Play.
 The stile is low, such as you'll easily take
 For what a Swain might say, and a Boy make.
 Take it, as early fruits, which rare appear,
 Tho not half ripe, but worst of all the year.
 And if it please your taste, my Muse will say,
 The Birch which crown'd her then, is grown a Bay:

Yours in all observance,

A. COWLEY.

The Scene Sicily.

The Actors Names.

Demophil, } two old folks of a Noble Family.
Spodaia, }
Florellus, } their Children.
Callidora, }
Philistus, } two Gentlemen, both in love with
Aphron, } *Callidora.*
Clariana, Sister to *Philistus.*
Melarnus, } A crabbed old Shepherd.
Truga, } His Wife.
Hylace, } Their Daughter.
Ægon, ---an ancient Country-man.
Bellula, ---his supposed Daughter.
Palæmon, ---a young Swain in love with *Hylace.*
Alupis, ---a merry Shepherd.
Clarianas Maid.

Loves



Loves Riddle.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter Callidora disguised in mans apparel.

MAD feet, ye have been traitors to your Master :
 Where have you led me ? sure my truant mind
 Hath taught my body thus to wander too ;
 Faintness and fear surprize me : Ye just gods,
 If ye have brought me to this place to scourge
 The folly of my Love, (I might say madness)
 Dispatch me quickly ; send some pitying men
 Or cruel Beast to find me ; let me be
 Fed by the one, or let me feed the other.
 Why are these trees so brave ? why do they wear
 Such green and fresh apparel ? how they smile !
 How their proud tops play with the courting wind !
 Can they behold me pine and languish here,
 And yet not sympathize at all in mourning ?
 Do they ubbraid my sorrows ? can it be
 That these thick branches never seen before
 But by the Sun, should learn so much of man ?
 The Trees in Courtries Gardens, which are conscious
 Of their guilt, masters stateliness and pride,
 Themselves would pity me ; yet these—Who's there ?

Enter Alupis singing.

I.

*Rise up thou mournful Swain,
 For 'tis but a folly
 To be Melancholly
 And get thee thy pipe again.*

2. Come

2.

*Come sing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be Melancholly,
Let's live here whilst we may.*

Cal. I Marry Sir, this fellow hath some fire in him,
Methinks a sad and drowsie Shepherd is
A prodigy in nature, for the Woods
Should be as far from Sorrow, as they are
From sorrows causes, riches and the like.
Hail to you Swain, I am a Gentleman
Driven here by ignorance of the way, and would
Confess my self bound to you for a Courtesie,
If you would please to help me to some lodging
Where I may rest my self.

Alu. *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Cal. Well; if the rest be like this fellow here,
Then I have travell'd fairly now; for certainly
This is a land of Fools; some Colony
Of elder Brothers have been planted here,
And begot this fair Generation.

Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwell'st?

Alu. *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Cal. Why art thou mad?

Alu. What if I be?

I hope 'tis no discredit for me Sir?
For in this age who is not? I'll prove it to you,
Your Citizen he's mad to trust the Gentleman
Both with his Wares and Wife. Your Courtier
He's mad to spend his time in studying postures,
Cringes, and fashions, and new complements;
Your Lawyer he's mad to sell away
His tongue for Money, and his Clients madder
To buy it of him, since 'tis of no use
But to undo men, and the Latin tongue:
Your Scholars they are mad to break their brains,
Out-watch the Moon, and look more pale than she,
That so when all the Arts call him their Master,
He may perhaps get some small Vicaridge,
Or be the Usher of a School; but there's
A thing in black call'd Poet, who is ten
Degrees in madness above these; his means
Is what the gentle Fates please to allow him
By the Death or Marriage of some mighty Lord,
Which he must solemnize with a new Song.

Cal. This fellows wit amazeth me; but friend,
What do you think of Lovers?

Alu. Worst of all;

Is't not a pretty folly to stand thus,
And sigh, and-fold the Arms, and cry my *Celia*,
My soul, my life, my *Celia*, then to wring
Ones state for Presents, and ones brain for Sonnets?
Oh! 'tis beyond the name of Phrenzy.

Cal. What so Satyrick Shepherd? I believe
You did not learn these flashes in the Woods;
How is it possible that you should get
Such near acquaintance with the City manners,
And yet live here in such a silent place,
Where one would think the very name of City
Could hardly enter.

Alu. Why I'll tell you Sir;
My Father died, (you force me to remember
A grief that deserves tears) and left me young,
And (if a Shepherd may be said so) rich;
I in an itching wantonness to see
What other Swains so wond'ring at, the City,
Straight sold my Rural Portion (for the Wealth
Of Shepherds is their Flocks) and thither went,
Where whilst my Money lasted I was welcome,
And liv'd in Credit, but when that was gone,
And the last piece sigh'd in my empty Pocket,
I was contemn'd, then I began to feel
How dearly I had bought experience,
And without any thing besides Repentance
To load me, return'd back, and here I live
To laugh at all those follies which I saw.

S O N G.

The merry Waves dance up and down, and play,

Sport is granted to the Sea.

Birds are the Queristers of th' empty Air,

Sport is never wanting there.

The ground doth smile at the Springs flow'ry birth,

Sport is granted to the Earth.

The Fire its chearing flame on high doth rear,

Sport is never wanting there.

If all the Elements, the Earth, the Sea,

Air, and Fire, so merry be;

Why is mans mirth so seldom, and so small,

Who is compounded of them all?

Cal. You may rejoyce; but sighs besit me better.

Alu. Now on my Conscience thou hast lost a Mistress?

If it be so, thank God, and love no more;

Or else perhaps she has burnt your whining Letter,

Or kiss'd another Gentleman in your sight,

Or else denied you her glove, or laugh'd at you,

Causes indeed which deserve special mourning,

And

And

And now you come to talk with your God *Cupid*
 In private here, and call the Woods to witness,
 And all the streams which murmur when they hear
 The injuries they suffer; I am sorry
 I have been a hind'rance to your meditations.
 Farewel Sir.

Cal. Nay, good Shepherd, you mistake me.

Alu. Faith, I am very chary of my health,
 I would be loth to be infected, Sir.

Cal. Thou needst not fear; I have no disease at all
 Besides a troubled mind.

Alu. Why that's the worst, the worst of all.

Cal. And therefore it doth challenge
 Your pity the more, you should the rather
 Strive to be my Physician.

Alu. The good gods forbid it; I turn Physician? }
 My Parents brought me up more piously,
 Than that I should play booty with a sickness,
 Turn a Consumption to mens purses, and
 Purge them worse than their bodies, and set up
 An Apothecaries shop in private Chambers,
 Live by revenue of Close-stools and Urinals,
 Defer off sick mens health from day to day,
 As if they went to law with their Disease.
 No, I was born for better ends, than to send away
 His Majesties Subjects to Hell so fast,
 As if I were to share the stakes with *Charon*.

Cal. Your wit errs much:

For as the soul is nobler than the body,
 So its Corruption asks a better Medicine
 Than is applied to Gouts, Catarrhs, or Agues,
 And that is, Counsel.

Alu. So then: I should be
 Your Souls Physician; why, I could talk out
 An hour or so, but then I want a Cushion
 To thump my precept into; but tell me 'pray,
 What name bears your Disease?

Cal. A Fever, Shepherd, but so far above
 An outward one, that the vicissitudes
 Of that may seem but warmth, and coolness only;
 This, flame, and frost.

Alu. So; I understand you,
 You are a Lover, which is by translation
 A fool, or Beast, for I'll define you; you're
 Partly *Chameleon*, partly *Salamander*,
 You're fed by th' air, and live i'th' fire.

Cal. Why did you never love? have you no softness,
 Nought of your Mother in you? if that Sun
 Which scorched me, should cast one beam upon you, }
 'Twould quickly melt the ice about your heart,

And

And lend your eyes fresh streams.

Alu. Faith, I think not;
I have seen all your Beauties of the Court,
And yet was never ravisht, never made
A doleful Sonnet unto angry *Cupid*,
Either to warm her heart, or else cool mine,
And no face yet could ever wound me so,
But that I quickly found a remedy.

Cal. That were an art worth learning, and you need not
Be niggard of your knowledge; See the Sun
Though it have given this many thousand years
Light to the World, yet is as big and bright
As e'er it was, and hath not lost one beam
Of his first glory; then let charity
Perswade you to instruct me, I shall be
A very thankful Scholar.

Alu. I shall: for 'tis both easily taught and learn'd,
Come sing away the day, &c.
Mirth is the only Physick.

Cal. It is a way which I have much desired
To cheat my sorrow with; and for that purpose
Would fain turn Shepherd, and in rural sports
Wear my lifes remnant out; I would forget
All things, my very name if it were possible.

Alu. Pray let me learn it first.

Cal. 'Tis *Calidorus*.

Alu. Thank you; if you your self chance to forget it
Come but to me i'll do you the same courtesie,
In the mean while make me your Servant Sir,
I will instruct you in things necessary
For the creation of a Shepherd, and
We two will laugh at all the World securely,
And fling jests 'gainst the businesses of State
Without endangering our ears.

Come, come away,

For 'tis but a folly

To live Melancholy,

Lets live here whilst we may.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Palæmon, Melarnus, Truga, Egon, Bellula, Hylace.

Pal. I see I am undone.

Mel. Come no matter for that, you love my Daughter?
By *Pan*; but come, no matter for that; you my *Hylace*?

Tru. Nay good Duck, do not vex your self; what tho he
loves her? you know she will not have him.

Mel. Come, no matter for that; I will vex my self, and vex
him too, shall such an idle fellow as he strive to entice away honest
mens Children? let him go feed his flocks; but alas! he has none
to trouble him; ha, ha, ha, yet he would marry my Daughter.

Pal. Thou art a malicious doting man,

And one who cannot boast of any thing
But that she calls thee Father, though I cannot
Number so large a flock of Sheep as thou,
Nor send so many Cheeses to the City,
Yet in my mind I am an Emperor
If but compar'd with thee.

Tru. Of what place I pray?

'Tis of some new discover'd Country, is't not?

Pal. Prithee good *Winter* if thou wilt be talking,
Keep thy breath in a little, for it smells
Worse than a Goat; yet thou must talk,
For thou hast nothing left thee of a Woman
But Lust, and Tongue.

Hyl. Shepherd, here's none so taken with your wit
But you might spare it; if you be so lavish,
You'll have none left another time to make
The Song of the forsaken Lover with.

Pal. I'm dumb, my lips are seal'd, seal'd up for ever
May my rash tongue forget to be interpreter,
And organ of my senses, if you say
It hath offended you.

Hyl. Troth if you make
But that condition, I shall agree to't quickly.

Mel. By *Pan* well said Girl; what a fool was I
To suspect thee of loving him? but come
'Tis no matter for that; when e'er thou art married
I'll add ten Sheep more to thy portion
For putting this one jest upon him.

Æg. Nay now I must needs tell you that your anger
Is grounded with no reason to maintain it,
If you intend your Daughter shall not marry him,
Say so, but play not with his Passion,
For 'tis inhumane wit which jeers the wretched.

Mel. Come, 'tis no matter for that; what I do, I do;
I shall not need your Counsel.

Tru. I hope my Husband and I have enough Wisdom
To govern our own Child; if we want any
'Twill be to little purpose, I dare say,
To come to borrow some of you.

Æg. 'Tis very likely pretty Mistress *Maukin*,
You with a Face looks like a Winter Apple
When 'tis shrunk up together and half rotten,
I'de see you hang'd up for a thing to skare
The Crows away before I'll spend my breath
To teach you any.

Hyl. Alas good Shepherd!
What do you imagine that I should love you for?

Pal. For all my services, the virtuous zeal
And constancy with which I ever wooed you,
Though I were blacker than a starless night,

Or consciences where guilt and horror dwell,
Although splay-leg'd, crooked, deformed in all parts;
And but the Choas only of a man;
Yet if I love and honour you, humanity
Would teach you not to hate, or laugh at me.

Hyl. Pray spare your fine perswasions, and set speeches,
And rather tell them to those stones and trees,
'Twill be to as good purpose quite, as when
You spend them upon me.

Pal. Give me my final answer, that I may
Be either blest for ever, or die quickly;
Delay's a cruel rack, and kills by piece-meals.

Hyl. Then here 'tis, you're an afs,
(Take that for your incivility to my Mother)
And I will never love you.

Pal. You're a Woman;
A cruel and fond woman, and my Passion
Shall trouble you no more; but when I'm dead
My angry ghost shall vex you worse than now
Your Pride doth me, farewell.

Enter Aphron. mad, meeting Palæmon going out.

Aphr. Nay stay Sir, have you found her?

Pal. How now? what's the matter?

Aphr. For I will have her out of you, or else
I'll cut thee into Atoms, till the wind
Play with the shreds of thy torn Body. Look her
Or I will do't.

Pal. Whom; or where?

Aphr. I'll tell thee honest fellow; thou shalt go
From me as an Embassador to the Sun,
For men call him the eye of Heaven, (from which
Nothing lies hid) and tell him—do you mark me—tell him
From me---that if he send not word where she is gone,
---I will---nay by the gods I will.

Æg. Alas poor Gentleman!
Sure he hath lost some Mistris; beauteous women
Are the chief plagues to men.

Tru. Nay, not so Shepherd, when did I plague any?

Æg. How far is he beyond the name of slave,
That makes his Love his Mistris?

Aphr. Mistris, who's that? her ghost? 'tis she;
It was her voice; were all the Floods, the Rivers,
And Seas that with their crooked Arms embrace
The Earth, betwixt us, I'de wade through and meet her;
Were all the Alps heap'd on each others hed,
Were Pelion joyn'd to Ossa, and they both
Thrown on Olympus top, they should not make
So high a wall, but I would scal't and find her.

Bel. Unhappy man.

Aph. 'Tis empty air: I was too rude too saucy

And she hath left me ; if she be alive
 What darkness shall be thick enough to hide her ?
 If dead, I'll seek the place which Poets call *Elizium*
 Where all the souls of good and virtuous mortals
 Enjoy deserved pleasures after death.
 What should I fear ; if there be an *Erinnys*
 'Tis in this Brest, if a *Tisiphone*
 'Tis here, here in this brain are all her serpents ;
 My grief and fury arms me.

Pal. By your leave Sir.

Aph. Now by the Gods, that man that stops my journey
 Had better have provok'd a hungry *Lioness*
 Robb'd of her Whelps, or set her naked brest
 Against the Thunder.

Exit Aphron.

True. 'Tis well he's gone,
 I never could endure to see these mad men.

Mel. Come, no matter for that
 For now he's gone, here comes another.
 But it's no matter for that neither.

[*Enter Alupis and*
 [*Callidorus.*

How now ? who has he brought with him ?

Al. Hail to ye Shepherds and ye beauteous Nymphs,
 I must present this stranger to your knowledge,
 When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for't,

Cal. Blest Masters of these Woods, hail to you all,
 'Tis my desire to be your neighbour here,
 And feed my Flocks (such as they are) near yours.
 This Shepherd tells me, that your gentle nature
 Will be most willing to accept my friendship ;
 Which if you do, may all the *Silvian Deities*
 Be still propitious to you, may your flocks
 Yearly encrease above your hopes or wishes ;
 May none of your young Lambs become a prey
 To the rude Wolf, but play about securely ;
 May dearths be ever exil'd from these Woods,
 May your Fruits prosper, and your Mountain Strawberries
 Grow in abundance ; may no Lovers be
 Despis'd, and pine away their years of Spring :
 But the young men and maids be stricken both
 With equal sympathy.

Pal. That were a golden time ; the Gods forbid
 Mortals to be so happy.

Ægon. I thank you ; and we wish no less to you :
 You are most welcome hither.

Tru. 'Tis a handsom Man,
 I'll be acquainted with him ; we most heartily
 Accept your company.

Mel. Come no matter for that ; we have enough
 Already, who can bear us company ;
 But no matter for that neither ; we shall have
 Shortly no room left us to feed our flocks

By

By one another.

Alup. What always grumbling?
Your Father and your Mother scolded sure
Whilst you were getting; well, if I begin
I'll so abuse thee, and that publickly,

Mel. A rot upon you; you must still be humor'd,
But come, no matter for that; you're welcome then.

Al. What, Beauties, are you silent?
Take notice of him, (pray) your speaking is
Worth more than all the rest.

Bell. You're very welcome, [Salutes her.]

Cal. Thank you fair Nymph, this is indeed a welcome.

Bell. I never saw Beauty and affability
So well conjoyn'd before; if I stay long
I shall be quite undone.

Alu. Nay come, put on too.

Hyl. You are most kindly welcome.

Cal. You bless me too much;
The honour of your lip is entertainment
Princes might wish for.

Hyl. Bless me, how he looks!
And how he talks; his kiss was honey too,
His Lips as red and sweet as early Cherries,
Softer than Bevers skins.

Bel. Bless me, how I envy her!
Would I had that kiss too!

Hyl. How his eye shines! what a bright flame it shoots?

Bel. How red his cheeks are! so our Garden Apples
Look on that side where the hot Sun Salutes them.

Hyl. How well his hairs becomes him!
Just like that Star which ushers on the day.

Bell. How fair he is! fairer than whitest blossoms?

Trug. They two have got a kiss;
Why should I lose it for wast of speaking?
You're welcome Shepherd.

Alu. Come on: For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Tru. Do you hear? you are welcome.

Alu. Here's another must have a kiss.

Tru. Go you're a paultry knave, I, that you are,
To wrong an honest woman thus.

Alu. Why he shall kiss thee, never fear it, alas!
I did but jest, he'll do't for all this,
Nay, because I will be a Patron to thee
I'll speak to him.

Trug. You're a slandering knave,
And you shall know't, that you shall.

Alu. Nay, if you scold so loud
Others shall know it too; he must stop your mouth,
Or you'll talk on this three hours; *Callidorns*
If you can patiently endure a stink,

Or

Or have frequented e're the City Bear-garden,
Prithee salute this fourscore years, and free me,
She says you're welcome too.

Cal. I cry you mercy, Shepherdess,
By *Pan* I did not see you.

Tru. If my Husband and *Alupis* were not here
I'de rather pay him backk his kiſs again
Than be beholden to him.

Alu. What, thou haſt don't ?
Well if thou do'ſt not die upon't, hereafter
Thy Body will agree even with the worſt
And ſtinking'ſt air in *Europe*.

Cal. Nay, be not angry Shepherdess, you know
He doth but jeſt as 'tis his cuſtom.

Tru. I know it is his cuſtom ; he was always
Wont to abuſe me, like a knave as he is,
But I'll endure't no more.

Alu. Prithee, good *Callidorus*, if her breath
Be not too bad, go ſtop her mouth again.
She'll ſcold till night elſe.

True. Yes marry will I, that I will, you rascal you,
I'll teach you to lay your frumps upon me ;
You delight in it, do you ?

Alu. Prithee be quiet, leave but talking to me
And I will never jeer thee any more,
We two will be ſo peaceable hereafter.

Tru. Well upon that condition.

Alu. So, I'm deliver'd. Why how now Lads ?
What have you loſt your tongues ? I'll have them cry'd,
Palamon, *Ægon*, *Callidorus*, what ?
Are you all dumb ? I pray continue ſo,
And I'll be merry with my ſelf.

S O N G.

'Tis better to dance than ſing,
The cauſe is if you will know it,
That I to my ſelf ſhall bring
A Poverty
Voluntary
If once I grow but a Poet.

Ægon. And yet methinks you ſing

Alu. O yes, becauſe here's none to dance,
And both are better far than to be ſad.

Ægon. Come then let's have a round.

Alu. A match ; *Palamon* whither go you ?

Pal. The Gods forbid that I ſhould mock my ſelf,
Cheat my own mind, I dance and weep at once ?
You may. Farewel.

Alu. 'Tis ſuch a whining Fool ; come, come, *Melarnus*.

[Exit.]

Mel. I

Mel. I have no mind to dance; but come, no matter for that, rather than break the squares.

Cal. By your leave, fair one.

Hyl. Would I were in her place.

Alu. Come *Hylace*, thee and I wench, I warrant thee, You and your Wife together. God bless you; so—

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

[Dance.

Tru. So there's enough, I'm half a weary.

Mel. Come no matter for that, I have not danc'd so much this year.

Alu. So farewell, you'll come along with me?

Cal. Yes, farewell gentle Swains.

Tru. Farewel good Shepherd.

Bel. Your best wishes follow you.

Hyl. *Pan* always guide you.

Mel. It's no matter for that, come away.

The end of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Demophil, Spodais, Philistus, Clariana.

Dem. **N**A Y, She is lost for ever, and her name Which us'd to be so comfortable, now Is poison to our thoughts, and to augment Our misery paints forth our former happiness, O *Callidora*, O my *Callidora*! I shall ne'er see thee more.

Spo. If cursed *Aphron* Hath carried her away, and triumphs now In the destruction of our hoary age 'Twere better she were dead;

Dem. 'Twere better we were all dead; the enjoying Of tedious life is a worse punishment Than losing of my Daughter; Oh! my friends, Why have I lived so long?

Cla. Good Sir be comforted: Brother speak to them.

Spo. Would I had died, when first I brought thee forth My girl, my best girl, then I should have slept In quiet, and not wept now.

Phi. I am half a Statue, Freeze me up quite, ye Gods, and let me be My own sad Monument.

Cla. Alas! you do but hurt your selves with weeping; Consider pray, it may be she'll come back.

Dem. Oh! never, never, 'tis impossible

As to call back sixteen, and with vain Rhetorick
 Perswade my Lifes fresh *April* to return,
 She's dead, or else far worse, kept up by *Aphron*,
 Whom if I could but see, methinks new blood
 Would creep into my veins, and my faint sinews
 Renew themselves, I doubt not but to find
 Strength enough yet to be reveng'd of *Aphron*.

Spo. Would I were with thee, girl, where'er thou art.

Cla. For shame good Brother, see if you can comfort them,
 Methinks you should say something.

Phi. Do you think
 My grief's so light? or was the interest
 So small which I had in her? I a comforter?
 Alas, she was my Wife, for we were married
 In our affections, in our vows; and nothing
 Stopt the enjoying of each other, but
 The thin partition of some Ceremonies.
 I lost my hopes, my expectations;
 My joys, nay more, I lost my self with her;
 You have a Son, yet left behind, whose memory
 May sweeten all this gall.

Spo. I, we had one,
 But fate's so cruel to us, and such dangers
 Attend a travelling man, that 'twere presumption
 To say we have him; we have sent for him
 To blot out the remembrance of his Sister;
 But whether we shall ever see him here,
 The Gods can only tell, we barely hope.

Dem. This news, alas!
 Will be but a sad welcome to him.

Phi. Why do I play thus with my misery?
 'Tis vain to think I can live here without her,
 I'll seek her where e'er she is; patience in this
 Would be a vice, and men might justly say
 My love was but a flash of winged Lightning,
 And not a Vestal flame, which always shines;
 His woing is a complement, not passion,
 Who can if Fortune snatch away his Mistress,
 Spend some few tears, then take another choice,
 Mine is not so; Oh *Callidora*!

Cla. Fie Brother, you're a man,
 And should not be shaken with every wind
 If it were possible to call her back
 With mourning, mourning were a piety,
 But since you cannot, you must give me leave
 To call it folly:

Phi. So it is;
 And I will therefore shape some other course,
 This doleful place shall never see me more,
 Unless it see her too in my embraces,

You

You Sister may retire unto my Farm,
Adjoyning to the Woods;
And my Estate I leave for you to manage,
If I find her, expect me there, if not
Do you live happier than your Brother hath.

Cla. Alas! how can I if you leave me? but
I hope your resolutions may be altered.

Phil. Never, farewell: good *Demophil.*
Farewel *Spodais*, teemper your laments;
If I return we shall again be happy.

Spo. You shall not want my Prayers.

Dem. The Gods that ply Lovers (if there be any)
attend upon you.

Cla. Will you needs go?

Phil. I knit delays; 'twere time I were now ready,
And I shall sin if I seem dull or slow.
In any thing which touches *Callidora*.

Dem. Oh! that name wounds me; we'll bear you company
A little way, and *Clariana* look
To see us often at your Country Farm,
We'll sigh, and grieve together.

Enter Alupis and Palamon.

Alu: Come, come away, &c.

Now where are all your Sonnets? your rare fancies,
Could the fine morning Mulick which you wak'd
Your Mistris with, prevail no more than this?
Why in the City now your very Fiddlers
Good morrow to your Worship, will get something,
Hath she denied thee quite?

Pal. She hath undone me; I have plow'd the Sea,
And begot storming billows.

Alu. Can no persuasions move her?

Pal. No more than thy least breath can stir an Oak,
Which hath this many years scorn'd the fierce Wars
Of all the Winds.

Alu. 'Tis a good hearing; then
She'll cost you no more pairs of Turtle Doves,
Nor Garlands knit with amorous conceits,
I do perceive some rags of the Court fashions
Visibly creeping now into the Woods,
The more he shews his Love, the more he flights him,
Yet will take any gift of him, as willingly
As Country Justices the Hens and Geese
Of their offending Neighbours; this is right:
Now if I lov'd this wench, I would so handle her,
I'd teach her what the difference were betwixt
One who had seen the Court and City tricks,
And a meer Shepherd.

Pal. Lions are tam'd, and become Slaves to men,
And Tygres oft forget their cruelty

They suck'd from their fierce Mothers; but, a Woman!
Ah me! a Woman!—

Alu. Yet if I saw such wonders in her Face
As you do, I should never doubt to win her.

Pal. How pray? if gifts would do it, she hath had
The daintiest Lambs, the hope of all my Flock,
I let my Apples hang for her to gather,
The painful Bee did never load my hives,
With Honey which she tasted not.

Alu. You mistake me friend; I mean not so.

Pal. How then? if Poetry would do't, what shade
Hath not been auditor of my amorous pipe?
What Banks are not acquainted with her praises?
Which I have sung in verses, and the Shepherds
Say they are good ones, nay they call me Poet,
Although I am not easie to believe them.

Alu. No, no, no; that's not the way.

Pal. Why how?

If shew of grief had Rhetorick enough
To move her, I dare swear she had been mine
Long before this; what day did e'er peep forth
In which I wept not dulier than the morning?
Which of the Winds hath not my Sighs increas'd
At sundry times? how often have I cried
Hylace, Hylace, till the docile Woods
Have answered *Hylace*; and every Valley
As if it were my Rival, sounded *Hylace*.

Alu. I, and you were a most rare fool for doing so.
Why 'twas that poison'd all; had I a Mistress
I'd almost beat her, by this light, I would,
For they are much about your Spaniels nature,
But whilst you cry dear *Hylace*, O *Hylace*!
Pity the tortures of my burning heart,
She'll always mince it, like a Citizens Wife,
At the first asking; though her tickled blood
Leaps at the very mention; therefore now
Leave off your whining tricks, and take my counsel,
First then be merry; *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Pal. 'Tis a hard Lesson for my mind to learn,
But I would force my self, if that would help me.

Alu. Why thou shalt see it will; next I would have thee
To laugh at her, and mock her pitifully;
Study for jeers against next time you see her,
I'll go along with you, and help to abuse her,
Till we have made her cry, worse than e'er you did;
When we have us'd her thus a little while,
She'll be as tame and gentle.

Pal. But alas!

This will provoke her more.

Alu. I'll warrant thee; besides, what if it should?

She

She hath refus'd you utterly already.
And cannot hurt you worse; come, come, be rul'd;
And follow me, we'll put it strait in practice.

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Pal. A match; I'll try all ways; she can but scorn me,
There is this good in depth of misery
That men may attempt any thing, they know
The worst before-hand.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Callidorus.

How happy is that man, who in these Woods
With secure silence wears away his time!
Who is acquainted better with himself
Than others; who so great a stranger is
To City follies, that he knows them not.
He sits all day upon some mossie hill
His rural Throne, arm'd with his crook, his scepter,
A flowry Garland is his Country Crown;
The gentle Lambs and Sheep his Loyal Subjects
Which every year pay him their fleecy tribute;
Thus in an humble stateliness and Majesty
He tunes his pipe, the Woods best melody,
And is at once, what many Monarchs are not,
Both King and Poet. I could gladly wish
To spend the rest of my unprofitable,
And needless days in their innocuous sports,
But then my Father, Mother, and my Brother
Recurse unto my thoughts, and strait pluck down
The resolution I had built before;
Love names *Philistus* to me, and o'th' sudden
The Woods seem base, and all their harmless pleasures
The daughters of necessity, not virtue.
Thus with my self I wage a War, and am
To my own rest a Traitor; I would fain
Go home, but still the thought of *Apbron* frights me.
How now? who's here? O 'tis fair *Hylace*
The grumbling Shepherd's daughter.

Enter Hylace.

Brightest of all those Stars that paint the Woods,
And grace these shady habitations,
You're welcome, how shall I requite the benefit
Which you bestow upon so poor a stranger
With your fair presence?

Hyl. If it be any courtesie, 'tis one
Which I would gladly do you, I have brought
A rural present, some of our own Apples.
My Father and my Mother are so hard,
They watch'd the Tree, or else they had been more,
Such as they are, if they can please your tast,
My wish is crown'd.

Cal. O you're too kind,

L 2

And

And teach that duty to me which I ought
To have perform'd; I would I could return
The half of your deserts! but I am poor
In every thing but thanks.

Hyl. Your acceptation only is reward
Too great for me.

Cal. How they blush?
A man may well imagine they were yours,
They bear so great a shew of modesty.

Hyl. O you mock my boldness
To thrust into your company; but truly
I meant no hurt in't; my intents were virtuous.

Cal. The Gods forbid that I should nurse a thought
So wicked, thou art innocent I know,
And pure as *Venus* Doves, or Mountain Snow
Which no foot hath defil'd, thy Soul is whiter
(If there be any possibility of it)
Than that clear skin which cloaths thy dainty body.

Hyl. Nay my good will deserves not to be jeer'd,
You know I am a rude and Country Wench.

Cal. Far be it from my thoughts, I swear I honour
And love those maiden vertues which adorn you.

Hyl. I would you did, as well as I do you,
But the just Gods intend not me so happy,
And I must be contented.—I'm undone.

[Enter *Bellula*:
Here's *Bellula*; what is she grown my rival?

Bel. Bless me! whom see I? *Hylace*? some Cloud
Or friendly mist involve me.

Hyl. Nay *Bellula*, I see you well enough.

Cal. Why doth the day start back? are you so cruel
To shew us first the light, and having struck
Wonder into us, snatch it from our sight?
If Spring crown'd with the glories of the earth
Appear upon the heavenly Ram, and straight
Creep back again into a gray-hair'd frost,
Men will accuse its forwardness.

Hyl. Pray Heaven
He be not taken with her; she's somewhat fair;
He did not speak so long a speech to me
I'm sure of't, though I brought him Apples.

Bell. I did mistake my way; pray pardon me.

Hyl. I would you had else.

Cal. I must thank fortune then which led you hither,
But you can stay a little while and bless us?

Bel. Yes (and Love knows how willingly) alas!
I shall quite spoil my garland e'er I give it him,
With hiding it from *Hylace*, 'pray *Pan*.
She hath not stoln his heart already from him,
And cheated my intentions.

Hyl. I would fain be going, but if I should leave her

It may be I shall give her opportunity
To win him from me, for I know she loveth him,
And hath perhaps a better tongue than I,
Although I should be loth to yield to her
In beauty or complexion.

Bell. Let me speak
In private with you; I am bold to bring
A Garland to you, 'tis of the best flowers
Which I could gather, I was picking them
All yesterday.

Cal. How you oblige me to you!
I thank you sweetest, how they flourish still!
Sure they grow better, since your hand hath nipt them.

Bell. They will do, when your brow hath honour'd them;
Then they may well grow proud, and shine more freshly.

Call. What Perfumes dwell in them!
They owe these odours to your breath.

Hyl. Defend me ye good Gods, I think he kisses her,
How long they have been talking? now perhaps
She's wooing him; perhaps he forgets me
And will consent, I'll put him in remembrance.
You have not tasted of the Apples yet,
And they were good ones truly.

Call. I will do presently, best *Hylace*.

Hyl. That's something yet, would he would speak so always.

Cal. I would not change them for those glorious apples
Which give such fame to the *Hesperian* gardens.

Bell. She hath outgone me in her Present now,
But I have got a Beechen cup at home
Curiously graven with the spreading leaves,
And gladfom burthen of a fruitful Vine,
Which *Damon*, the best Artist of these Woods
Made and bestowed upon me. I'll bring that to morrow
And give it him, and then I'll warrant her
She will not go beyond me.

Hyl. What have you got a chaplet? Oh!
This is I see of *Bellula's* composing.

Bell. Why *Hylace*? you cannot make a better,
What Flowers pray doth it want?

Cal. Poor souls I pity them, and the more,
Because I have not been my self a stranger
To these Love Passions, but I wonder
What they can find in me worth their affection
Truly I would fain satisfy them both,
But can do neither; 'tis Fates crime, not mine.

Bell. Whither go you, Shepherd?

Hyl. You will not leave us will you?

Cal. Indeed I ought not,
You have me both bought with your courtesies
And should divide me.

Hyl.

Hyl. She came last to you.

Bell. She hath another Love,

And kills *Palamon* with her cruelty,

How can she expect mercy from another?

Cal. Into what a labyrinth doth Love draw mortals,
And then blindfolds them! what a mist it throws
Upon their senses! if he be a God,
As sure he is (his power could not be so great else)
He knows the impossibility which nature
Hath set betwixt us, yet entangles us,
And laughs to see us struggle. D' ye both love me?

Bell. I do I'm sure.

Hyl. And I as much as she.

Cal. I pity both of you, for you have sow'd
Upon unthankful sand, whose dry'd up Womb
Nature denies to bless with fruitfulness,
You are both fair, and more than common graces
Inhabit in you both, *Bellula's* eyes
Shine like the Lamp of Heaven, and so doth *Hylaces*.
Hylaces cheeks are deeper dy'd in Scarlet
Than the chaste mornings blushes, so are *Bellula's*,
And I protest I love you both. Yet cannot
Yet must not enjoy either.

Bell. You speak riddles.

Cal. Which times commentary
Must only explain to you, and till then
Farewell good *Bellula*, farewell good *Hylaces*.
I thank you both.

Hyl. Alas! my hopes are strangled.

Bell. I will not yet despair; He may grow milder;
He bad me farewell first; and look upon me
With a more stedfast eye, than upon her,
When he departed hence: 'twas a good sign;
At least I will imagine it to be so.
Hope is the truest friend, and seldom leaves one.

Enter Truga.

I doubt not but this will move him,
For they're good Apples, but my teeth are gone,
I cannot bite them; but for all that though
I'll warrant you I can love a young fellow
As well as any of them all: I that I can
And kiss him too as sweetly. Oh! here's the mad-man.

Enter Aphron.

Hercules, Hercules, ho *Hercules*, where are you?
Lend me thy Club and Skin, and when I ha' done,
I'll fling them to thee again, why *Hercules*?
Pox on you, are you drunk? can you not answer?
I'll travel then without them, and do wonders.

Tru. I quake all over, worse than any fit
Of the Palsie which I have had this forty years

Could

Could make me do.

Aph. So, I ha' found the plot out,
First I'll climb up on Porter *Atlas* shoulders,
And crawl into Heaven, and I'm sure
I cannot chuse but find her there.

Tru. What would become of me if he should see me?
Truly he's a good proper Gentleman,
If he were not mad, I would not be so 'fraid of him.

Aph. What have I caught thee, fairest of all Women?
Where hast thou hid thy self so long from *Aphron*?
Aphron who hath been dead till this blest minute?

Tru. Ha, ha, ha, whom doth he take me for?

Aph. Thy skin is whiter than the snowy feathers
Of *Leda's* Swans.

Tru. Law you there now,——
I thought I was not so unhandsom, as they'd make me,

Apu. Thy hairs are brighter than the Moons,
Than when she spreads her Beams and fills her Orb.

Trug. Beshrew their heart that call this Gentleman mad,
He hath his senses I'll warrant him, about him,
As well as any fellow of them all.

Apu. Thy teeth are like two Arches made of Ivory,
Of purest Ivory.

Tru. I for those few I have,
I think they'r white enough.

Apu. Thou art as fresh as *May* is, and thy look
Is picture of the Spring.

Tru. Nay, I am but some fourscore years and ten,
And bear my age well; yet *Alupis* says
I look like *Jannary*, but I'll teach the knave
Another tune I'll warrant him.

Apu. Thy lips are Cherries, let me taste them sweet,

Tru. You have beg'd so handsomly.

Apu. Ha! ye good gods defend me! 'tis a Witch, a Hag:

Tru. What am I?

Apu. A Witch, one that did take the shape
Of my best Mist'ris, but thou could'st not long
Bely her pureness.

Tru. Now he's stark mad again upon the sudden;
He had some sense even now.

Apu. Thou look'st as if thou wert some wicked Woman
Frighted out of the Grave; defend me, how
Her eyes do sink into their ugly holes,
As if they were afraid to see the light.

Tru. I will not be abus'd thus, that I will not,
My hair was bright even now, and my looks fresh.
Am I so quickly chang'd?

Tru. Her breath infects the Air, and sows a Pestilence
Where e'er it comes; what hath she there?
If these are Apples made up with the stings

Of Scorpions, and the blood of Basilisks;
Which being swallow'd up, a thousand pains
Eat on the heart, and gnaw the entrails out.

Tru. Thou lyest; I, that thou do'st,
For these are honest apples, that they are;
I'm sure I gather'd them my self.

Apu. From the Stygian Tree; give them me quickly, or I will—

Tru. What will you do? pray take them.

Apu. Get thee gone quickly from me, for I know thee;
Thou art *Tisiphone*.

Tru. 'Tis false; for I know no such woman.
I am glad I'm got from him, would I had
My Apples too, but 'tis no matter tho,
I'll have a better gift for *Callidorus*
To morrow.

Apu. The Fiend is vanish'd from me,
And hath left these behind for me to taste of,
But I will be too cunning: Thus I'll scatter them,
Now I have spoil'd her Plot; unhappy he
Who finds them.

The end of the second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Florellus.

THE Sun five times hath gone his Yearly progress,
Since last I saw my Sister, and returning
Big with desire to view my native *Italy*,
I found my aged Parents sadly mourning
The Funeral (for to them it seems no less)
Of their departed Daughter; what a welcome
This was to me, all in whole hearts a strain
Of Marble grows not, may easily conceive
Without the dumb persuasion of my tears.
Yet as if that were nothing, and it were
A kind of happiness in misery,
If it come without an Army to attend it,
As I pass'd through these Woods, I saw a Woman
Whom her attire call'd Shepherdess, but face
Some disguis'd Angel, or a Sylvan Goddess;
It strook such admiration (for I durst not
Harbour the Love of so divine a beauty)
That ever since I could not reach my thoughts
Another object; In this happy place,
(Happy her presence made it) she appears,

And

And breath'd fresh honours on the smiling trees,
Which owe more of their gallantry to her
Than to the Musky kisses of the West wind.
Ha! sure 'tis she; thus doth the Sun break forth
From the black curtain of an envious Cloud.

Enter Alupis, Bellula, Hylace.

Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Hyl. We did not fend for you; pray leave us.

Alu. No, by this light, not till I see you cry;
When you have shed some penitential tears
For wronging of *Palemon*, there may be
A truce concluded betwixt you and me.

Bell. This is uncivil,
To thrust into our company; do you think
That we admire your wit? pray go to them
That do, we would be private.

Alu. To what purpose?
You'd ask how many Shepherds she hath strooken?
Which is the properest man? which kisses sweetest?
Which brings her the best Presents? and then tell
What a fine man woos you, how red his lips are?
How bright his eyes are? and what dainty sonnets
He hath compos'd in honour of your Beauty?
And then at last, with what rare tricks you fool him?
These are your learn'd discourses; but were all
Men of my temperance, and wisdom too,
You should wooe us, I, and wooe hardly too,
Before you got us.

Flo. O prophaneness!
Can he so rudely speak to that blest Virgin,
And not be stricken dumb?

Alu. Nay, you have both a mind to me; I know it;
But I will marry neither; I come hither
Not to gaze on you, or extol your beauty;
I come to vex you.

Flo. Ruder yet? I cannot,
I will not suffer this; mad fellow, is there
No other Nymph in all these spacious Woods,
To fling thy wild, and saucy laughter at,
But her, whom thy great Deity even *Pan*
Himself would honour, do not dare to utter
The smallest accent if not cloath'd with reverence,
Nay, do not look upon her but with eyes
As humble and submissive as thou wouldst
Upon the brow of Majesty, when it frowns
I speak but that which Duty binds us all to,
Thou shalt not think upon her, no not think,
Without as much respect and honor to her
As holy men in superstitious zeal
Give to the Images they worship.

M

Bell. Oh!

Bell. Oh! this is the Gentleman courted me th'other day.

Alu. Why? have you got a Patent to restrain me?
Or do you think your glorious sute can fright me?
'Twould do you much more credit at the Theatre,
To rise betwixt the Acts, and look about
The Boxes, and then cry, God save you Madam;
Or bear you out in quarrelling at an Ordinary,
And make your Oaths become you; have you shown
Your gay apparel every where in town,
That you can afford us the sight oft, or
Hath that grand Devil whose eclipsed sergeant,
Frighted you out of the City?

Flo. Your loose jests
When they are shot at me, I scorn to take
Any revenge upon them, but neglect,
For then 'tis rashness only, but as soon
As you begin to violate her name,
Nature and Conscience too bids me be angry,
For then 'tis wickedness.

Alu. Well, if it be so,
I hope you can forgive the sin that's past
Without the doleful sight of trickling tears,
For I have eyes of Pumice; I'm content
To let her rest in quiet, but you have given me
Free leave to abuse you, on the condition
You will revenge it only with neglect,
For then 'tis rashness only.

Flo. What are you biting?
Where did you pick these fragments up of wit?

Alu. Where I paid dear enough a conscience for them,
They should be more than fragments by their price,
I bought them Sir, even from the very Merchants,
I scorn'd to deal with your poor City Pedlers, that sell
By retail: but let that pass. *For 'tis but a Folly, &c.*

Flo. Then you have seen the City.

Alu. I and felt it too, I thank the Devil; I'm sure
It suckt up in three years the whole estate
My Father left, tho he were counted rich:
A pox of forlorn Captains, pitiful things,
Whom you mistake for Souldiers, only by
Their sounding Oaths, and a Buff jerkin, and
Some Histories which they have learn'd by roat,
Of Battels fought in *Persia*, or *Polonia*,
Where they themselves were of the conquering side,
Although God knows one of the City Captains,
Arm'd with broad Scarf, Feather, and Scarlet Breeches,
When he instructs the Youth on Holy-days,
And is made sick with fearful noise of Guns,
Would pose them in the art Military; these
Vvere my first Leeches.

Flo. So,

Flo. So, no wonder then you spent so fast.

Alu. Pish, these were nothing.

I grew to keep your Poets company,
Those are the soakers, they refin'd me first
Of those gross humors that are bred by money
And made me streight a wit, as now you see,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Flo. But hast thou none to fling thy salt upon
But these bright Virgins?

Alu. Yes now you are here,
You are as good a Theme as I could wish.

Hyl. 'Tis best for me to go, while they are talking,
For if I steal not from *Alu's* sight,
He'll follow me all day to vex me.

Alu. What are you vanishing, coy Mistress *Hylace*?
Nay, I'll be with you streight, but first I'll fetch
Palamon, now if he can play his part
And leave off whining, we'll have princely sport,
Well, I may live in time to have the Women
Scratch out my eyes, or else scold me to death,
I shall deserve it richly: Farewell Sir,
I have employment with the Damsel gone,
And cannot now inend you.

Flo. They're both gone,
Direct me now good Love, and teach my tongue
Th' Inchantments that thou wood'st thy *Psyche* with.

Bell Farewell Sir.

Flo. Oh! be not so cruel,
Let me enjoy my self a little while,
Which without you I cannot,

Bell. Pray let me go,
To tend my Sheep, there's none that looks to them,
And if my Father miss me, he'll so chide.

Flo. Alas! thou needest not fear, for th' Wolf himself,
Tho hunger whet the fury of its nature,
Would learn to spare thy pretty Flocks, and be
As careful as the Shepherds dog to guard them,
Nay if he should not, *Pas* would present be,
And keep thy tender Lambs in safety for thee,
For tho he be a God he would not blush
To be thy Servant.

Bell. Oh! You're courtly Sir:
But your fine words will not defend my Sheep,
Or stop them if they wander; let me go.

Flo. Are you so fearful of your Cattels loss?
Yet so neglectful of my perishing,
(For without you how can I choose but perish?)
Tho I my self were most contemptible,
Yet for this reason only, that I love
And honour you, I deserve more than they do.

Bell. What would you do, that thus you urge my stay?

Flo. Nothing I swear that should offend a Saint,
Nothing which can call up the maiden blood,
To lend thy face a blush, nothing which chaste
And virtuous Sisters can deny their Brothers;
I do confess I love you, but the fire
In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Mistress;
Or that by holy men on Altars kindled,
Is not so pure as mine is; I would only
Gaze thus upon thee; feed my hungry eyes
Sometimes with those bright Tresses, which the wind
Far happier than I, plays up and down in,
And sometimes with thy cheeks, those rose twins;
Then gently touch thy hand, and often kiss it,
Till thou thy self shouldst check my modesty,
And yield thy lips, but further, thou shouldst
Like other maids with weak resistance ask it,
(Which I'm sure thou wilt not) I'd not offend
Till lawful *Hymen* joyn us both, and give
A licence unto my desires.

Bell. Which I
Need not bestow much language to oppose;
Fortune and Nature have forbidden it,
When they made me a rude and homely wench,
You (if your cloath and carriage be not lyars)
By state and birth a Gentleman.

Flo. I hope
I may without suspicion of a boaster
Say that I am so, else my love were impudence;
For do you think wise nature did intend
You for a Shepherdess, when she bestow'd
Such pains in your creation? would she fetch
The perfumes of *Arabia* for your breath?
Or ransack *Pestum* of her choicest Roses
To adorn your cheeks? would she bereave the Rock
Of Coral for your lips? and catch two Stars
As they were falling, which she form'd your eyes of?
Would she her self turn work woman and spin
Threads of the finest Gold to be your Tresses?
Or rob the Great to make one Microcosm?
And having finish'd quite the beauteous wonder,
Hide it from publick view and admiration!
No; she would set it on some Pyramid,
To be the spectacle of many eyes:
And it doth grieve me that my niggard fortune
Rais'd me not up to higher eminency,
Not that I am ambitious of such honours
But that through them I might be made more worthy
To enjoy you.

Bell. You are for ought I see

Too great already; I will either live
An undefiled Virgin as I am,
Or if I marry, not bely my blith,
But joyn my self to some plain vertuous Shepherd
(For *Callidorus* is so, and I will be either his or no bodier) [Exit]

Flo. Pray hear me.

Bell. Alas! I have Sir, and do therefore now.
Prepare to answer, if this Passion
Belove, my Fortune bids me deny you;
If Lust, my honesty commands to scorn you,
Farewell.

Flo. O stay a little! but two words: she's gone,
Gone like the glorious Sun, which being set,
Night creeps behind and covers all; some way
I must seek out to win her, or what's easier
(And the blind man himself without a guide
May find) some way to die; would I had been
Born a poor Shepherd in these shady woods.
Nature is cruel in her benefits,
And when she gives us honey, mingles gall.
She said that if she married, the Woods
Should find a husband for her. I will wooe her
In Silvan habit, then perhaps she'll love me—
But yet I will not, that's in vain; I will too,
It cannot hurt to try. [Exit]

Enter Alupis, Palamon, after them Hylace.

Alu. Nay come, she's just behind us, are you ready?
When she scolds, be you loudest, if she cry
Then laugh abundantly, thus we will vex her
Into a good conceit of you.

Pal. I'll warrant you; you have instructed me enough,
She comes.

Hyl. Is't possible that *Bellula*—

Pal. Fair creature—

Hyl. Sure thou wert born to trouble me, who sent for thee?

Pal. Whom, all the Nymphs (tho Women use to be
As you know, envious of anothers beauty)
Confess the pride and glory of these Woods.

Hyl. When did you make this speech; 'tis a most neat one;
Go, get you gone, look to your rotting Cattel,
You'll never keep a Wife, who are not able
To keep your Sheep.

Alu. Good! she abuses him,
Now 'tis a miracle he doth not cry.

Pal. Thou whom the Stars might envy 'cause they are
Out-shone by thee on earth.

Hyl. Pray get you gone,
Or hold your prating tongue, for whatsoever
Thou sayest, I will not hear a syllable,
Much less answer thee.

Pal. No;

Pal. No; I'll try that strait,
I have a present here—
Which if you'll give me leave, I shall presume
To dedicate to your Service.

Hyl. You're so cunning,
And have such pretty ways to entice me with,
Come let me see it.

Pal. Oh! have you found a tongue?
I thought I had not been worth an answer.

Hyl. How now; what tricks are these?
Give it me quickly, or—

Pal. Pray get you gone, or hold your prating tongue;
For whatsoever thou sayest I will not hear
A syllable, much less answer thee.

Alu. Good boy 'faith: now let me come.

Hyl. This is some plot I see, would I were gone,
I had as lief see the Wolf as this *Alupis*.

Alu. Here's a fine Ring, I faith, a very pretty one,
Do your teeth water at it Damsel? ha?
Why we will sell our Sheep and Oxen, girl,
Hang them scurvy Beasts, to buy you pretty knacks.
That you might laugh at us, and call us fools,
And jeer us too, as far as your wit reaches,
Bid us be gone, and when we have talk'd two hours,
Deny to answer us; nay you must stay [She offers to be gone.]
And hear a little more.

Hyl. Must I? are you
The Master of my business? I will not.

Alu. Faith but you shall; hear therefore and be patient.
I'll have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady,
For when thou'lt got a chain about thy neck,
And comely bobs to dandle in thine ears;
When thou'lt perfum'd thy hair, that if thy breath
Should be corrupted, it might scape unknown,
And then bestow'd two hours in curling it,
Uncovering thy breast hither, thine arms hither,
And had thy *Fucus* curiously laid on;
Thoud'lt be the finest proud thing, I'll warrant thee
Thou would'lt outdo them all. So, now go thee to her,
And let me breath a little; For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Hyl. Oh! i'st your turn to speak again? no doubt
But we shall have a good Oration then,
For they call you the learned Shepherd; well
This is your love I see.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha,
What should I love a stone? or wooe a picture?
Alas! I must be gone, for whatsoe'er
I say, you will not hear a syllable,
Much less answer; go, you think you are
So singularly handsome, when alas,

Galla, Menalca's Daughter, Bellula,
Or Amarillis overcome you quite.

Hyl. This is a scurvy fellow; I'll fit him for't,
No doubt they are; I wonder that your wisdom
Will trouble me so long with your vain suit,
Why do you not wooe them?

Pal. Perhaps I do;
I'll not tell you, because you'll envy them,
And always be dispraising of their beauties

Hyl. It shall appear I will not, for I'll sooner
Embrace a Scorpion, than thee, base man.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha.
Alupis do'st thou hear her; she'll cry presently,
Do not despair yet girl, by your good carriage
You may recall me still; some few entreaties
Mingled with tears may get a kiss perhaps.

Hyl. I would not kiss thee for the wealth of Sicily,
Thou wicked perjur'd fellow.

Pal. Alupis, Oh!
We have incens'd her too much! how she looks?
Prithee Alupis help me to intreat,
You know we did but jest, dear Hylace,
Alupis, prithee speak, best, beauteous Hylace,
I did but do't to try you, pray forgive me,
Upon my knees I beg it.

Alu. Here's a precious fool.
Hyl. Do'st thou still mock me? hast thou found more ways?
Thou need'st not vex thy wit to move my hate,
Sooner the Sun and Stars shall shine together,
Sooner the Wolf make peace with tender Lambs,
Than I with thee; thou'rt a Disease to me,
And wound'st my eyes.

[Exit.

Pal. Eternal night involve me! if there be
A punishment (but sure there is not any
Greater than what her anger hath inflicted,
May that fall on me too? how have I fool'd
Away my hopes? how have I been my self
To my own self a thief?

Alu. I told you this,
That if she should but frown, you must needs fall
To your old tricks again.

Pal. Is this your art?
A Lovers Curse upon it; Oh! Alupis
Thou hast done worse than murdered me: for which
May all thy Flocks pine and decay like me,
May thy curst wit hurt all; but most its Master,
May'st thou (for I can wish no greater ill)
Love one like me, and be, like me, contemn'd.
Thou'st all the darts my tongue can fling at thee,
But I will be reveng'd some other way.

Before

Before I die, which cannot now be long.

Aln. Poor Shepherd, I begin to pity him.

I'll see if I can comfort him; *Palemon*,

Pal. Nay, do not follow me, grief, passion,

And troubled thoughts are my companions,

Those I had rather entertain than thee,

If you choose this way let me go the other,

And in both parts distracted error, the

May revenge quickly meet, may death meet me. *[Exit.]*

Aln. Well, I say *Pan* defend me from a Lover

Of all tame mad-men certainly they're the worst,

I would not meet with two such creatures more

For any good, they without doubt would put me,

If it be possible, into a fit of sadness,

Though it *Be but a folly, &c.*

Well; I must find some plot yet to save this

Because I have engaged my wit in the business,

And 'twould be a greater Scandal to the City

If I who have spent my means there, should not be

Able to cheat these Shepherds. How now, how now,

Have we more distressed Lovers here? *[Enter Aphron.]*

Aph. No, I'm a mad-man.

Aln. I gave a shrewd guess at it at first sight,

I thought thee little better.

Aph. Better, why?

Can there be any better than a mad-man?

I tell thee, I came here to be a mad-man,

Nay, do not dissuade me from't, I would be

A very mad-man.

Aln. A good resolution!

'Tis as gentle a course as you can take,

I have known great ones have not been ashamed of't:

But what cause pray drove you into this humor?

Aph. Why a Mistress,

And such a beauteous one—do'st thou see no body?

She sits upon a Throne amongst the Stars

And out-shines them, look up and be amazed,

Such was her beauty here,—sure there do lie

A thousand vapors in thy sleepy eyes,

Do'st thou not see her yet? nor yet, nor yet?

Aln. No in good troth.

Aph. Thou'rt dull and ignorant,

Not skill'd at all in deep Astrology.

Let me instruct thee?

Aln. Prithee do, for thou

Art in an admirable case to reach now.

Aph. I'll shew thee first all the celestial signs,

And to begin, look on that horned head,

Aln. Whose is't? *Jupiters?*

Aph. No, 'tis the Ram!

Next

Next that, the spacious Bull fills up the place.

Alu. The Bull? 'tis well, the fellows of the Guard
Intend not to come thither; if they did
The Gods might chance to lose their Beef.

Apu. And then,
Yonder's the sign of Gemini, dost see it?

Alu. Yes, yes, I see one of the zealous Sisters
Mingled in friendship with a holy Brother
To beget Reformati^ons.

Apu. And there sits Capricorn;

Alu. A Welchman, is it not?

Apu. There Cancer creeps along with gouty pace,
As if his feet were sleepy, there, do you mark it?

Alu. I, I, Alderman-like a walking after Dinner,
His paunch ore charged with Capon and with White-broth.

Apu. But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally,
Hadst thou as many eyes as the black night

They would be all too little, see'st thou Vinge?

Alu. No by my troth, there are so few on Earth
I should be loth to swear there's more in Heaven
Than only one.

Apu. That was my Mistress once, but is of late
Translated to the height of deserv'd Glory,
And adds new Ornaments to the wond'ring Heavens.

Why do I stay behind then, a meer nothing

Without her presence to give life and being?

If there be any hill whose lofty top

Nature hath made contiguous with Heaven,

Tho it be steep, rugged as Neptune's brow,

Tho arm'd with cold, with hunger, and diseases,

And all the other Souldiers of Misery,

Yet I would climb it up, that I might come

Next place to thee, and there be made a Star.

Alu. I prithee do, for amongst all the beasts

That help to make up the celestial Signs,

There's a Calf wanting yet.

Apu. But stay—

Alu. Nay, I have learn'd enough Astrology.

Apu. Hunger and faintness have already seiz'd me,

'Tis a long journey thither, I shall want

Provision; canst thou help me, gentle Shepherd?

And when I am come thither I will fetch

The Crown of Ariadne, and fling it down

To thee for a reward.

Alu. No doubt you will,

But you shall need no vi^uals, when you have ended

Your toilsom journey, kill the Ram you talk of,

And feed your self with most celestial Mutton.

Apu. Thou'rt in the right, if they deny me that

I'll pluck the Bear down from the Artique Pole;

And drown it in those waters it avoids,
And dares not touch; I'll tug the *Hyades*
And make them to sink down in spight of nature;
I'll meet with *Charles* his Wayn and overturn it
And break the wheels of't, till *Bootes* start
For fear, and grow more slow than e'er he was.

Alu. By this good light he'll snuff the Moon anon;
Here's words indeed would fright a Conjuror,
'Tis pity that these huge Giganick speeches
Are not upon the Stage, they would do rarely,
For none would understand them, I could wish
Some Poet here now, with his Table-Book,

Apu. I'll cuff with *Pollux*, and out-ride thee, *Castor*,
When the fierce Lion roars I'll pluck his heart out,
And be call'd *Cordelion*; I'll grapple with the Scorpion,
Take his sting out and fling him to the earth.

Alu. To me good Sir,
It may perhaps raise me a great Estate
With shewing it up and down for pence apiece.

Apu. *Alcides* freed the earth from Savage monsters,
And I will free the heavens and be called

Don Hercules Alcido de secundo.

Alu. A brave Castilian name.

Apu. 'Tis a hard task,

But if that fellow did so much by strength,
I may well do't arm'd both with love and fury.

Alu. Of which thou hast enough.

Aph. Farewel thou rat.

The Cedar bids the Shrub adieu.

Alu. Farewel

Don Hercules Alcido de secundo.

If thou scar'st any, 'twill be by that name.

This is a wonderful rare fellow, and

I like his humor mightily—who's here?

Enter Truga.

The Chronicle of a hundred years ago!

How many crows hath she out-liv'd? sure death

Hath quite forgot her; by this *Memento mori*

I must invent some trick to help *Palamon*.

Tru. I am going again to *Callidorus*,

But I have got a better present now,

My own Ring made of good Ebony,

Which a young handsom Shepherd bestowed on me

Some fourscore years ago, then they all lov'd me,

I was a handsom Lais, I was in those days.

Alu. I, so thou wert I'll warrant; here's good sign of't,

Now I'll begin the work, Reverend *Truga*,

Whose very Autumn shews how glorious

The spring-time of your youth was—

Tru. Are you come

To

To put your mocks upon me?

Alu. I do confess indeed my former speeches
Have been too rude and saucy; I have flung
Mad jests too wildly at you; but considering
The reverence which is due to age, and virtue,
I have repented, will you see my tears?

And believe them: Oh for an Onion now!
Or I shall laugh aloud, ha, ha, ha!

Tru. Alas good soul I do forgive you truly;
I would not have you weep for me, indeed
I ever thought you would repent at last.

Alu. You might well,
But the right valuing of your worth and virtue
Hath turn'd the folly of my former scorn
Into a wiser reverence, pardon me
If I say love.

Tru. I, I, with all my heart,
But do you speak sincerely?

Alu. Oh! it grieves me
That you should doubt it, what I spoke before
Were lies, the off-spring of a foolish rashness,
I see some sparks still of your former beauty,
Which spite of time still flourish.

Tru. Why I am not
So old as you imagined, I am yet
But fourscore years. Am I a January now?
How do you think? I always did believe
You'd be of another opinion one day;
I know you did but jest.

Alu. Oh no, oh no, (I see it takes)
How you bely your age—for—let me see—
A man would take you—let me see—for—
Some forty years or thereabouts (I mean four hundred)
Not a jot more I swear.

Tru. Oh no! you flatter me,
But I look something fresh indeed this morning.
I should please *Callidorus* mightily,
But I'll not go perhaps; this fellow is
As handsome quite as he, and I perceive
He loves me hugely, I protest I will not
Have him grow mad, which I may chance to do
If I should scorn him.

Alu. I have something here
Which I would fain reveal to you, but dare not
Without your licence.

Tru. Do in *Pans* name, do; now, now.

Tru. The comely gravity which adorns your age,
And makes you still seem lovely, hath so stricken me—

Tru. Alas good soul! I must seem coy at first,
But not too long, for fear I should quite lose him.

Alu. That I shall perish utterly, unless
Your gentle nature help me.

Tru. Alas good Shepherd! I
And in troth I fain would help you;
But I am past those vanities of Love.

Alu. Oh no!
Wife nature which preserves your life till now
Doth it because you should enjoy these pleasures
Which do belong to life; if you deny me,
I am undone.

Tru. Well you should not win me
But that I am loth to be held the cause
Of any young man's ruin, do not think it
My want of chastity, but my good nature
Which would see no one hurt.

Alu. Ah pretty soul!
How supple 'tis, like Wax before the Sun
Now cannot I chuse but kiss her, there's the plague of it,
Let's then joyn our hearts, and seal them with a kiss!

Tru. Well, let us then
'Twere incivility to be your debtor;
I'll give you back again your kiss, sweet heart,
And come in th' Afternoon, I'll see you;
My Husband will be gone to sell some Kine,
And Hylace tending the Sheep, till then
Farewell good Duck.

But do you hear, because you shall remember
To come I'll give thee here this Ebon Ring,
But do not wear it, lest my Husband change
To see't: Farewel Duck.

Alu. Lest her Husband change
To see't: she cannot deny this, here's enough;
My Scene of Love is done then; is she gone?
I'll call her back; ho Truga; Truga ho:

Tru. Why do you call me Duck?
Alu. Only to ask one foolish question of thee:
Ha'n't you a Husband?

Tru. Yes, you know I have
Alu. And do you love him?

Tru. Why do you ask? I do.
Alu. Yet you can be content to make him a Cuckold?

Tru. Rather than to see you perish in your flames.

Alu. Why art thou now two hundred years of age,
Yet hast no more discretion but to think
That I could love thee? ha, ha, were't mine
I'd sell thee to some Gardener, thou would'st serve
To scare away the thieves as well as crows.

Tru. Oh, you're disposed to jest I see, Farewel.

Alu. Nay. I'm in very earnest; I love you:
Why thy face is a vizard.

Tru. Leave

Tru. Leave off these tricks, I shall be angry else,
And take away the favours I bestow'd.

Alu. Tis known that thou hast eyes by the holes only,
Which are crept farther in, than thy nose out,
And that's almost a yard; thy quarrelling teeth
Of such a colour are, that they themselves
Scare one another, and do stand at distance.
Thy skin hangs loose as if it fear'd the bones
(For flesh thou hast not) and is grown so black,
That a wild Centaure would not meddle with thee.
To conclude, Nature made thee when she was
Only dispos'd to jest, and length of time
Hath made thee more ridiculous.

Tru. Base villian, is this your love?
Give me my Ring again?

Alu. No, no; soft there:
Intend to bestow it on your Husband;
He'll keep it better far than you have done.

Tru. What shall I do? *Alupis*, good *Alupis*,
Stay but a little while, pray do but hear me.

Alu. No, I'll come to you in the afterno on,
Your Husband will be selling of some Kine,
And *Hylace* tending the sheep.

Tru. Pray hear me, command me any thing
And be but silent of this, good *Alupis*;
Hugh, Hugh, Hugh.

Alu. Yes, yes, yes, I will be silent,
I'll only blow a Trumpet on yon hill,
Till all the Country Swains are flockt about me,
Then shew the Ring, and tell the passages
'Twixt you and me.

Tru. Alas! I am undone.

Alu. Well now 'tis ripe; I have had sport enough
Since I behold your penitential tears
I'll propose this to you, if you can get
Your Daughter to be married to *Palemon*
This day, for I'll allow no longer time;
To morrow I'll restore your Ring, and swear
Never to mention what is past betwixt us,
If not — you know what follows — take your choice.

Tru. I'll do my best endeavour.

Alu. Go make haste then,
You know your time's but short, and use it well:
Now if this fail the Devil's in all wit,
I'll go and thrust it forward, if it take,

*I'll sing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholly,
Let's live here whilst we may.*

The end of the third Act.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Calidorus*, *Bellula*, *Florellus*.

Cal. **P**Ray follow me no more, methinks that modesty
Which is so lively painted in your face
Should prompt your maiden heart with fears and blushes
To trust your self in so much privateness
With one you know not.

Bell. I should love those fears
And call them hopes, could I perswade my self,
There were so much heat in you as to cause them;
Prithee leave me; if thou do'st hope success
To thine own love, why interrupt'st thou mine?

Flo. If Love cause you
To follow him, how can you angry be?
Because Love forces me without resistance
To do the same to you?

Bell. Love should not grow
So subtil as to play with arguments.

Flo. Love should not be an enemy to Reason.

Cal. To Love is of it self a kind of folly,
But to love one who cannot render back
Equal desire, is nothing else but madness.

Bell. Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he should learn.

Flo. Not to love is of it self a kind of hardness,
But not to love him who hath always woo'd you
With chaste desires, is nothing less than Tyranny.

Bell. Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he should learn.

Cal. Why do you follow him that flies from you?

Flo. Why do you flie from him that follows you?

Bell. Why do you follow? Why do you flie from me?

Cal. The Fates command me that I must not love you.

Flo. The Fates command me that I needs must love you.

Bell. The Fates impose the like command on me,
That you I must, that you I cannot love.

Flo. Unhappy man! when I begin to cloath
My Love with words, and court her with persuasions,
She stands unmov'd, and doth not clear her Brow
Of the least wrinkle which fate there before;
So when the waters with an amorous noise
Leap up and down, and in a wanton dance
Kiss the dull Rock, that scorns their fond embraces,
And darts them back; till they with terror scattered,
Drop down again in tears.

Bell. Unhappy Woman!
When I begin to shew him all my passion,
He flies from me, and will not clear his Brow

Of any Cloud which covered it before;
So when the ravishing Nightingale hath tun'd
Her mournful notes, and silenc'd all the Birds,
Yet the deaf wind flirts by, and in disdain
With a rude whistle leaves her.

Cl. We are all three
Unhappy; born to be the proud example
Of Loves great God-head, not his God-like goodness;
Let us not call upon our selves those miseries
Which love hath not, and those it hath bear bravely,
Our desires yet are like some hidden text,
Where one word seems to contradict another,
They are Loves non-sence, wrapt up in thick clouds,
Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,
Which doubtless 'twill; till then let us endure,
And sound a parlee to our Passions.

Bell. We may joyn hands tho, may we not?

Flo. We may, and lips too, may we not?

Bell. We may, come let's sit down and talk.

Cal. And look upon each other.

Flo. Then kiss again.

Bell. Then look.

Cal. Then talk again,
What are we like? the hand of Mother Nature
Would be quite pos'd to make our simile.

Flo. We are the Trigon in Loves Hemisphere,

Bell. we are three strings on *Venus* dainty 'st Lute,
Where all three hinder one anothers musick,
Yet all three joyn and make one harmony.

Cal. We are three flowers of *Venus* dainty Garden,
Where all three hinder one anothers odor,
Yet all three joyn, and make one nosegay up.

Flo. Come let us kiss again.

Bell. And look.

Cal. And talk.

Flo. Nay rather sing, your Lips are Natures Organs,
And made for nought less sweet than harmony.

Cal. Pray do.

Bell. Tho I forfeit
My little skill in singing to your wit,
Yet I will do't, since you command.

SONG

It is a punishment to love,
And not to love a punishment doth prove;
But of all pains there's no such pain,
As 'tis to love, and not be lov'd again.

Till sixteen, Parents we obey,
After sixteen, men steal our hearts away:
How wretched are we women grown,
Whose wills, whose minds, whose hearts are ne'er our own?

Cal. Thank you.

Flo. For ever be the tales of Orpheus' friend,
Had the same age seen thee, that very Poet,
Who drew all to him by his harmony,
Thou wouldst have drawn to thee.

Cal. Come, shall we rise?

Bell. If it please you, I will.

Cal. I cannot share.

But pity these two Lovers, and am taken
Much with the serious trifles of their passion.
Let's go and see, if we can break this net
In which we all are caught; if any man
Ask who we are, we'll say we are *Lovers' Riddle*.

Enter *Ægon, Palamon, Alupis*.

Pal. Thou art my better Genius, honest *Ægon*,

Alu. And what am I?

Pal. My self, my soul, my friend,
Let me hug thee *Alupis*, and thee *Ægon*,
Thee for inventing it, thee for putting it
In Act; But do you think the Plot will hold?

Alu. Hold? why I'll warrant thee it shall hold,
Till we have try'd you both in wedlock sin,
Then let the bonds of Matrimony hold you
If't will, if that will not content, I can tell you
What will in time; a Traitor.

Then sing, &c.

Æg. Come, shall we knock?

Alu. I do; For 'tis, &c.

Æg. Ho *Truga*; who's within there?

Alu. You, *Winter*, Ho, you that the grave expected
Some hundred years ago, you that intend
To live till you turn Skeleton, and make
All men aweary of you but Physicians
Pox on you, will you come.

Enter *Truga*.

Tru. I come, I come, who's there? who's there?

Alu. Oh, in good time,

Are you crawl'd here at last? what are you ready
To give your Daughter up? the time makes haste,
Look here, do you know this King?

Tru. Hark aside I pray,
You have not told me, have you?

Alu. No good Duck,
Only told them that your mind was altered,
And that you lik'd *Palamon*, so we three

Came

Came here to plot the means.

Tru. So, so, you're welcome,
Will you go in and talk about it?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hylace.

Hyl. I wonder why my Mother should invite
Alupis and *Palemon* into th' House:
She is not of my mind, nay, not the mind
Which she her self was of but yesterday,
Besides, as soon as they came in, she bid me
To get me gone, and leave them there in private,
By your good favor Mother, I must be
For this time disobedient; here I'll hearken.

Enter Truga, Palemon, Ægon, Alupis.

Æg. Come I'll tell you,
You know your Husband hath refused *Palemon*
Because his means were not unequal only
To his desires, but to your Daughters Portion,
To salve this grand exception of *Melarnus*,
I'll promise that *Palemon* shall be made
My Heir.

Tru. Alas he knows you have a Daughter!

Æg. It is reported she is fain in love
With the new Shepherd, for which cause I'll seem
To be incens'd most sharply, and forswear
E'er to acknowledg her for child of mine,

Tru. 'Tis very well;
It grieves me truly that *Palemon* should——

Alu. Perish in his own flames; is't not so *Truga*?
I know you're gentle; and your peevish Daughter
Had not her cruelty from you, good soul.

Pal. Why do we stay? each minute that we lose to you is only
A minute, but to me a day at least,
Why are we not now seeking of *Melarnus*?
Why is he not yet found? alas, that's nothing,
Methinks he should have given consent ere this,
Why are not I and beauteous *Hylace*
Married together?

Hyl. Soft good hasty Lover,
I shall quite break the neck of your large hopes,
Or I'm mistaken much.

Æg. Come let's be gone

Truga. Farewell. Be silent and assitant.

Alu. Or else you know what I have; go, no more.

Tru. I'll warrant you: I am not to be taught
At this age, I thank *Pan*, in such a business.
Farewel all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alu. Come sing, &c.

Hyl. I know not whether grief or else amazement
Seizeth me most, to see my aged Mother
Grow so unnatural; I fain would weep,

○

But

But when I think with what an unfear'd blow
I shall quite dash their cunning, I can hardly
Bridle in laughter, Fate helps the innocent,
Altho my Mother's false, the Gods are true.

[Exit.

Enter Clariana and her Maid.

Cl. Did you command the Servants to withdraw?

Ma. I did forsooth.

Cl. And have you shut the doors? *Ma.* Yes.

Cl. Is there none can over-hear our talk?

Ma. Your curious enquiry much amazeth me,
And I could wish you would excuse my boldness
If I should ask the Reason.

Cl. Thou knowest well
That thou hast found me always liker to
Thy Kinswoman than Mistress, that thy breast
Has been the Cabinet of all my secrets,
This I tell thee, not as an exprobaton,
But because I must require thy Faith
And counsel here. And therefore prithee swear——

Ma. Swear, to do what?

Cl. To be more silent than the dead of night,
And to thy power to help me.

Ma. Would my power
To assist you were as ready as my will,
And for my tongue, that Mistress I'll condemn
Unto perpetual silence, e're it shall
Betray the smallest word that you commit to't.
By all——

Cl. Nay do not swear. I will not wrong thy vertue
To bind it with an Oath, I'll tell thee all;
Doth not my face seem paler than 'twas wont?
Doth not my eye look as it borrowed flame
From my fond heart; could not my frequent weepings,
My sudden sighs, and abrupt speeches tell thee
What I am grown?

Ma. You are the same you were,
Or else my eyes are lyars.

Cl. No, I'm a wretched Lover; could'st thou not
Read that out of my blushes? lie upon thee;
Thou art a novice in Loves School I see;
Trust me I envy at thy ignorance,
That canst not find out *Cupid's* characters
In a lost Maid, sure thou didst never know him.

Ma. Would you durst trust me with his name,
Sure he had Charms about him that might tempt
Chast Votaries, or move a Scythian Rock
When he shot fire into your chaster Breast.

Cl. I am ashamed to tell thee, prithee guess him.

Ma. Why 'tis impossible.

Cl. Thou saw'st the Gentleman whom I this morning

Brought

Brought in to be my guest.

Ma. Yes, but am ignorant, who or from whence he is.

Cla. Thou shalt know him, and I will tell thee his name.
The freshness of the Morning did invite me
To walk abroad, there I began to think
How I had lost my Brother, that one thought
Like circles in the Water begat many,
Those and the pleasant verdure of the Fields
Made me forget the way, and did entice me
Farther than either fear or modesty
Else would have suffered me, beneath an Oak
Which spread a flourishing Canopy round about,
And was it self alone almost a Wood,
I found a Gentleman distracted strangely,
Crying aloud for either food or sleep,
And knocking his white hands against the ground,
Making that groan like me, when I beheld it,
Pity, and fear, both proper to us Women,
Drove my feet back far swifter than they went.
When I came home, I took two Servants with me
And fetch'd the Gentleman, hither I brought him,
And with such cheer as then the House afforded,
Replenish'd him, he was much mended suddenly,
Is now asleep, and when he wakes, I hope,
Will find his senses perfect.

Ma. You did show
In this, what never was a stranger to you,
Much Piety; but wander from your subject:
You have not yet discovered, who it is
Deserves your Love.

Cla. Fie, fie, how dull thou art,
Thou dost not use in other things to be so;
Why I love him; his name I cannot tell thee;
For 'tis my great unhappiness to be
Still ignorant of that my self. He comes,
Look, this is he, but do not grow my rival if thou canst choose.

Ma. You need not fear't forsooth. *[Enter Aphron.]*

Cla. Leave me alone with him; withdraw.

Ma. I do. *[Exit Maid.]*

Aph. Where am I now? under the Northern Pole
Where a perpetual Winter binds the ground
And glazeth up the floods? or where the Sun
With neighbouring rays bakes the divided earth,
And drinks the Rivers up? or do I sleep?
Is't not some foolish dream deludes my fancy?
Who am I? I begin to question that.

Was not my Country *Sicily*? my name
Call'd *Aphron*, wretched *Aphron*?

Cla. Ye good Gods
Forbid; is this that man who was the cause

Of all the grief for *Callidora's* loss?
 Is this the man that I so oft have curst?
 Now I could almost hate him, and methinks
 He is not quite so handfom as he was;
 And yet alas he is, tho by his means
 My Brother is gone from me, and Heaven knows
 If I shall see him more, Fool as I am,
 I cannot choose but love him.

Ap. Cheat me not good eyes,
 What Woman, or what Angel do I see?
 Oh stay, and let me worship e're thou goest,
 Whether thou beest a Goddess which thy beauty
 Commands me to believe, or else some mortal
 Which I the rather am induc'd to think,
 Because I know the Gods all hate me so,
 They would not look upon me.

Cla. Spare these titles,
 I am a wretched Woman, who for pity
 (Alas that I should pity ! t'had been better
 That I had been remorseless) brought you hither,
 Where with some food and rest, thanks to the Gods
 Your senses are recovered.

Apb. My good Angel !
 I do remember now that I was mad
 For want of meat and sleep, thrice did the Sun
 Chear all the World but me, thrice did the night
 With silent and bewitching darkness give
 A resting time to every thing but *Aphron*.
 The Fish, the Beasts, the Birds, the smallest creatures
 And the most despicable snor'd securely.
 The aguish head of every tree by *Aeolus*
 Was rock'd asleep, and shook as if it nodded.
 The crooked Mountains seem'd to bow and slumber,
 The very Rivers ceas'd their daily murmur,
 Nothing did watch, but the pale Moon, and I
 Paler than she; grief wedded to this toil,
 What else could it beget but frantickness?
 But now methinks, I am my own, my brain
 Swims not as it was wont; O brightest Virgin
 Shew me some way by which I may be grateful,
 And if I do't not, let an eternal Phrenzy
 Immediately seize on me.

Cla. Alas! 'twas only
 My love, and if you will reward me for't,
 Pay that I lent you, I'll require no Interest,
 The Principal's enough.

Apn. You speak in mists.

Cla. You're loth perhaps to understand.

Apn. If you intend that I should love and honour you,
 I do by all the Gods.

Cla. But

Cla. But I am covetous in my demands;
I am not satisfied with wind-like promises
Which only touch the lips; I ask your heart,
Your whole heart for me, in exchange of mine,
Which so I gave to you.

Aph. Ha! you amaze me.
Oh! You have spoken something worse than Lightning;
That blasts the inward parts, leaves the outward whole;
My gratitude commands me to obey you,
But I am born a man, and have those Passions
Fighting within me, which I must obey.
Whilst *Callidora* lives, although she be
As cruel, as thy breast is soft and gentle;
'Tis sin for me to think of any other.

Cla. You cannot love me then?

Aph. I do, I swear,
Above my self I do? my self? what said I?
Alas! that's nothing; above any thing
But Heaven and *Callidora*.

Cla. Fare you well then,
I would not do that wrong to one I love,
To urge him farther than his power and will;
Farewel, remember me when you are gone,
And happy in the love of *Callidora*.

[Exit]

Aph. When I do not, may I forget my self,
Would I were mad again; then I might rave
With priviledg, I should not know the griefs
That hurried me about, 'twere better far
To lose the Senses, Than be tortured by them:
Where is she gone? I did not ask her name,
Fool that I was, alas poor Gentlewoman!
Can any one love me? ye cruel Gods
Is't not enough that I my self am miserable?
Must I make others so too? I'll go in
And comfort her; alas! how can I tho?
I'll grieve with her, that is in ills a comfort.

[Exit]

Enter *Alupis*, *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Palaman*, *Ægon*.

Pal. Before when you denied your Daughter to me,
'Twas Fortunes fault, not mine, but since good Fate,
Or rather *Ægon*, better far than Fate,
Hath rais'd me up to what you aim'd at, riches,
I see not with what countenance you can
Coin any second argument against me.

Mel. Come, no matter for that:
Yes, I could wish you were less eloquent,
You have a vice called Poetic which much
Displeaseth me, but no matter for that neither.

Alu. Alas! he'll leave that streight
When he has got but money; he that swims
In *Tagus*, never will go back to *Helicon*.

besides,

Besides, when he hath married *Hylace*,
Whom should he wooe, to praise her comely Feature,
Her skin like falling Snow, her eyes like Stars,
Her cheeks like Roses (which are common places
Of all your Lovers praises) Oh! those Vanities,
Things quite as light, and foolish as a Mistress,
Are by a Mistress first begot, and left
When they leave her.

Pal. Why do you think that Poessie
An art which even the Gods

Alu. Pox on your arts, why do I must obey
Let him think what he will, what's that to us?

Æg. Well, I would gladly have an answer of you,
Since I have made *Palamon* here my son,
If you conceive your Daughter is so good,
We will not press you, but seek out some other
Who may perhaps please me and him as well.

Pal. Which is impossible—

Alu. Rot on your possibles—

Thy mouth like a crackt Fiddle never sounds
But out of Tune; come, put on *Truga*,
You'll never speak unless I shew the Ring.

Tru. Yes, yes, I do, I do, do ye hear sweet heart?
Are you mad to fling away a Fortune
That's thrust upon you, you know *Ægon's* rich.

Mel. Come, no matter for that,
That's thrust upon me? I would fain see any man
Thrust ought upon me; but's no matter for that,
I will do that which I intend to do,
And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thrust upon me?

Pal. Come, what say you, *Melarnus*?

Mel. What say I? 'tis no matter what I say,
I'll speak to *Ægon*, if I speak to any,
And not to you; but no matter for that;
Hark you, will you leave all the means you have
To this *Palamon*?

Tru. I Duck, he says he will.

Mel. Pish, 'tis no matter for that, I'll hear him say so.

Æg. I will, and here do openly protest,
That since my *Bellula* (mine that was once)
Thinks her self wiser than her Father is,
And will be governed rather by her Passions
Than by the Square that I prescribe to her,
That I will never count her as my Daughter.

Alu. Well acted by God *Pan*, see but what 'tis
To have me for a Tutor in these Rogueries.

Mel. But tell me now, good neighbor, what estate
Do you intend to give him?

Æg. That estate
Which Fortune and my Care hath given to me,

The money which I have, and that's not much,
The Sheep, and Goats.

Mel. And not the Oxen too?

Æg. Yes, every thing.

Mel. The Horses too?

Æg. I tell you, every thing.

Alu. By *Pan* he'll make him promise him particularly
Each thing above the value of a Beans-straw:
You'll leave him the pails too, to milk the Kine in,
And Harness for the Horses, will you not?

Mel. I, I, what else; but 'tis no matter for that,
I know *Palamon*'s an ingenious man,
And love him therefore; but's no matter for that neither.

Æg. Well, since we are both agreed, why do we stay here?
I know *Palamon* longs to embrace his *Hylace*.

Mel. I, I, 'tis no matter for that, within this hour
We will be ready, *Ægon*, pray be you so,
Farewel my Son-in-law that shall be,
But's no matter for that: Farewel all:

Come *Truga*.

[*Exeunt Melarnus and Truga.*]

Æg. Come on then, let's not stay too long in trifling,
Palamon go, and prepare your self against the time.
I'll go acquaint my *Bellula* with your Plot,
Lest this unwelcome news should too much grieve her,
Before she know my meaning.

Alu. Do, do; and I'll go study
Some new-found way to vex the fool *Melarnus*.

For 'tis but a folly,

To be melancholly, &c.

Enter *Florellus*.

Whilst *Callidorus* lives, I cannot love thee.

These were her parting words; I'll kill him then;

Why do I doubt it fool? such wounds as these

Require no gentler medicine; methinks Love

Frowns at me now, and says I am too dull,

Too slow in his command; and yet I will not,

These hands are Virgins yet, unstain'd with Villany,

Shall I begin to teach them?—methinks Piety

Frowns at me now, and says, I am too weak

Against my Passions. Piety!—

'Twas fear begot that Bugbear; for thee *Bellula*

I durst be wicked, tho' *Heav'n* frown hand

Arm'd with a naked Thunderbolt; Farewel,

(If thou beest any thing, and not a shadow

To fright Boys and old-women) farewel Conscience,

Go and be strong in other petty things,

To Lovers come, when Lovers may make use of thee,

Not else: and yet, what shall I do or say?

I see the better way, and know 'tis better,

Yet still this devious error draws me backward.

So when contrary winds rush out and meet,
And wrestle on the Sea with equal fury,
The waves swell into Mountains, and are driven
Now back, now forward, doubtful of the two
Which Captain to obey.

Enter Alupis.

Alu. Ha, ha, I'll have such excellent sport,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Flo. Why here's a fellow now makes sport of every thing,
See one mans fate how it excels another,
He can sit, and pass away the day in jollity,
My musick is my sighs, whilst tears keep time.

Alu. Who's here? a most rare posture!
How the good soul folds in his arms! he dreams
Sure that he hugs his Mistress now, for that
Is his disease without all doubt, so, good,
With what judicious garb he plucks his hat
Over his eyes; so, so, good! better yet;
He cries; by this good light, he cries, the man
Is careful, and intends to water his sheep
With his own tears; ha, ha, ha, ha.

Flo. Do'st thou see any thing that deserves thy laughter,
Fond Swain?

Alu. I see nothing in good troth but you.

Flo. To jeer those who are Fates may-game
Is a redoubled fault; for 'tis both sin,
And folly too; our life is so uncertain
Thou canst not promise that thy mirth shall last
To morrow, and not meet with any rub,
Then thou may'st act that part, to day thou laugh'st at.

Alu. I act a part? it must be in a Comedy then,
I abhor Tragedies; besides, I never
Practis'd this posture: Hey ho! woe, alas!
Why do I live? my musick is my sighs
Whilst tears keeps time.

Flo. You take too great a licence to your wit;
Wit, did I say? I mean, that which you think so.
And it deserves my pity, more than anger.
Else you should find, that blows are heavier far
Than the most studied jests you can throw at me.

Alu. Faith it will be but labour lost to beat me,
All will not teach me how to act this part;
Woe's me! alas! I'm a dull rogue, and so
Shall never learn it.

Flo. You're unmannerly
To talk thus saucily with one you know not,
Nay, hardly ever saw before, be gone
And leave me as you found me, my worst thoughts
Are better company than thou.

Alu. Enjoy them then,

Here's

Here's no body desires to rob you of them.
I would have left your company without bidding,
'Tis not so pleasant, I remember well,
When I had spent all my money, I stood thus,
And therefore hate the posture ever since.
D'ye hear? I'm going to a Wedding now;
If you've a mind to dance, come along with me,
Bring your hard hearted Mistress with you too,
Perhaps I may persuade her, and tell her
Your Musick's sighs, and that your tears keep time.
Will you not go? Farewel then good Tragical Actor.
Now have at thee *Melarnus*; *For 'tis but folly, &c.* [Exit.

Flo. Thou art a Prophet, Shepherd; She is hard
As Rocks which suffer the continual siege
Of Sea and Wind against them; but I will
Win her or lose (which I should gladly do)
My self: my self? why so I have already:
Ho! who hath found *Florellus*? he is lost,
Lost to himself, and to his Parents likewise,
(Who having mis'd me, do by this time search
Each corner for to find me) Oh! *Florellus*,
Thou must be wicked, or for ever wretched,
Hard is the Physick, harder the Disease.

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter *Alupis*, *Palemon*, *Ægon*.

Pal. **T**HE gods convert these omens into good,
And mock my fears; thrice in the very threshold,
Without its Masters leave my foot stood still,
Thrice in the way it stumbled

Alu. Thrice, and thrice
You were a fool then for observing it.
Why these are follies of the young years of *Truga*
Did hardly know; are they not vanish'd yet?

Alu. Blame not my fear: that's *Cupid's* usher always;
Tho *Hylace* were now in my embraces,
I should half doubt it.

Alu. If you chanc'd to stumble.

Æg. Let him enjoy his madness, the same liberty
He'll grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

Ant. I, when I am, he may; yet if I were one
I should not be dismay'd because the threshold—

Pal. Alas! That was not all, as I came by

The Oak to *Fannus* sacred, where the Shepherds
Exercise rural sports on Festivals,
On that Trees top an inauspicious Crow
Foretold some ill to happen.

Æg. And because Crows
Foretell wet weather, you interpret it
The rain of your own eyes; but leave these tricks
And let me advise you.

Melarnus speaking to Hylace within his door.

Mel. Well come, no matter for that; I do believe thee, girl,
And would they have such sport with vexing me!
But no matter for that; I'll vex them for't,
I know your fiery Lover will be here strait
But I shall cool him; but come, no matter for that:
Go get you in, for I do see them coming.

Æg. Here comes *Melarnus*.

Pal. He looks chearfully, I hope all's well?

Æg. *Melarnus*, opportunely: we are acoming
Just now unto you.

Mel. Yes, very likely; would you have spoken with me?

Æg. Spoken with you?

Why, are you mad? have you forgot your promise?

Mel. My promise? oh! 'tis true, I said indeed
I would go with you to day to sell some Kine,
Stay, but a little, I'll be ready straight.

Pal. I am amaz'd; good *Ægon* speak to him.

Alu. By this good light,
I see no likelihood of any marriage,
Except betwixt the Kine and Oxen. Hark you hither;
A rot upon your Beasts; is *Hylace* ready?

Mel. It's no matter for that; who's there? *Alupis*?
Give me thy hand 'faith, thou'rt a merry fellow,
I have not seen thee here these many days,
But now I think on't, it's no matter for that neither.

Alu. Thy memory's fled away sure with thy wit.
Was not I here less than an hour ago
With *Ægon*, when you made the match?

Mel. Oh! then you'll go along with us,
Faith do; for you will make us very merry.

Alu. I shall, if you thus make a fool of me.

Mel. Oh no! you'll make you sport with vexing me.
But mum; no matter for that neither: there
I bob'd him privately, I think.

Æg. Come, what's the business?

Alu. The business? why he's mad, beyond the cure
Of all the herbs that grow in *Anticyra*.

Æg. You see we have not fail'd our word *Melarnus*,
I and my Son are come.

Mel. Your Son! good lack!
I thought, I swear, you had no other child

[*Aside.*

Besides

Besides your Daughter *Bellula*.

Æg. Nay, then

I see you are dispos'd to make us fools,

Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent

To adopt *Palamon* for my Son and Heir?

Alu. Did not you examine

Whether he would leave him all, lest that he should

Adopt some other heir to the *Cherub* presses,

The Milking pails, the Cream-bowls? did you not?

Mel. In troth 'tis well; but where is *Bellula*?

Æg. Nay, prithee leave these wheels, and tell me

What you intend, is *Hylace* ready?

Mel. Ready? what else? he's to be married presently

To a young Shepherd; but's no matter for that.

Pal. That's I, hence fears;

Attend upon the infancy of Love,

She's now mine own.

Alu. Why I; did not the Crow on the Oak foretell you this?

Mel. *Hylace*, *Hylace*, come forth,

Here's some are come to dance at your Wedding,

And they're welcome.

[Enter *Hylace*;

Pal. The light appears, just like the rising Sun,

When o'er yon hill it peeps, and with a draught

Of morning dew salutes the day, how fast

The night of all my sorrows flies away,

Quite banish'd with her sight!

Hyl. Did you call for me?

Mel. Is *Dametas* come? fie, how slow he is

At such a time? but it's no matter for that;

Well get you in, and prepare to welcome him.

Pal. Will you be gone so quickly? oh! bright *Hylace*,

That blessed hour by me so often begg'd,

By you so oft deny'd, is now approaching;

Mel. What, how now? what do you kiss her?

[Exit. *Hyl.*

If *Dametas* were here, he would grow jealous,

But 'tis a parting kiss, and so in manners

She cannot deny it you; but it's no matter for that.

Alu. How?

Mel. What do you wonder at?

Why do you think as soon as they are married,

Dametas such a fool, to let his Wife

Be kiss'd by every body?

Pal. How now *Dametas*?

Why what hath he to do with her?

Mel. Ha, ha!

What hath the Husband then to do with's Wife?

Good: 'tis no matter for that tho; he knows what.

Æg. You mean *Palamon* sure, ha, do you not?

Mel. 'Tis no matter for that, what I mean, I mean.

Well, rest ye merry Gentlemen, I must in

And see my Daughters Wedding, if you please,
 To dance with us; *Dametas* sure will thank ye;
 Pray bring your Son and heir *Palamon* with you,
Bellula's cast away, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 And the poor fool *Melarnus* must be cheated,
 But it's no matter for that; how now *Alupis*?
 I thought you would have had most excellent sport
 With abusing poor *Melarnus*; that same coxcomb,
 For he's a fool; but it's no matter for that,
Aegon hath cheated him, *Palamon* is
 Married to *Hylace*, and one *Alupis*
 Doth nothing else but vex him, ha, ha, ha!
 But it's no matter for that; farewell gentleles,
 Or if ye'll come and dance, ye shall be welcome,
 Will you *Palamon*? 'tis your Mistress Wedding.
 I am a fool, a coxcomb, gull'd on every side,
 No matter for that tho; what I have done, I have done:
 Ha, ha, ha!

Aeg. How no? what are you both dumb? both thunder-struck?
 This was your plot *Alupis*.

Alu. I'll begin.

May his Sheep rot, and he for want of food
 Be forc'd to eat them then; may every man
 Abuse him, and yet he not have the wit
 To abuse any man; may he never speak
 More sense then he did now; and may he never
 Be rid of his old Wife *Truga*; may his Son-
 In-law be a more famous Cuckold made
 Than any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.

Pal. Fool as thou art, the Sun shall lose his course,
 And brightness too, ere *Hylace* her Chastity.
 Oh no! ye Gods, may she be happy always,
 Happy in the embraces of *Dametas*;
 And that shall be some comfort to my ghost
 When I am dead; and dead I shall be shortly.

Alu. May a disease seize upon all his Cattel,
 And a far worse on him, till he at last
 Be carried to some Hospital in City,
 And there kill'd by a Chirurgion for experience.
 And when he's gone, I'll wish this good thing for him,
 May the earth lye gently on him — that the dogs
 May tear him up the easier.

Aeg. A curse upon thee!
 And upon me for trusting thy fond counsels!
 Was this your cunning trick? why thou hast wounded
 My Conscience, and my Reputation too,
 With what face can I look on the other Swains?
 Or who will ever trust me, who have broke
 My Faith thus openly?

Pal. A curse upon thee,

This is the second time that thy persuasions
Made me not only fool; but wicked too;
I should have died in quiet else, and known
No other wound, but that of her denial;
Go now, and brag how thou hast us'd *Palamon*;
But yet methinks you might have chose some other
For subject of your mirth, not me.

Æg. Nor me.

Alu. And yet if this had prospered (as I wonder
Who it should be, betray'd us, since we three
And *Truga* only knew it, whom, if she
Betray'd us, I—) if this, I say, had prospered,
You would have hugg'd me for inventing it,
And him for putting it Act; foolish men
That do not mark the thing but the event!
Your judgments hang on Fortune, not on Reason.

Æg. Do'st thou upbraid us too?

Pal. First make us wretched,
And then laugh at us? believe, *Alupis*,
Thou shalt not long have cause to boast thy Villany.

Alu. My Villany? do what ye can: you're fools,
And there's an end; I'll talk with you no more,
I had as good speak reason to the wind
As you, that can but hiss at it.

Æg. We will do more; *Palamon*, come away,
He hath wrong'd both, and both shall satisfy.

Alu. Which he will never do; nay, go and plod,
Your two wise brains will invent certainly
Politick gins to catch me in.

And now have at thee *Truga*, if I find
That thou art guilty; mum,—I have a Ring—

Palamon, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Meliorum*
Are all against me; no great matter: bang care,

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Enter Bellula

This way my *Callidorus* went, what chance
Hath snatch'd him from my sight? how shall I find him?
How shall I find my self, now I have lost him?
With ye my feet and eyes I will not make
The smallest truce, till ye have sought him out.

Enter Callidorus and Florellus.

Come, now your business.

Flo. 'Tis a fatal one,
Which will almost as much shame me to speak,
Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to hear it.

Cal. Fright me? it must be then some wickedness,
I am accusom'd so to misery,
That cannot do't.

Flo. Oh! 'tis a sin young man,
A sin which every one shall wonder at,

None

None not condemn, if ever it be known;
Methinks my blood shrinks back into my veins,
And my affrighted hairs are turn'd to bristles.
Do not my eyes creep back into their cells;
As if they seem'd to wish for thicker darkness,
Than either night or death to cover them?
Doth not my face look black and horrid too?
As black and horrid as my thoughts? ha! tell me.

Cl. I am a novice in all villanies,
If your intents be such, dismiss me, pray;
My nature is more easie to uncover
Than help you; so farewell.

Flo. Yet stay a little longer; you must stay;
You are an actor in this Tragedy.

Cal. What would you do?

Flo. Alas! I would do nothing; but I must—

Cal. What must you do?

Flo. I must—Love thou hast got the victory—
Kill thee.

Cal. Who me? you do but jest,
I should believe you, if I could tell how
To frame a cause, or think on any injury
Worth such a large revenge, which I have done you.

Flo. Oh no! there's all the wickedness, they may seem
To find excuse for their abhorred fact;
That kill when wrongs, and anger urgeth them;
Because thou art so good, so affable,
So full of graces, both of mind and body,
Therefore I kill thee, wilt thou know it plainly,
Because whilst thou art living, *Bellula*
Protested she would never be another,
Therefore I kill thee.

Cal. Had I been your Rival
You might have had some cause; cause did I say?
You might have had pretence for such a villany:
He who unjustly kills is twice a Murderer.

Flo. He whom Love bids to kill is not a murderer.

Cal. Call not that Love that's ill; 'tis only fury.

Flo. Fury in ills is half excusable:

Therefore prepare thy self; if any sin
(Tho I believe thy hot and flourishing youth
As innocent as other mens nativities)
Hath flung a spot upon thy purer Conscience,
Wash it in some few tears.

Cal. Are you resolved to be so cruel?

Flo. I must, or be as cruel to my self.

Cal. As sick men do their beds, so have I yet
Enjoy'd my self, with little rest, much trouble:
I have been made the Ball of Love and Fortune,
And am almost worn out with often playing;

And

And therefore I would entertain my death
As some good friend whose coming I expected;
Were it not that my Parents——

Flo. Here; see, I do not come. [Draws two Swords
from under his
garment and of-
fers one to Cal.]
Like a foul Murtherer to entrap you fallly,
Take your own choice, and then defend your self.

Cal. 'Tis nobly done; and since it must be so,
Altho my strength and courage call me Woman,
I will not die like Sheep without resistance,
If Innocence be guard sufficient,
I'm sure he cannot hurt me.

Flo. Are you ready? the fatal Cuckow on yon spreading tree
Hath sounded out your dying knell already.

Cal. I am.

Flo. 'Tis well, and I could wish thy hand
Were strong enough; 'tis thou deserv'st the Victory,
'Nay, were not th' hope of *Bellula* ingraven
In all my thoughts, I would my self play booty
Against my self; but *Bellula*——come on. [Fight.]

Enter *Philistus*.

This is the Wood adjoyning to the Farm,
Where I gave order unto *Clariana*
My Sister, to remain till my return;
Here 'tis in vain to seek her, yet who knows?
Tho it be in vain I'll seek; to him that doth
Propose no Journeys end, no path's amiss.
Why how now? what do you mean? for shame part Shepherds,
I thought you honest Shepherds, had not had [Sees them
fighting.]
So much of Court and City Follies in you.

Flo. 'Tis *Philistus*; I hope he will not know me,
Now I begin to see how black and horrid
My attempt was; how much unlike *Florellus*,
Thanks to the juster Deities for declining
From both the danger, and from me the sin.

Phil. 'T would be a wrong to charity to dismiss ye
Before I see you friends, give me your weapons.

Cal. 'Tis he: why do I doubt? most willingly,
And my self too, best man; now kill me Shepherd——

Phil. What do you mean? [Swoons.]
Rise, prithee rise; sure you have wounded him.

Enter *Bellula*.

Deceive me not good eyes; what do I see?
My *Callidorus* dead? 'Tis impossible!
Who is it that lies slain there? are you dumb?
Who is't I pray?

Flo. Fair Mist'ris——

Bell. Pith, Fair Mist'ris,——

I ask who 'tis; if it be *Callidorus*——

Phil. Was his name *Callidorus*? it is strange.

Bell. You are a Villain, and you too a Villain,

Wake

Wake *Callidorus*, wake, it is thy *Bellula*
That calls thee, awake, it is thy *Bellula*;
Why Gentlemen? why Shepherd? fie for shame,
Have you no charity? Oh my *Callidorus*!
Speak but one word—

Cal. 'Tis not well done to trouble me,
Why do you envy me this little rest?

Bell. No; I will follow thee. [Swoons.]

Flo. O help, help quickly,

What do you mean? your *Callidorus* lives.

Bell. *Callidorus*!

Flo. And will be well immediately, take courage,
Look up a little: wretched as I am,
I am the cause of all this ill.

Phil. What shall we do? I have a Sister dwells
Close by this place, let's hast to bring them thither.
But let's be sudden.

Flo. As wing'd lightning is.
Come *Bellula* in spite of Fortune now
I do embrace thee.

Phil. I did protest without my *Callidora*
Ne'er to return, but pity hath o'er-come.

Bell. Where am I?

Flo. Where I could always wish thee: in those arms
Which would infold thee with more subtle knots,
Than amorous Ivy, whilst it hugs the Oak.

Cal. Where do ye bear me? is *Philistus* well?

Phi. How should he know my name, 'tis to me a riddle,
Nay Shepherd find another time to court in,
Make haste now with your burthen. [Exeunt]

Flo. VVith what ease should I go always were I burthened thus?

Enter *Aphron*.

She told me she was Sister to *Philistus*,
Who having mis'd the Beauteous *Callidora*,
Hath undertook a long and hopeles Journey
To find her out; then *Callidora's* fled,
Without her Parents knowledge, and who knows
When she'll return, or if she do, what then?
Lambs will make Peace, and joyn themselves with Wolves
E're she with me, worse than a Wolf to her:
Besides, how durst I undertake to court her?
How dare I look upon her after this?
Fool as I am, I will forget her quite,
And *Clariana* shall hence forth—but yet
How fair she was! what then? so's *Clariana*;
What graces did she dart on all beholders?
She did; but so do's *Clariana* too,
She was as pure and white as *Parian* Marble,
What then? she was as hard too; *Clariana*
Is pure and white as *Ericina's* Doves,

And

And is as soft, as galleſs too as they,
Her pity ſav'd my life, and did reſtore
My wandring Senſes, if I ſhould not love her,
I were far madder now, than when ſhe found me,
I will go in and render up my ſelf,
For her moſt faithful ſervant.

Wonderfull!

[Exit. Enter again.]

She has lockt me in, and keeps me here her Priſoner:

In theſe two Chambers; what can ſhe intend?

No matter, ſhe intends no hurt I'm ſure,

I'll patiently expect her coming to me.

[Exit.]

Enter Demophil, Spodaia, Clariana, Florellus, Callidora,

Bellula, Philiftus.

Dem. My Daughter ſound again, and Son return'd!

Ha, ha! methinks it makes me young again.

My Daughter and my Son meet here together!

Philiftus with them too! that we ſhould come

To grieve with Clariana, and find her here.

Nay, when we thought we'd loſt Florellus too

To find them both; methinks it makes me young again.

Spo. I thought I never ſhould have ſeen thee more

My Callidora; come wench; now let's hear

The ſtory of your flight and life in th' Woods.

Phi. Do happy Miſtris, for the recordation

Of fore-paſt ills, makes us the ſweetlier reliſh

Our preſent good.

Cal. Of Aphrons love to me, and my antipathy

Towards him, there's none here ignorant, you know too:

How guarded with his love, or rather fury,

And ſome few men he broke into our Houſe

With reſolution to make me the prey

Of his wild luſt.

Spo. I, there's a villain now; oh! that I had him here.

Cla. Oh! ſay not ſo:

The crimes which Lovers for their Miſtris act,

Bear both the weight and ſtamp of Piety.

Dem. Come girl; go on, go on. His wild luſt —

Cla. What ſudden fear ſhook me, you may imagine,

What ſhould I do; you both were out of Town,

And moſt of th' ſervants at that time gone with you.

I on the ſudden found a corner out,

And hid my ſelf, till they wearied with ſearching,

Quitted the houſe, but fearing leſt they ſhould

Attempt the ſame again e're your return,

I took with me money and other neceſſaries;

And in a ſute my Brother left behind

Diſguiſ'd my ſelf: thus to the Woods I went,

Where meeting with an honeſt merry Swain,

I by his help was furniſh'd, and made Shepherd.

Spo. Nay, I muſt needs ſay for her, ſhe was always

Q

A wit.

A witty wench.

Dem. Pish, pish: and made a Shepherd—

Cal. It hapned that this gentle Shepherdess

(I can attribute it to nought in me

Deserv'd so much) began to love me.

Phil. Why so did all besides I'll warrant you,
Nor can I blame them, tho they were my Rival.

Cal. Another Shepherd with as much desire
Wooed her in vain, as she in vain wooed me,
Who seeing that no hope was left for him,
Whilst I enjoy'd this life t' enjoy his *Bellula*,
(For by that name she's known) sought to take me
Out of the way as a partition
Betwixt his Love and him, whilst in the fields
We two were struggling, (him his strength defending
And me my innocence.)

Flo. I am asham'd to look upon their faces.

What shall I say? my guilt's above excuse.

Cal. *Philistus*; as if the gods had all agreed
To make him mine, just at the nick came in
And parted us, with sudden joy I swooned,
Which *Bellula* perceiving (for even then
She came to seek me) sudden grief did force
The same effect from her, which joy from me.
Hither they brought us both, in this amazement,
Where being strait recovered to our selves,
I found you here, and you your dutiful Daughter.

Spo. The Gods be thank'd.

Dem. Go on.

Cal. Nay, you have all Sir.

Dem. Where's that Shepherd?

Flo. Here.

Dem. here, where?

Flo. Here your unhappy Son's the man; for her
I put on Sylvan weeds, for her fair sake
I would have stain'd my innocent hands in blood,
Forgive me all, 'twas not a sin of malice,
'Twas not begot by Lust, but sacred Love;
The cause must be the excuse for the effect.

Dem. You should have used some other means, *Florellus*.

Cal. Alas! 'twas the gods will Sir, without that
I had been undiscovered yet; *Philistus*
Wandred too far, my Brother yet a Shepherd,
You groaning for our loss, upon this wheel
All our felicity is turn'd.

Spo. Alas! you have forgot the power of love, sweet-heart.

Dem. Be patient Son, and temper your desire,
You shall not want a Wife that will perhaps
Please you as well, I'm sure besit you better.

Flo. They marry not, but sell themselves t'a Wife,

Whom

Whom the large dowry tempt, and take more pleasure
To hug the wealthy bags than her that brought them:
Let them whom nature bestows nothing on,
Seek to patch up their wants by parents plenty;
The beautiful, the chaste, the virtuous,
Her self alone is portion to her self.

Enter Egon.

By your leave; I come to seek a Daughter.
O! are you there, 'tis well.

Flo. This is her Father,
I do conjure you Father, by the love
Which Parents bear their Children, to make up
The match betwixt us now, or if you will not
Send for your friends, prepare a Coffin for me
And let a Grave be digged, I will be happy,
Or else not know my misery to morrow.

Spo. You do not think what ill may happen Husband;
Come, let him have her, you have means enough
For him, the wench is fair, and if her face
Be not a flatterer, of a noble mind,
Altho not stock.

Eg. I do not like this stragling, come along,
By your leave Gentlemen, I hope you will
Pardon my bold intrusion.

Cla. You're very welcome.
What are you going *Bellula*? pray stay,
Tho nature contradicts our love, I hope
That I may have your friendship.

Bell. *Bellula*!

Bell. my Father calls; farewell; your name, and memory
In spite of Fate, I'll love, farewell.

Flo. Would you be gone, and not bestow one word
Upon your faithful servant? do not all
My griefs and troubles for your sake sustain'd,
Deserve, farewell *Florellus*?

Bell. Fare you well then.

Flo. Alas! how can I, Sweet, unless you stay,
Or I go with you? you were pleas'd ere while
To say you honour'd me with the next place
To *Callidorus* in your heart, then now
I should be first: do you repent your sentence?
Or can that tongue sound less than Oracle?

Bell. Perhaps I am of that opinion still,
But must obey my Father.

Eg. Why *Bellula*? would you have ought with her Sir?

Flo. Yes, I would have her self; if constancy
And love be meritorious, I deserve her.
Why Father, Mother, Sister, Gentlemen,
Will you plead for me?

Dem. Since't must be so, I'll bear it patiently,

Shepherd, you see how much our Son is taken
 With your fair Daughter, therefore if you think
 Him fitting for her Husband speak, and let it
 Be made a match immediately, we shall
 Expect no other dowry than her Vertue.

Æg. Which only I can promise; for her Fortune
 Is beneath you so far, that I could almost
 Suspect your words, but that you seem more noble.
 How now, what say you Girl?

Bel. I only do depend upon your Will.

Eg. And I'll not be an enemy to thy good Fortune.
 Take her Sir, and the Gods bless you.

Flo. With greater joy than I would take a Crown.

Alu. The gods bless you.

Flo. They have don't already.

Æg. Lest you should think when time, and oft enjoying
 Hath dull'd the point, and edg of your affection,
 That you have wrong'd your self and Family,
 By marrying one whose very name, a Shepherdess,
 Might fling some spot upon your Birth, I'll tell you,
 She is not mine, nor born in these rude Woods.

Flo. How! you speak mistick wonders.

Æg. I speak truths Sir,
 Some fifteen years ago, as I was walking,
 I found a Nurse wounded, and groaning out
 Her latest spirit, and by her a fair Child,
 And, which her very dressing might declare,
 Of wealthy Parents; as soon as I came to them,
 I asked her who had used her so inhumanely:
 She answered me Turkish Pyrats; and withal
 Desired me to look unto the Child,
 For 'tis, said she, a Nobleman's of *Sicily*,
 His name she would have spoke, but death permitted not.
 Her as I could, I caused to be buried,
 But brought home the little Girl with me,
 Where by my Wives perswasions we agreed,
 Because the gods had bless'd us with no issue,
 To nourish as our own, and call it *Bellula*,
 Whom now you see, your Wife, your Daughter.

Spo. Is't possible?

Elo. Her manners shew'd her noble.

Æg. I call the gods to witness, this is true.
 And for the farther testimony of it,
 I have yet kept at home the furniture,
 And the rich Mantle which she then was wrapt in,
 Which now perhaps may serve to some good use
 Thereby to know her Parents.

Dem. Sure this is *Aphron's* Sister then, for just
 About the time he mentions, I remember,
 The Governor of *Pachinus*, then his Father,

Told

Told me that certain Pyrats of *Argier*
Had broke into his house, and stoln from thence
With other things his Daughter, and her Nurse,
Who being after taken, and executed,
Their last confession was, that they indeed
Wounded the Nurse; but she fled with the Child,
Whilst they were busie searching for more prey.
Whom since, her Father neither saw nor heard of.

Cla. Then now I am sure Sir, you would gladly pardon
The rash attempt of *Aphron*, for your Daughter.
Since Fortune hath joyn'd both of you by Kindred.

Dem. Most willingly.

Spo. I, I, alas! 'twas Love.

Flo. Where should we find him out?

Cla. I'll save that labour.

[Exit *Clariana*.

Cal. Where's *Hylace*, pray Shepherd? and the rest
Of my good Sylvan friends? methinks I would
Fain take my leave of them.

Æg. I'll fetch them hither.

They're not far off, and if you please to help
The Match betwixt *Hylace* and *Palemon*,
I would be a good deed, I'll go fetch them.

[Exit.

Enter *Aphron*, *Clariana*.

Aph. Ha! whither have you led me *Clariana*?
Some steepy Mountain bury me alive,
Or Rock intomb me in its stony entrails,
Whom do I see?

Cla. Why do you stare, my *Aphron*?
They have forgiven all.

Dem. Come, *Aphron*, welcome,
We have forgot the wrong you did my Daughter,
The name of Love hath cover'd all; this is
A joyful day, and sacred to great *Hymen*
'Twere sin not to be friends with all men now.

Spo. Methinks, I have much ado to forgive the Rascal. [Aside.

Aph. I know not what to say; do you all pardon me?
I have done wrong to you all, yea, to all those
That have a share in Vertue. Can ye pardon me?

All. Most willingly.

Aph. Do you say so, fair Virgin?
You I have injur'd most: with love,
With saucy love, which I henceforth recall,
And will look on you with an adoration,
Noth with desire hereafter; tell me, pray,
Doth any man yet call you his?

Cal. Yes; *Philistus*.

Aph. I congratulate it, Sir.
The gods make ye both happy: fool, as I am,
You are at the height already of felicity,
To which there's nothing can be added now,

But

But perpetuity; you shall not find me
Your Rival any more, tho I confess
I honor her, and will for ever do so.

Clarinda, I am so much unworthy
Of thy Love. That——

Cla. Go no farther, Sir, 'tis I should say so
Of my own self.

Phil. How Sister? are you two so near upon a match?

Apu. In our hearts Sir,
We are already joyn'd, it may be tho
You will be loth to have unhappy *Aphron*,
Stile you his Brother?

Phil. No Sir, if you both
Agree, to me it shall not be unwelcome.
Why here's a day indeed; sure *Hymen* now
Means to spend all his Torches.

Dem. 'Tis my Son Sir,
Now come from Travel, and your Brother now.

Aph. I understand not.

Dem. Had you not a Sister?

Aph. I had Sir; but where now she is none knows,
Beneath the gods.

Dem. Is't not about some fifteen years ago
Since that the Nurse scap'd with her from the hands
Of Turkish Pyrats that beset the House?

Aph. It is Sir.

Dem. Your Sister lives then, and is married
Now to *Florellus*; this is she, you shall be
Informed of all the circumstances anon.

Aph. 'Tis impossible
I shall be made too happy on the sudden.
My Sister found, and *Clarinda* mine!
Come not too thick good joys, you will oppress me.

Enter *Melarnus*, *Tringa*, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Palamon*.
Cal. Shepherds you're welcome all; tho I have lost
Your good Society, I hope I shall not
Your friendship and best wishes.

Æg. Nay, here's wonders;
Now *Callidorus* is found out a Woman,
Bellula not my Daughter, and is married
To yonder Gentleman, for which I intend
To do in earnest what before I jested,
To adopt *Palamon* for my Heir.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha!
Come it's no matter for that; do you think
To cheat me once again with your fine tricks?
No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ha!
Alas! She's married to *Damalis*!

Æg. Nay, that was your plot *Melarnus*,
I met with him, and he denies it to me.

But

Hyl. Hence.

Hyl. Henceforth I must not love, but honour you—to *Calidora*.

Æg. By all the gods I will.

Trn. He will, he will; Duck.

Mel. Of every thing;

Æg. Of every thing; I call

These Gentlemen to witness here, that since

I have no child to care for; I will make

Palamon heir to those small means the gods

Have bless'd me with, if he do marry *Hylace*:

Mel. Come it's no matter for that, I scarce believe you.

Dem. We'll be his sureties.

Mel. *Hylace*,

What think you of *Palamon*? can you love him?

H'as our consents, but it's no matter for that,

If he do please you, speak, or now, or never.

Hyl. Why do I doubt fond Girl? there's now a woman.

Mel. No matter for that, what you do, do quickly.

Hyl. My duty binds me not to be averse
To what likes you.—

Mel. Why take her then *Palamon*; she's yours for ever.

Pal. With far more joy

Than I would do the wealth of both the *Indies*:

Thou art above a Father to me, *Ægon*.

We're freed from misery with sense of joy,

We are not born so; oh! my *Hylace*,

It is my comfort now that thou wert hard,

And cruel till this day, delights are sweetest

When poisoned with the trouble to attain them.

Enter Alupis.

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

By your leave, I come to seek a Woman,

That hath out-liv'd the memory of her youth,

With skin as black as her teeth, if she have any,

With a face would fright the Constable and his Watch

Out of their wits (and that's easily done you'll say) if they should
meet her at midnight.

O! are you there? I thought I smelt you somewhere;

Come hither my she Nestor, pretty *Truga*,

Come hither, my sweet Duck.

Tru. Why? are you not ashamed to abuse me thus,
Before this company?

Alu. I have something more;

I come to shew the Ring before them all;

How durst you thus betray us to *Melarnus*?

Tru. 'Tis false, 'twas *Hylace* that over-heard you;
She told me so; but they are married now.

Alu. What do you think to find me? why ho! here's news.

Pal. *Alupis* art thou there? forgive me my anger,

I am the happiest man alive, *Alupis*,

Hylace is mine, here are more wonders too.

Thou

Thou shalt know all anon.

Tru. Alupis, give me.

Alu. Well rather than be troubled.

Æg. Alupis welcome, now w^e are friends I hope?
Give me your hand.

Mel. And me.

Alu. With all my heart,
I'm glad to see ye have learn'd more wit at last.

Cal. This is the Shepherd, Father, to whose care
I owe for many favours in the Woods.

You're welcome heartily; here's every body
Pair'd of a sudden; when shall's see you married?

Alu. Me? when there are no ropes to hang my self,
No rocks to break my neck down; I abhor
To live in a perpetual Belfary;

Inever could abide to have a Master,
Much less a Mistress, and I will not marry,
Because, *I'll sing away the day,*

For 'tis but a folly to be melancholly,
I'll be merry whilst I may.

Phi. You're welcome all, and I desire you all
To be my Guests to day; a Wedding Dinner,
Such as the sudden can afford, we'll have,
Come will ye walk in, Gentlemen?

Dem. Yes, yes.

What crosses have ye born before ye joyn'd?
VWhat Seas pass'd through before ye touch'd the Port?
Thus Lovers do, e're they are Crown'd by Fates
VWith Palm, the Tree their Patience imitates.

F I N I S.

ÉPILOGUE

Spoken by ALUPIS.

THE Author bid me tell you----'faith, I have
Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very slave
If I know what to say; but only this,
Be merry, that my Counsel always is.
Let no grave man knit up his Brow, and say
'Tis foolish: why? 'twas a Boy made the Play.
Nor any yet of those that sit behind,
Because he goes in Plush, be of his mind.
Let none his Time, or his spent Money grieve,
Be merry; give me your hands, and I'll believe.
Or if you will not, I'll go in, and see,
If I Can turn the Author's mind with me
 To sing away the day,
 For 'tis but a folly
 To be melancholly,
Since that can't mend the Play.

NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE: Comœdia,

Publice coram ACADEMICIS Acta, in
Collegio S S. & individuae Trinitatis.

4^o Nonas Feb. Ann. Dom. 1638.

Authore *Abrahamo Cowley.*

*Mart.----Non displicuisse meretur
Festinat, Lector, qui placuisse tibi.*



L O N D I N I:

Typis M.C. veneunt apud C. Harper, & A. Swalle.
MDCLXXXIV.

MALEFAGIUM

LOCUTARE

Comœdia

Publice coram ACADEMICIS AGIT in
Collegio S.S. & individue Trinitatis.
A. Nonas Feb. Ann. Dom. 1638.

Authore Abrahamo Corneio

Matr. --- Non displicuisse merita
Testatur, Lector, qui placuisse tibi



L O N D O N :

Typis W.C. venientibus C. Harper & A. Gualle.
MDCXXXIV.

Doctissimo, Gravissimoque Viro

Domino D. COMBER,

Decano Carleolensi colendissimo, & Collegii S.S.
& individuae Trinitatis. Magistro vigilantissimo.

Siste gradum: quoniam temeraria pagina tendis,
Aurata nimium facta superba toga?
Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno;
Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere plaris erit.
I, pete, sollicitos quos rardia docta Scholarum,
Et Logicae pugno carmina scripta tenent.
Post Ca, vel Hip. Qualis? ne. vel, af. un. Quanta? par. in. fin.
Destruit E dictum, destruit Ique modum.
Tum Tu grata aderis, tum blandius ore sonabis;
Setonius, dicent, quid velit iste sibi?
I, pete Caussidicos: poteris sic culta videri,
Et bene Romanis fundere verba modis.
Fallor: post Ignorantium gens cautior ille est;
Et didicit Musas. Granta, timere tuas.
I, pete Lectorem nullum; sic salva latebis;
Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.
Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul o, procul ito profana.
Diffimile hic Domini nil decet esse suo.
Ille lacri calamo reseat mysteria verbi,
Non alia illius sancta lucerna videt.
Talis in Altari trepidat Fax paene timenda,
Et Flayum attollit sic reverenda caput.
At scio, quid dices: Nostros Academia lusus
Spectavit; nuxa tum placuere mea.
Pagina stulta nimis! Granta est Hic altera solus;
Vel Granta ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.
Sed si authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:
(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)
Accedas tanquam ad Numen formidine blandam
Tristis, & haec illi paucula metra refer.

Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,
Viventi auspiciam quod sibi vellet idem.
Non peto, ut ista probes; tantum, Puerilia, dicas,
Sunt, fateor; Puerum sed satis illa decent.
Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,
Si Socius tandem sit, meliora dabit.

Vestri favoris studiosissimus,

A. Cowley.

Ad Lectorem.

NON sum nescius quanto cum periculo, emanant in vul-
gus hanc fabulam, passus sim; tantum interest Spe-
ctator, an Lector sis Comœdiae, quamvis amicus, adeo
ut misellum hoc opus, quod satis ex se deforme est, pulchritu-
dinem suam amittere necesse sit, quam illi Lucernæ, Vestes,
Actor, nobilissima Frequentia addiderunt. Sed hoc cum cate-
ris commune, illud nostræ proprium est, quod plurimis in locis,
eisque, qui, nescio quo fato, maxime placuerunt, ne intelligi
quidem, nisi à quibusdam possit, ut in Morionis & Gelasimi
partibus, præcipue verò cum aperitur Schola, ita ut huic libro
accidat, quod solet ignobilibus, qui, nisi in civitate suâ ubique
ignorantur, ita nascuntur Calendarii similes in usum unius tan-
tum regionis. Sed voluntati amicorum satisfaciendum est, non
timori meo; & effecit benevolentia illa, quâ priores meas nugas,
& veluti vagitus Poeticos (nam (proh pudor!) penè ab infantiâ
nugatus sum) excepisti, ut Ingrati crimen subeam, si tibi ne-
gem lusus meos; Immemoris si formidem. Aliquis autem dicat
vir gravissimus (& fortassis etiam dixit) Eone impudentiæ ven-
tum est ut hornus adhuc Academicus, Comœdiam doceat? Quod
nunquam quisquam eâ etate aggressus est, idne sibi arrogat in-
solens puer? Egone tale quid in me admisi? Quod si crimen
quidem sit, Illius invidia nunquam tanti erit, ut huic saltem
crimini expurgationem aliquam parem. Nam Tibi, Amice Lector,
si audacia nostra placuit, Ego vel iterum tui causâ tam insolens
fierem.

Vale.

Scena

Scena *Dunkerka.*

Dramatis Personæ.

GNomicus.
Gelafimus,
Morion,
Dinon,

Tutor Gel. & Mor.
Hæres dives, amicus Morionis.
Supposititius filius Polypori.
Illorum servus,

Bombardomachides,
Eucomissa,
Ægle,
Pfecas,
Æmylio,

Miles.
Filia Bombardom.
Captiva Bombard. Æmylionis soror.
Ancilla Eucomissæ.
Captivus Bomb. filius Polypori.

Calliphanes, p.
Calliphanes, F.

Senex.
Ejus filius, Ægles amafius.

Polyporus,
Academicus 1.
Academicus 2.
Mulier.
Bajuli 2.

Mercator Anglus.

Personæ mutæ.
Lorarii 2.
Bajulus.
Exorcista.

PROLOGUS.

EXi foras inepte; nullamne habebunt hic Cœmediam?
Exi, inquam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.
Tun' jam Sophista junior, & modestus adhuc?
Ego nihil possum, præter quod ceteri solent,
Salvete cives attici, & corona florentissima.
Sed cedo mihi pileum, si necesse est istud agere.
Utinam illum videretis, plus hoc spectaculo
Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.
Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.
Nisi placidè intueamini, actum est de Pueri.
Tragedia isthæc fiet, & Naufragium verum.
Dixurus modo Prologum, Novi, inquit, peccatum meum.
Prodire, nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam
Non audet, & plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.
Illius ergo causâ, sinite exoratoris sem
Ut nequis Poëta vitio vortat novitio,
Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.
Nisi fari inceptaverit. nemo est futurus eloquens.
Qui modo pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
Aliquando balbutivit ac timuit loqui.
Neque annos novem poscite; non est, Spectatores optimi,
Adultæ res, sed puerilis, Ludere.
Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.
Quis suum dieculæ invidet crepusculum?
Quis violæ, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram?
Favete & huic Flori, ne tanquam Solstitialis Herbula
Repentè exortus, repentind occidat.

ACTUS.

Naufragium Joculare

COMOEDIA.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Scena Prima.

Dion.

[*Celeusma intus.*]

Siquidem adaptantur humeris onera, huc me actutum Sequimini: Ego vobis prospiciam; nimium hi nautæ attrectant picem manibus: Mirum herclè est quin malo caveant, tam propinqui funibus Qui suum quotidie fatum quasi accuratè complicant. Ut clamarunt modò! Susurrare præ his *Tempestatem* dicerès. Gratias habeo quod abs sese, & his suis nos amisit mare. Utrumque est æque turbulentum, & ad ad spectum utriusq. vomeres. Itaque incolumem hic te videre, seriò lætor, *Dion*: *Polyporus* huc me misit *Herus*, cum Filio simul Ejusque sodali, ut euntibus servirem peregrè, Quorum alter, naturâ bardus, nihil ultra quæritat, Alter & industriam addidit, uti insaniret strenuè. Hos ducit quasi *Tutor* eorum *Gnomicus*, ita homo, Qui, rectè si saperent stultos cis annum redderet, Nil extra carmina, atque sententias loquitur carnifex: Vix soleas, nisi ex *Virgilio* poscet, ita poetâ abutitur. Hem *Dion*, vin tu homini stulto auscultare mihi? Succentuti jam nunc gnaviter in corde Sycophantias: Nam si bolus iste tantus eripiat ex faucibus, Numquam iterum occasio dabitur, fortunatus ut sis. Ignota regio; heri stolidi, ac divites: tum ego, *Dion*. Plenus fallaciæ servus, & pecuniæ indigens. Næ Oves commisit lupo, hos mihi qui concredidit. Atq. eccos ipsos de navi; eccum autem *Gnomicum*; Ut magnifice infert sese! gradiri *Fambum* crederes, Concedam istuc: hem *Bajuli*, an dormitis super sacrinas?

Scena Secunda.

Gnomicus. Morion. Gelasimus. Dion.

Gno. Quod fælix faustumque fit (quâ formulâ delectabantur Veteres) Egressi optatâ Troes potiuntur arenâ. Ne à *Virgilio* nostro poetarum oninium facile principe, Quem ego honoris causâ nomino, transversum digitum, aut unguem latum exceedamus, ut pulchre in proverbio.

Mor. Tutor, gratulor tibi huc adventum meum.

Gn. Dixisses potius tuum, Nam hoc esset more Aulico.

Mor. Imò utrumque, mi Tutor *Gnomicæ*, [*Dion, Bajuli.*]

Quem ego honoris causâ nomino; sed quænam est hæc Regio? Nam mihi non magis nota est de facie, quam si esset Terra incognita.

Din. Adsunt *Bajuli* cum sarcinulis.

Ba. Quo portamus Domine?

Din. Ad tabernam proximam diversoriam, ego ostendam locum.

Gno. Quin *Bajuli* edico vobis, quod *Simo* senex in Comœdiâ, Vos isthæc intrò auferre; abite; *Dion*, sequere. Non paucis te volo.

Mor. *Dion*, st! ego paucis te volo. Memento de vino bono.

Din. Here factum puta, Nam nihil mihi potius est, quam in hæc re animo tuo obsequi

Mor. St! *Bajuli*! quin dico, sistite vos mihi *Bajuli*.

Baj. Quid est quod nos velis?

Mor. Cavete de sarcinulis, Ne quassæ sint vehementer aut jactæ in terram fortiter.

Baj. Numnam insunt vitra?

S

Mor.

Mor. Non, non, non, sed nolo aurum nimis premi. Ne forte imago regia aliquid detrimenti capiat, Et læsæ Majestatis reus fiam; sat sapio mihi, diis gratias.

Exeunt Dion Bajuli.

Gn. Pish, verbum sapienti sat est: norunt quid velis, abite. Audin' lætitiā nautarum! ferit aurea fydera clamor.

Celeusma intus.

Mo. O muscos homines! utinam ego essem nāvita: Vix me abstineo, quin clammem. [Clamat.]

Gelasime, quid tu tristis es?

Gn. Quid frontem, ut dicam Metaphoricè, caperas *Gelasime*?

Gel. Egon' tristis? non; Meditabar tantum de naturā maris. Cui Dij Deæque malefaciant omnes, nunquam navigabo postea. Nam nihil navigatione magis incommodum est ingenio bono. Adeo non potui modo unum jocum exprimere, quem dicerem *Bajulis*. At antequam cōscendi navim solebant vel invito mihi effluere, Donicum omnes dicerent, satis, satis, satis, satis est.

Gn. *Gelasime*, ut arridet tibi Navigatio tua? quid jam de mari?

Gel. Amara res est oh! benè est, quod meipsum colligo: Hic primus jocus est quem dixi in his regionibus, Et est tantum parvus jocus, meliores certè soleo. Adeste æquo animo, & meliores audietis postea.

Mor. Hei. ho! o hime!

Gno. Quid est *Morion*? cur imo gemitum de pectore ducis? Secundum Poetam.

Mo. Totus contremisco cum de rebelante meo stomacho cogitem, O jentaculum illud, quod ego de tabulatis totum evomi! O ova! ô vinum! oh fumen! hæc omnia infelix perdidit. Obsonavi piscibus largitèr.

Gn. Quis talia fando Marmidonium, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssi (euphoniæ gratia) Temperet a lacrymis? video certè rectè dici à veteribus.

Πῦρ, ὕδωρ, γυνή, τρία κακά.

Sive ut ego juvenis in Pentametrum Latinum transtuli. Sunt tria mala viris? Ignis, Aqua, Mulier.

Mo. Præterea, Tutor aliquid aliud certe, me nimis male habuit, Nam cum, ex alto terram procul prospeximus: Continuo ut nos propius accessimus, illa aufugit longulè! Idque ita ego observavi ipse.

Gno. Vides ergo, quod Post nubem Phœbus, Dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit amara: Multa diuque tuli: Difficilia quæ pulchra! Per varios casus per tot discrimina rerum Tendimus in Latium. Plurimæque alia Commodè a veteribus dicta sunt in hanc sententiam.

Gel. Omittis, *Morion*, tempestatem remissici.

Mor. Rectè mones: Nunquam tam malè metui ne ad cælum irem ingratis.

Gno. Jam-jam tacturos sidera summa putes, sed ego tu, adeon' verò metuis *Andromedam*?

Mor. Quidni metuam? Nolo tam durum in me dici quicquam vocabulum: *Andromedam*?

Gel. Ego meherculè tunc temporis guttam non habui sanguinis, Præ timore, ne sub Ponti Marmore sepultura nobis fieret. Intelligis tutor? ambiguum id verbum est: ludo in *π* Marmore. Numnam auditis hoc? stabo promissis meis si attenditis.

Mo. Dii te perdant, adeo in omni sermone facetus es.

Gel. Ain' verò? tunc maledicis ingenio meo?

Mo. Quidni? quæso annon ad hæreditatem nati sumus? Tun' Filius natu maximus doctis dictis animum applicas? Vitium, *Gelasime*, vitium est.

Gno. Quid est adolescentes? revocate animos, mæstumque timorem Mitare, nam jam in vado sumus, cum Proverbio.

Mo. Obsecro te atque etiam oro uti ne revortamur domum. Nam oppido mihi arridet hujus loci facies.

Gno. Potin' igitur Ut sustineas animum si nunquam patrem sis visurus denovo?

Mo. Hercle verò satin' mihi exciderat Pater de memoria? Perquam molestā res est Pater, sed nisi fallor non sempervivunt senes

Gela. Video me frustra esse: necesse est ut revocem ad me fugitivum meum ingenium.

Mor. Nimis diu hercle est, ex quo ego ebrius fui, Atq; adeo annus videtur, donicum in hac regione probe madeam.

Gela. Tutor, cedo, quid faciendum est jam nunc: petimusne diversorium? Ibique omnem hanc ex animo eximimus lassitudinem?

Mor. Imo illic bibamus strenue.

Gel. Rectè, & post illa faciam carmina.

Mor. Atque ego dormiam.

Gno. Faciesne adolescens carmina? At non constabunt tibi Pedes posteaquam strenuè biberis, intellexin' *Gelasime*, quod velim per Pedes annon?

Gela. Ha, ha, he, Eugepæ! ob istuc te dictum amo plurimum. At nisi eripuisses ex ore mihi, equidem prævortissem te, Et certè magnus jocus est: donabo hunc pugillaribus, Carmina — tibi pedes — biberis — Ha, ha, ha, he [scribit.]

Mor. Næ istos omnes jocos dii perdant: nam ante hoc temporis Madere potuissem, nisi quod diem malè amissimus.

Gno. Eamus igitur; nam scriptum in poetâ invenimus, Ennius ipse Pater nunquam nisi

nisi potius ad arma profiliuit dicenda; Ubi Pater, quia erat primus; Arma, Metaphorice & alio loco, Fœcundi calices Quem non fecere Poetam?

Gela. Pulcherrimè! Quem non fecere Poetam!

Mor. Si me certe facere possent, nunquam vel pitissarem postea. Poetam! vah! sumne ego Filius Polipori natu maximus?

Gno. Bene habet: jam vos instituam optimis secundum hunc locum atq; ætatem moribus, Docebo peregrinandi artem, atq; edicam Formulas. Persuadendi, deridendi, atque adoriendi homines: Donec omnes mortales vos admirentur æque ac me. Sed prius intrò eamus, nam melius hanc rem præstabimus Impleti veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ.

Mor. Longè hercle melius. [Exeunt.]

Scena Tertia.

Emylio.

Am. Enimvero ego jam nunc incedo vir ornatissimus, Meque ipsè dum contem-
plor magis, continuo in mentem venit, Hominum catenulis suspensorum jamdiu in viâ regiâ: Næ illi vestitu solent esse ad istam planè faciem. Neutiquam hoc placet omen; quanquam si eveniat, hoc volupe est mihi Quod hisce ego vestibus com-
modare non possim carnifici. Nolo ille homo per me ditiescat: sed interea temporis Dii vos-
tram fidem! quid mihi faciundum est misero? Num fiam (qui hic rara avis est) Philosophus denuo? Qui possim, nisi fortè Cynicus, adeò oblatrat stomachus? Num impendam operam foro, ac contorquendis Legibus? At malum herclè omen est au-
spicari id studium, in Formâ Pauperis. Dicet aliquis, bono ingenio es: adjunge ani-
mum Poeticæ: Qamobrem vero? adeone parum inops sum, ut fiam magis? Nam hac recta via st ad egestatem: præterea frustra hoc sperat animus, Nunquam ego evadam Litteratus homo, sat scio, Unam de me ipso nisi si Literam longam faciam. Quid igitur agere instituam? nam agendum esse ali-
quid id venter admonet: Et Plurimum præstat manu meâ, quam Laborare in hunc modum fame: Quanquam cum magis co-
gito, quid est, opera quod conficiat mea? Nisi si ad abigendos Corvos memet Hortu-
lano collocem. Quod præstare optimè poteram cum ornatu hoc formidolosissimo. At non est, uti nimium properem properare ad id muneris, Nam velim nolim, sat ci-
tò ad Corvos eundum est mihi. Lubet me-

hercule suscipere meam veterem denuo provinciam. Aliquî intendenda est in ali-
quem fallacia; hoc fixum maneat.

Scena Quarta.

Emylio, Dinon.

Am. Sed quis hic homo est, qti sermo-
nem nostrum arbitratur Ex adversâ plateâ? Quantum ex vultu colligo eodem laborat morbo, quò ego Et multi magni viri laborarunt.

Din. Herus meus *Morion* cum *Tutore Gnomico*, Ejusdem farinae homine & *Gelasi-
mo* æquali suo Benè intus potat, ibi illi tres conveniunt optime Hos ego nisi emungam aliqui pecuniâ, Sumne ipse stultus istorum multò maximus? Nam heri *Poliporus* pater adprimè dives est, Nescit, quid faciat auro; at ego quid faciam scio.

Am. Ædepol servum graphicum! ex amussim sententiam meam Locutus est a-
deò: hunc mihi notum esse oportuit, Nam idem sentimus ambo, quod est in propin-
quâ parte amicitie.

Din. Age *Dinon*.

Am. Oh, idne tibi nomen est?

Din. Nunc specimen specitur *Dinon* in-
genii tui, Nisi aliquam fabricam facias, non causam dico, Quin omnes te uno ore præ-
dicent servum minimi pretii.

Am. A me non impetro herclè, ut ab-
stineam diutius, Ita hominem amo perdi-
tè. *Dinon*, salve, gaudeo sanè, quandoqui-
dem huc salvus veneris, Valuisti usque?

Din. Quænam hæc larva est? Quantum de veste coniecto hic stipem petit; Oh! scio quid dicturus: Miles sum, potius ho-
stium, Occisus jam bis in bello, confossus millies &c. *Parcas* labori tuo: nihil do: be-
nè vale.

Am. Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte has nugas, *Dinon*. Ubi est Herus tuus? pulchrè os sublinemus homini.

Din. Quid (malum) vis tibi? tun' he-
rum nosti meum:

Am. Tanquam te. *Din.* Ita sentio.

Am. Non novi fungum illum? Bar-
dum, Baronem, stipitem, afinum, ovem? Quem tondebimus auro hodiè usq; ad vi-
vam cutem.

Din. Hic pol herum meum (quicquid id est) suo appellat nomine. Jurares novis-
se hominem, ita depinxit probè. Quoniam verò tam familiaris es; facito ut sciam, Quod nomen tibi sit amico atq; necessario meo.

Am. Quasi verò oblivisci potis sis, fa-
cetus es, *Dinon*. [Amplectitur.]

Din. Non non, quæso move te abs me longius, nam licet te amem, Memini me semper odisse servulos tuos, nihili bestias.

Am. Quos servulos memoras? Ego meos reliqui domi.

Din. Nempe à tergo sunt, funguntur officio suo, Nam tu, tanquam alter Bias, omnes tuos tecum portas.

Am. Ah nequam! idem es, video, qui fuisti prius. A puero te novi, semper mordebas aliquem.

Din. Egon' mordebam verò? id servuli faciunt tui.

Am. Non est ut ab illis timeas, *Dinon*, licet confitear, Me festas meas vestes non induisse hodie. Cogitabam domi me mansurum, sed quid refert? Omnes me norunt, non est uti laborem de vestitu.

Din. Fallum: ego te non novi, Diis gratias, Sed rectè, mi vetus amice, adeò ornatum negligis, Nam virtute formæ evenit, te, ut, quicquid habeas, deceat. Sed si tenebris fortè surgeres, diligentia opus est. Ne induas subligacula in diploidis loco, Adeo difficile est utrumque in te distinguere.

Am. Æstive testus sum de industria; sudor me enecat.

Din. Consilium dabo, amice, si me audias, perbonum, In rem tuam esse arbitror, ut moriaris quam primum poteris; Nam tunc te, Ædiles forsitan ad sepulturam duint, Et, quod anno non fecisti, obvolutus jacebis linteo.

Am. Nolo obsonare vermes.

Din. Quàm pediculos satius est. Obsecro Amice, quo avolavit collare, & subucula? Ne tantillum quidem usquequaq; gerit linteus Quod digitum tegat, si eum casu vulneret.

Am. Lotrix habet, quid tua?

Din. Iste galerus jam cribrum est. Revereri me necesse est; operire non potes caput.

Am. Admitti solem volo: quæso an id invides?

Din. Nunquam antea oculis vidi meis ambulare sterquilinum.

Am. Nunquid dignum habes familiarem ludo ludere? Si serio faceres —

Din. Quid tum?

Am. Acciperem joco.

Din. Ædepol hominem perpaucorum hominum! ingenium perplacet. Sed negotiosum me decet esse aliis negotiis. Vale, bone vir, cum revocârim in memoriam qui sis, revortar tibi.

Am. Obsecro, num amicum deseris? quid faciam? *Din.* Te ipsum pensilem.

Am. Da igitur drachmam, non placet

irâ prodigere de meo. Quin morare, verbo expediam quid est quod te velim. In Morionem herum tuum tragulam injicere Animum induxisti, ne nega; inducti, scio. Hanc si devolvas mihimet provinciam, Ita argento illum circumvortam consutis dolis, Ut reverà me dicas postea necessarium tuum. Miles hanc domum nostræ commisit fidei Servandam in reditum suum *Bombardomachides*. Peropportunos istric locus est, tum autem ego (Dimidium mearum Laudum prætereo præ modestiâ,) Ita retexo omnes mortales, quemq; præhendero, Ut oppidò se tactos credant modo si conspexerim.

Din. Ut loquitur, ne crumena pertunsa sit, mihi valde cautio est. Nimio fuit familiaris.

Am. Idem à te caveo *Dinon*, Nam propè adstitisti: salva res, nihil nactus es.

Din. Dii me amant, quandoquidem hunc hominem objecerunt mihi, nunc aggrediar facinus auspicio liquido. Nam cum isthoc comite vell ipsi Mercurio verba darem, Ita omnes articulos callet Sycophantiæ. Quod nomen tibi dicam esse? *Am.* *Amylioni*.

Din. Tum bene *Amylion* da mih manum, conditionem accipio. Dabin' verò iurandum te fidelem fore?

Am. Do deos testes tibi: quæso cui mortalium Præstanda est, fidem si inter nosmet frangimus? Sed moram dictis creas, dic qui sint homines, Unde, quid veniant, nam adibo, quasi ætatem nossem. It dies, & nondum pecuniæ injicio ungulas.

Din. In viâ tibi dicam omnia: sed cum istoccine Ornatu, mi *Amylion*?

Am. Pish, potin' ut quiescas? Annon vestitus tibi videor satis basilicè?

Din. Ut voles, esto: satin' ex improvise tandem Amicitia tanta icta est?

Am. Meus bonus Genius!

Din. Meus alter idem! *Am.* Meus *Pilades*!

Din. *Orestes* meus!

Am. Meus — *Ides aut' puerus!*

Din. Mitte tricas, I præ sequar.

Am. Quasi essem tam malè moratus, mi *Pilades*? Peregrino semper —

Din. Vis audeo te à tergo relinquere. Tibi herclè locum cedo, tu nebulo major es.

Am. Eamus ergò simul, mea commoditas.

Din. Mea opportunitas, eamus. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quinta.

Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Merion, Puer.

Gn. Ut in primo Actu *Menæchmi*, Scenâ secundâ dicitur Sepulchrum habeamus, & hunc

hunc comburamus diem. Eugè Plautus, *ἐν τῇ πρᾶτῃ* dictus: sic Horatius Diem conde-
re, & *ὁ πρῶτος* Latii per excellentiam, Jamq;
diem clauso componit vesper Olympo.

Gel. An dies mortua est? ha, ha, ha, ha,
an inquam dies mortua sit Tutor?

Mor. Moriatur sanè, aut suspendat se, si
volt. Puer, cedo vinum: Hum — nullum-
ne magi vetus?

Pu. Illicò, illicò. [bibit.]
Nullus est in tota urbe qui tibi melius præ-
beat, Si ejus frater esses.

Mor. Frater, carnifex? Non sum ego
Polyporo unicus? sed periculum faciam, —
[bibit.]

Pu. Et scintillulat, quasi —
Mor. Scintillulat? videam Fortassis hoc
præstat — certè scintillat probè. [bibit.]
Quid (malum) an captas pedes meos?

Egon. Egon Domine?
Mor. Dimidiatum tibi cyathum nuni-
quam Tutor, porrigam. Moratus sum me-
lius — da Tutori, Puer. [bibit.]

Pu. Illico, illico, inquam, non possum
esse hic & illic simul.

Gel. Obstupefaciam jam ego puerum in-
genio meo: Adi sis

Pa. Maxime.
Gel. Adestum verò Minime. Ut ver-
bum retorqueo? quid agis Minime?

Pu. Vides.
Gel. Ita nimio exiguis fueras, ut vix
hercle poteram.

Pu. Illico, illico, jam venio, jam, jam,
vinum ocius in Coronam.

Gel. Avolavit: unico planè dicto occidi
hominem. Ita omnes quibuscum loquor
semper maesto infortunio. Hominem teti-
gi joci quarto Nonas Februarii sub signo
Rosæ. [Scribit.]

Gno. Ah parcas irridere illum Gelasime.
Ingenui vultus puer est, ingenuiq; pudoris.
Ad isis propius: quid oculos defigis adeo?
attollas caput, Nescis derivari *ἀνδρῶν τὸ εἶναι*
ἐν τῷ ἀνδρὶ? Pronaq; cum spectent animalia
cætera terram, Os homini sublime dedit,
cælumq; tueri Jussit, & erectos ad sidera
tollere vultus.

Gel. Non quit respondere: ita joco in-
terfeci modo. Eugè Gelasime, nunquam
commutatus clues.

Mor. Puer pete ocius vinum: quid ho-
ras bonas perdimus?

Gno. Audin? sit Coum, Massicum, vel
Leucadium, Falernum, Lesbianum, Cæcu-
bum, atq; audin? ne sit Aut Vaticanum,
aut Vejentanum, aut Lætanum cave,
Namq; hæc in aliam partem accepta apud
Autores legimus.

Pu. Factum puta: Vinum ocius in Rosam.

Mo. Puer revertere sis: Fac poculum
teipso majus uti simul afferas. Nam pro vi-
tello ovi ebibere te ex cyatho poteram.

Scena Sexta.

Amylio, iisdem.

Pu. Quo pergis bone vir? nolunt hi fi-
dicinem: Abi cum cantiunculis novis.

Am. Ain' Nanule, Rammentum! Tri-
ental hominis! Naturæ avaritia! Non li-
cet amicos alloqui?

Pu. Amicos tuos? In popinâ cæcâ qua-
rites: vinum non bibunt, Nisi fortè in
Principis natali cum ex canasibus funditur.

Am. Quin abi in malam rem furcife-
rule. —

Pa. Illico; illico. [Exit.]

Am. Salvere vos plurimum jubet ami-
cis voster vetus: Et vivos valentesq; huc
advenisse id volupe est mihi. Facit hoc for-
tasse vestis insolentia Ut fugiat vos memo-
ria qui sim.

Gel. Non multum falleris.

Gno. Rem acu tetigisti, nam sic melius
dictum reor.

Am. At vestrum ego & memini, &
semper faciam ut meminero. Nam Mori-
onis patri Polyporo jam olim summus fui;
Postquam peregrè advenientem hospitio
me exceperat.

Gno. Næ bonâ memoria es: didicisse
artem, arbitror, Quam (referente Cice-
rone) invenisse dicitur Simonides.

Am. Gelasime salve (Dii faciant ne fal-
sus sim) salve Morion.

Mor. Ego non magis te novi quam Ho-
minem in Lunâ. Sed si vis, salve.

Gel. Hunc etiam hominem ludos faciam.
Nunquid vestes etiam tuæ (ha, ha, hæ,) abi-
erunt peregrè?

Am. Modò admodum ex bello redii,
commutare non licuit. Ita vos ut audivi
advenisse properavi visere.

Gel. Ædepol vestes malas! an ex bello
aufugerunt? An ostenderunt terga? tua
terga hic intelligo.

Am. Oh; benè herclè gaudeo quod
significaras mihi, Nam illic jocus est, Ge-
lasime, antiquum obtines.

Gel. Novit me iste proculdubio, non
urgebo amplius, Ha, ha, ha! An ostende-
runt terga? Nolo jam coram peregrino,
post scribam tamen.

Am. Hanc mihi quam videtis, stragem
effecerunt gladii, Tum galerum cernite,
eccam tormentorum operam, Annon odos
Pyrii pulveris objectu sit naribus?

Gel. O

Gel. O bellum. quasi minime bonum! Ibi ego iterum; nunquam cessabo hodie.

Gno. Bella per Æmathios plusquam cide vilia campos. Satin' hic homo excidit mihi memoriā? Pudet obliuisci familiaris tam malè. Ne superbum dicat, assimulabo quasi sciam. Incertus sum quis fiet, sed hoc nil refert. Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.

Am. Ut valet uxor *Polyperi*? ut senectutem fert?

Gel. Quasi injuriam Malè; Si centum peregrini adfint. Nunquam tamen omittam istoc scribere. [*Scribit.*]

Gno. Ohe! jam satis est; nunc salve, amice optime. Dissimulavi per jocum (ut aiunt) quasi non nossem prius.

Gel. Nostin' verò, Tutor, serio? dic nomen obsecro.

Gn. Nomen? quasi — vorfatur mihi in labris primioribus.

Am. Peru: nomen amisi: oh! Peripolemarchus est.

Gno. Dii boni! ita est profecto: saepe obliuiscimur Quæ callemus, ut proverbium facetissime, tanquam digitos.

Gel. Certè quoq; cum animo cogitem, quasi per nebulam memini Me vidisse illam faciem.

Mor. Tum ego memini quoq;. Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem! Peripo — Periplo — Non multum refert, nosti quid yelim, tibi præbibo.

Gno. Sedeamus omnes, in re omni servanda est Methodus. Sic melius carpemus munera Bacchi. Clama puerum *Gelasime*.

Gel. Non parebit mihi Tutor, ita dirisi modò.

Gno. Heus puer, ascende ad culmina tecti.

Pu. [*Subr.*] Statim venio, Illico.

Gno. At citius quam coquuntur asparagi; En, age sègnes Rumpe. moras.

Am. Prædam habeo: Salvus sum: tres hosce Asinos Duæ res statim pessundabunt; Ebrietas & Ego. Eho tu! dum vos hic largiter siccamus cyathos, Jube cytharistria intus nos oblectet cantuicula. Circumfer tu merum; da bibere plenis cantharis. A summo incipe.

Gno. Peripolemarche, pulchrè admones. Juvat insanire.

Mor. Nimio nimis sum sanus diu. St! Pax! oh harmoniam! ut vibrasset! [*Cantio.*]

Gno. Hem *Morion* clauduntur lumina somno?

Mor. Non, non, non. Sine me esse nihili.

Gel. Madet pol *Morion*.

Mor. Madeon *Gelasime*? An ego madeo, Tutor? cedo gladium Peripomarchides.

Gel. Videon' ego circumfusam illic turbam hominum? Planè ebrius es *Gelasime*, per Deos immortales ebrius es.

Gno. Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris Italiani fato profugus — hic illius arma Hic currus fuit — circumfer merum, eanufex. Multum illè & terris jactatus & alto Vi superum, sævæ memorem — porrige mihi poculum. Amicè, benè me; benè te, benè noster Virgilius. Arma virumq; cano — [*Bibit.*]

Mor. Benè habet: ego iterum potabo ne me credant ebrium.

Din. Horumco hic ego facta & sermones legam. Quam strenuè Genio indulgent! faxo, si vivus vivam, Plus uti cras lacryment, quam ebiberunt hodie. Tum nos, si Baccho placet, in hunc modum: hilarem Sumemus diem, atq; amenum: Ebrietatem sitio.

Am. Nisi dissimulem quasi biberem, herclè me evertent cyathis, Ita properant interire: Dii me beatum volunt.

Mo. Ego non sum ebrius *Gelasime*.

Gel. Neque ego.

Mo. Neque ego.

Gel. Benè igitur; salutem tibi.

Mo. Enimverò ego sum ingeniosissimus.

Gel. At ego multò magis.

Mo. Tun' magis?

Gel. Inquam, Magis.

Mo. Benè, sum tamen ingeniosissimus. hem! propino tibi.

Gel. Vix lacrymis abstineo equidem, ita te amo *Morion*.

Mo. O *Gelasime*.

Gel. O *Morion*!

Gno. Move manus ocyûs; [*Puer Exit.*]

[*Dinon intus sonitum facit & celeusma.*]

Quid stas? colaphum impingam tibi grandem cum Comico.

Mo. Dii vestram fidem! tempestatem magnam! eamus oratum Tutor.

Gel. Tempestatem verò! certo certius turbo oxortus est, ita vehementer conquassat navim, ut vix queam stare.

Gno. Ecce autem, clamorq; virum, stridorq; rudentum! Satin' in navi nos esse oblitus fui? hem! curate navitæ, Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forsitan in Scopulum, Tempestatas increbrescit.

Din. Pol mortales graphicos! Perimus, navis periit, ad extrema se paret quisque. Nesciunt jam vocem meam; ego, pulchrè delusos dabo.

Am. Dinonis illa vox est; Eugepæ! factum est optimè.

Gno. Apparent adhuc sidera: hic Pol-lux, illic Castor est. [*ad lucernas.*]

Am.

Am. Hem! nauclere, nauclere inquam! quamdiu vivimus?

Din. Vix horæ dimidium; perimus!

Mo. Heu quid faciam miser? Præ timore iterum vomam; si jam undis obruar, Nunquam navigabo postea.

Am. Adestum, adestum inquam, *Gnomice*, Viden? fluctum illum decimum?

Gno. Decimæ venit impetus undæ; Posterior nono est, undecimoque prior.

Gel. O si quis bibere jam queat Salutem mihi! Non possum non joculari hoc ipso in articulo. Expirabo animam joco.

Mo. Non possum pati me mori.

[*genu flectit.*]
O quoties peccavi ego! [*bibit.*] Madui quoties! [*bibit.*] Quoties scortatus sum! [*bibit.*] nunquam videbo patrem, Nunquam post hæc bibam, [*bibit*] abi sis uter miser.

[*frangit.*]
Convertamus nos Tutor, ad preces illicò.

Gno. Maximè:

O terque quaterque beati,
Queis ante ora Patrum, Trojæ sub mæni-
Contigit oppetere. (bus altis.

Pu. Ecquid nos vocastis?

Am. Dii te perdant, ita inopportune huc te conjicis. Abi sis furcifer. [*extrudit.*]

Gno. Quod fit?

Am. Rogas? Vidistin' ut ad proram modò Deus aliquis marinus adstitit?

Gel. Non, erat piscis magnus.

Am. Piscis?

Gel. Piscis meherculè, Mehercule, inquam, piscis, ex voce id satis colligo.

Din. Funes rupti sunt, disiecta vela, navis lacera est. Actum de nobis, Socii.

Mo. O mortem — quid faciam?

Obsecro atq, oro vos pisces mihi parcite. Ego filius sum Polyperi natu maximus.

Din. Exonerabo hunc ego congium in eorum capita. Perimus, ho! socii, perimus, absorbet nos mare, [*desicit.*]

Jam, jam absorbet, perimus.

Gn. O nos miseros! viden' ut aquas puppis combibit? Servare hanc familiam ipsa non poterit Salus, Ut pessime Comicus. O Peripolemarche, quæso duc me in inferiora navis.

Gel. Et me, me, me, me etiam obsecro.

[*Detrudit in cellam Bombard.*]

Mo. Valete; ego jam moriar. [*Cadit.*]

Din. Ha, ha, ha! dii vestram fidem rem venustam, & lepidam! Non potuit evenire melius, quam evenit isthæc fabrica.

Am. St! st! *Dionon*, st! descende, altum dormiunt; [*Dionon descendit.*]

Næ ego multum fallor, nisi hi homines naufragium verum fecerint.

Puer ingreditur.

Pu. Non, non, non; representabam prius Pecuniam oportet esse pro his quos fecerunt sumptibus, antequam hunc etiam auferas.

[*Morionis loculos spoliat, & dat puero pecun.*]

Am. Pecuniam? lubentissimè, lubentissimè accipe sis.

Pu. Jam habe tibi hunc asinum; illicò, illicò. [*Exit.*]

Am. O Jovem, cæterosque cælites!

[*Tollunt Morionem.*]

Necesse est risu spectatores emoririer

Si rem transferret istam in Comœdiam quispiam. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Scena Prima.

Dionon, Æmylio habitu Mor:

Din. *Æmylio*, ecquid stas animo? quin iterum, inquam, *Æmylio*: Hæredis illæ vestes sunt; vereor ne cerebro incommodent.

Am. Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum mecum fabulator postea, Quamquam insolens fecero, si sermonem feram cum servulo, Fortunas hæc meas sublatu animus decet. Siquidem fidelem re præstitisti, hæc manum ad oscula.

Din. Faxo pol osculeris meam, siquidem in os pugnos ingeram.

Am. Siquidem hæc in os ingeras, faxo mi-

hi os esse fenseris. Sed ne accedas adeo; odi semper servulos tuos, nihili bestias, Scio quid dicturus, miles sum, potitus hostium, Occisus bis in bello, confossus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: bene vale.

Dyn. Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte nugas *Æmylio*.

Am. Ego Comes *Æmylio* vocor, ne nomen nescias.

Din. Ergo comes & amice mi *Æmylio*, respondeas velim.

Am. Rogandi copiam tibi facio, aude-
ter loquere.

Din.

Din. Dii te perdant nugivendule, hoc primum Deos rogò: Nunc te, scripsistini literas ad *Polyporum*?

Am. Hum! quid ais? nos magni viri negotiis Majoribus impediti, sæpe non advertimus quæ dicta sunt.

Din. Exemplar, literarum ad *Polyporum* videre velim, Jamne audis?

Am. Hum! Litterarum? potest fieri ut ostendam tibi.

Din. Potest fieri ut diminuam tibi caput, nisi mittas has tricas.

Am. Obloqueris mihi sic ornato? lege has inquam, ocyus.

Din. Diis gratias cunctis, Marti & *Gelasimo*, meo Domino atq; Amico bono, quem colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi monstra, Nerei greges, Solitâ virtute filium cepi tuum, Duolque amicos; fervo nunc victos domi, Victore me superbientes plurimum. Huc properes, redimi si cupis, tantum est, Vale.

Dux Bombardomachides.
Obsecro an in hunc modum scribit

Bombardomachides?

Am. Sic loquitur quotidie: linguam cothurnatam gerit.

Din. Avi finistrâ hæc res procedit, atq; ex sententia. Quid agimus nunc jam?

Am. Ego agam *Bombardomachidem*.

Tu custodem; barbâ induas, atque ornamenta cætera. [*Induit.*]

Hem istuc ocyus: jam Custos purus putus es. Abi, atque educ captivos, narra rem ordine, Ut capti sint vi, armis: hic vos operabor, abi. [*Exit Din.*]

Poteram ego nunc universos Mortales ludos facere; Equidem meipsum pæne metuo: ne personatus *Bombardo-* [*ornat se*] *machides* Verum *Amylionem* fallat. Adeon' pervorsa es, *Chlamis*? Efficiam uti rectius, sedeas: Hei! isthæc tiara' est, *Pyramis*. Exadificabo cum hæc caput meum tanquam Elephantus, Turrim gesto, Hem. Ego sum *Bombardomachidissimus*.

Gn. Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem. [*Intus.*]

Gel. Quid ego tunc egi? nonne pugnam quemadmodum, Hyrcana Tigris, cum tenelli abripiuntur catuli?

Din. Strenuissimè omnium.

Gel. Certè: nisi multum me fallit memoria.

Mo. Ego etiam aliquid feci.

Gel. Vincuntur sæpe fortissimi; Tutor, bono animo es.

Gn. Maxime: nam dictum est verissime, In re malâ animo si bono utare, juvat.

Di. Sequimini: [*Exit.*]

Am. Adsum; ego nondum comparebo.

Scena Secunda.

Dinon, Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion
(habitu *Amyl.*)

Mo. Hei! Tutor! Tutor; ego non sum *Morion*.

Gn. Quid ais?

Mo. Per Deos Immortales non sum, ego novi *Morionem* sat benè.

Gn. De cælo descendit γῆρας σταλόν. Noscis teipsum.

Mo. Non, non, non novi mehercule.

Gn. Quis igitur es?

Mo. Quomodo ego scire possim?

Gel. Phy, phy, idem es.

Mo. Sümne? bene habet: sed undè hæ vestes, *Gelasime*?

Gel. Sane nescio.

Mo. Nescis *Gelasime*? an hoc sufficit! quid ego respondeam patri?

Quid faciam? Tutor viden'?

Gn. Non equidem invideo, miror magis—

Mo. Hei! Galerum! video vos omnes per isthæc foramina.

Gel. Quasi fenestras habet.

Mo. Fenestras! imo fores: habet fores *Gelasime*, hei mihi.

Gel. Omnes ingeniosi sunt infælices propemodum. Utinam cavissem isthoc crimine: parentes prædixerunt mihi.

Mor. Et mihi, sed ego morem gessi, & tamen vestes perdidi.

Gn. Ego idem te admonui, seu potius, admonitum habui, Odi puerum præcoci ingenii, inquit, Vir admirabilis. Sed quid ego ita comptè loquor in miseriis? Jam licet tibi verè dicere *Gelasime*. Ingenio perii Nalo Poeta meo.

Din. Nisi aliter vobis visum est accersam herum, Nam vos conventos velit.

Gn. Imo; pro libitu tuo: Siquid me velit, Poeta respondere docuit, Coram, quem quæritis, adsum, Trojus *Aneas*.

Mor. Mene ut videat cum his vestimentis? dic, qui sim, Tutor.

Din. Expectant te; cavè sis titubes; atque audin' etiam? Fac risum teneas, nam periculum id est.

Am. Pish: vultum in manu habeo.

Amylio.

Gel. Basilicè se infert, tanquam lapis ille Indicus, Qui spectatorum omnium oculos fertur perstringere.

Gn. Ora humerósque Deo similis!

Mor. Totus horreo tremoque; ego statim vomam.

Am.

Am. Tonitru cum hostes vicinus ferros bellico, Vincere & nosmet quimus, ac vitam dare. Mens nostra frangi nescit, ac flecti potest.

Gn. O quem te memorem, Miles, namq, haud tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat, O Dea certé!

Am. Eripere possumus lucem & lucem dare. Sic fulminantis fertur potestas Jovis, Medio sic bello valet Gradivus meus, Quid armis possum, estis vos experti satis, Dabimus alterna, sic visum est Fato & mihi.

Mor. Quid faciam? timor in posteriora decedit, Anima exire nostra per posticum cupit.

Gel. Ut bellicè loquitur! non audeo hunc hominem joci ludere.

Am. Ob hoc Polyporo celerem nisi Nuncium, Hinc uti vos salvos ducat.

Gn. Mecenas atavis edite Regibus, O & praesidium, & dulce decus meum!

Mor. Ego iterum reviviscam nam aquam vitae loquitur.

Gel. Ut jam mitescit ferox! haud multum aliter Hyæna (mirum) ex mare in foeminam migrat, Boni ingenii est similitudines rerum fingere, Et concinnam ego comparisonem aliquando joci praefero.

Am. Quis tu? vel fare nomen, vel longum file.

Mo. Ego? servus tuus——

Am. Quid aures tundit meas? ha!

Mo. Favoris tui studiosissimus.

Am. Ambages mittito.

Mor. Filius nati maximus patris mei Ego.

Am. Nomen rogo.

Mor. Utinam esset dignum quod exaudias.

Am. Frustrà sum: tuum?

Gel. Quemadmodum (cum bonâ tuâ veniâ) tu vocaris *Bombardomachides*, Eodem planè modo delector ego, nomine *Gelasimi*.

Facetè meum nomen cum illius confero, quo illi assentari possim magis. [*Scribit.*] Insinuavi me callidè ad *Bombardomachidem* quarto nonas Feb.

Am. Tuum.

Gn. Sed si tantus amor nomen cognoscere nostrum Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuq, refugit Incipiam—*Gnomicus* (si tibi visum fuerit) seu *Gnomico* nomen est mihi.

Am. Fac serve officium: rursus revertar intrò. [*Exit.*]

Gel. Certo certius abiens mihi toto annuebat capite, Admiratur ingenium meum: medius fidius captus est.

Mor. Non respondebam illi rusticè Ge-

lasime. Euge *Morion*; nolo me indoctum prædicent, Licer indigeam vestium.

Di. Placetne hinc vos? *Ge.* Quo?

Di. Unde educti.

Ge. In cellam illam angustam ac tenebricosam obsecro? Quam ego *Orti* januam per jocum nominavi modo.

Di. Scilicet; donec vos *Polyporus*.

Mor. Eamus igitur; placent tenebrae, Nam si diutius hos pannos conspiciam, lacrymabo largiter.

Gn. Plautus Comediam scripsit, cui Captivi titulus. Vates o Plautè fueras, nam vates nomen ambiguum est. Nos jam Captivi.

Mor. Tutor, Tutor, revertere sis ocyus Tutor.

Gno. Quid est?

Mor. Nihil jam; sed aliquis momordit me de tergo: eamus sodes. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Tertia.

Amylio, Dinon.

Am. Absumptus sum planissimè: *Gnomici* me experant pedicæ.

Neque unquam ex illius sententiis habeo, quâ me consoler miserum.

Nempe hoc in more positum est, Generosus factus continuo ut vapulet.

Incertum est quid agam, ita isthæc res subitaria est.

Heus *Dinon*, huc te ocyus; inquam *Dinon*. [*Intrat Dinon.*]

Din. Satin' es apud te? quid vis?

Am. Qui possum? modò in viâ——

Din. *Bombardomachidem*?

Am. Dixti. Nullus sum.

Din. Quam mox aderit obsecro?

Am. Quin adest: vix punctum temporis ad consilium datur.

Jacebit in fermento totus, tum loquetur meros lapides.

Din. Imò pistrinum, fustes, vincula: instæc ne loquatur plus metuo.

Nullamne expurgationem habes?

Am. Hum! nimium hoc calidum est: imò sic erit——

Dinon, ita facito.

Din. Quid?

Am. Hem, tarde, nondum intelligis?

Din. Quid (malum) an ex vultu conjecturam capiam, quid me velis?

Am. Ad summam domum ascendas ocyus, & continuo ubi ille In ades se penetrârit, fac sonitum horrendum facias. Quasi (intellexin?) quasi esses *Dæmon* aliquis.

Din. Quamobrem?

Am. Pish, id mora est dicere, abi.

Din. Abeo: sed vidistin' ipse Militem?

Am. Duobus his, inquam, oculis: molestus es.

Din. Abeo: verum dices Dæmonem.

[Exit.]

Am. Ecce autem adest! morari certum est aliqui hominem.

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, Amylio.

Bom. Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga?

Ubi sum? sub ortu Solis, an sub cardine Glacialis ursæ? numquid Hesperii maris Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceano modum! O salve Domus, vosque Penates Dei. Videon' te Patria? ludit an oculos meos Imago fallax, non ludit: video satis.

Am. Non opus est; mane dum, & ego te ludam satis. Huius — plenum id periculi est — hanc prius insitam viam.

Bom. Fores pulsabo nostras, pulsabo pede, Anticipat quis me? mortem quis quarit sibi? [Am. pulsat.] Verumne cerno corpus? an fallor malâ Deceptus umbrâ? verum est? quid velis sciam.

Am. Expergiscere ensis: teque ad officium para: Nam factum ex milite faciam, & comedam postea.

Bom. O Scelus! quis hoc Scythico natus nemore, Sit licet Tigris mater, aut genitor Leo, Quis unquam dixit orbis formido ultimi, Cannibal, humanos ore eructans cibos?

Abibo, atque isti cedam furori locum, Pati nam mortem possum, at exedi pudet, Pars magna fortitudinis prudentia est.

Am. Quis istic? hem! revortere, si malo caveas.

Bom. Nihil formido, sed tamen totus tremo, Ego miles juvenis, non sum, credo, falleris.

Am. Proh deos, deasque omnes! men' falli dicis?

Bom. Non dico; at magni sæpè falluntur viri. Iratus ne sis; ira nam res est mala.

Am. Tun' nosti ubi sit gentium *Bombardomachides*?

Bom. Non novi.

Am. At nisi jurato non credam tibi.

Bom. Per cælum, & cæli faces, non notum est mihi. Linguâ juro, mentem injuratam gero.

Am. Sed nosti probè hominem.

Bom. Novi aliquo modo.

Imo fortè novi, & non novi forsitan, Videtur ille fortis, nec non vir bonus.

Am. Itane coram in os inimicum laudas meum?

Bom. Videtur tantum dixi? non est vir bonus.

Am. Rectè animum tuum advertis ad animum meum.

Si has in ædes intrâ mensem se conjiat, Itâ inornatum dabo secundum virtutes suas, Ut istum perpetuo locum pejus angue, oderit.

Bom. Ego rus revortar: periculum sapiens fugit.

Am. Ha, ha, ha, ha, vestis commutata quid facit?

Bom. Quæ verba fundit? — faciem vidi prius —

Quin redeas, inquam, revorti aliquandò bonum est.

Ipsus est; dominum servus deludis tuum? Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet, Atraque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas Eripiat oculis?

Am. Occisa res est, perii.

Advenisse salvum gaudeo; valuistin' usque athleticè?

Per jocum hoc feci adeò, joco veniam rogo.

Bom. Rogas? timendum est; aliquis hic errat dolus.

Am. Nunc homini, subpalpabor: experiri volui, Utrum istoc sub ornatu satis delitescerem, Tu nosti usque in initio quanquam dissimulasti sedulo, Operam profectò ludet, tibi verba qui daturus est.

Bom. Antequam vidi, novi, per magnum jovem, Sed in jocantes rursus joci placet.

Am. Scio, sed ubi est Eucomissa, & soror mea?

Bom. Sequuntur ponè, men' comitari virgines?

Am. Quid hic sermones cædimus: ibo illis obviam, Et dicam ut revortantur domum.

Bom. Effare quamobrem.

Am. Quia enim ubi hic habitabunt gentium? *Bom.* Domi.

Am. Quid? annon mensis est cum nemo homo intro pedem retulit.

Bom. Define: joci nolo.

Am. Hem! nondum hoc dixi tibi? Satin' oblitus fui; adeò mihi nunc jam res vetus est? Spectrorum, Cacodæmonum, maiorum Geniorum isthæc habitatio est. Quotidiè colloquuntur, ejulant, gemunt, lacrymant, Crepant, exclamant, mille diversos sonos faciunt, Dies me deficeret, si, quæ monstra hic fiunt dicerem.

Bom. Loqueris rem miram: nulla quam crederet

credet dies, Sed nec tacebit: bonân' hæc dicis fide?

Am. Quint, inquam, decem plus minus dies incolumi capite non eram, Tantum hæc mihi res de improvviso incussit metum.

Bom. Metuisti? non oportuit: servum meum Metuisse quicquam?

Am. Rectè, si esset similis tui. Here, quoniam mihi fortassis minus fidem adhibes, Age, ingrediamur, faxo ut omnia ipse audias.

Bom. Nihil timeo: sed egon' ut non credam tibi? Credam plus isthoc: & nihil timeo tamen.

Am. Vellem meherculè te testem huius rei: sed fac ut voles. Ibo illis obviam, atq; huc ducam nisi aliud imperes.

Bom. Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? benè est. Abeas—*Amylio* redi—nil timeo tamen.

Am. Id scio: obtundis.

Bom. Timeo nil per Jovem, Tantum est: abi.

Am. Libenter. Ha, ha, ha. [Exit.]

Bom. Pavet animus, horret, magna perniciès adest. Incendor irâ, raptor, sed quonescio, Sed raptor: Spectra in nostrâ triumphant domo? Facinus hoc videt summi moderator poli, Et nondum tonitru convolvit mundum horrido? Oh Phæbe patiens, fugeris retrò licet Medioq; ruptum merferis cœlo Diem.

Din. [Supra] Oh, oh, oh.

Bom. Sero occidisti—nescio quid faciam miser, nam aliquid audio—Túque O Neptune—oh quid faciam? mortuus sum—Redeunt tempore; rerum quod primum est omnium.

Scena Quinta.

Amylio, Eucomissa, Agle, Psecas,

Bom. Servus.

Am. Quid est, here, ecquid times?

Bom. Timeon' Ego? Proh Deos Deasq; omnes! æthereas prius Perfunderet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax Consistet æstus unda, & Ionio seges Matura pelago surget, ac lucem dabit Nox atra terris omnibus. Timeon' Ego?

Agle. Cacodæmones? O superos! audire hoc nomen mihi febris est.

Eu. O Venus! tu & ego, mea *Agle* dissentimus male, Nam mihi cibus & potus est, ut aiunt, de his fabularier. *Psecas*, quin *Psecas*, inquam, sorda est hæc ancillula; Tu vidisti Cacodæmones, nonne?

Pf. Non, si placet, Sed novi aliquam quæ

novit aliam, quæ vidit eos.

Eu. Quæ facie erant *Psecas*?

Pf. Unus erat caninâ facie, Ore & oculis igneis, pedibus bufonis, colore nigro, Caudâ æquè longâ ac—& clamabat Boh, Boh, tanquam Leo.

Agle. O mirum! tota trepido.

Eu. Mecastor, color vertitur. Clamabat tanquam Leo—perge *Psecas*.

Pf. Nos omnes illico fugere.

Eu. Tun' ergo aderas?

Pf. Non si placet, Sed illa fuit quam novit familiaris mea *Philocomasium*.

Eu. O: jam intelligo *Psecas*, perge porro.

Pf. Alterum fuisse dixit Tam similem viri, quam Aqua aquæ similis est. Et erat nudum totum corpus.

Eu. Totum? O Venus! Multum, mecastor, cupio, videre istos *Cacodæmones*.

Pf. Imo si magis noveris, *Eucomissa*, magis cuperes: Nam habuit—ha, ha, ha, nequeo cogitans quin rideam.

Eu. Quid habuit *Psecas*?

Pf. Non intelligis? habuit—

Eu. Quid? eloquere.

Pf. Tam magnam rem—Nos omnes admirari illico.

Agle. Profectò hic ipse est *Cacodæmon*, *Eucomissa*, quem dixi tibi Vidisse me secundum quietem nudius tertius in somnio.

Eu. Nullinè *Cacodæmones* nocentiores istis *Psecas*?

Pf. Imo sunt omnium generum: nam quidam latent Sub specie nigri felis cum sex pedibus. Quidam sub *Vespertilionis*, aliorumque etiam animalium, Imo novi qui ambulant per noctem induti sindone. Atq; inde evenire solet tot quod insomniant vigilantes Cum Curatoribus pacis. Demergunt se aliquando in ganeum, Atq; illic nocte totâ præ timore combibunt. Post cenam, si placet, plura de re isthâc disputabimus.

Eu. Nunc eamus visere spectra.

Agle. Viden' quis adest *Eucomissa*?

Eu. Mallem spectra: sed fortassis hic est ex eorum monstrorum numero.

Scena Sexta.

Calliphanes Pater, Calliphanes Filius, Amylio, Eucomissa, &c.

Agle. Siccine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevi?

Eu. Citius mecastor nubam *Cacodæmoni*, quem dixit *Psecas* Tam viri similem.

Agle. At ego ne Jovem præfero, in se ferentem precium sine quo Jupiter nihili est.

Cal. P. *Bombardomachides* salve! huc te salutatum advenimus.

Bom. Gratias: sed multus animo occurrat dolor, En alta miri decora, & congeras trabes; Ut omnis latè splendet infelix domus! Quicunque regno fidit, & magnâ potens Dominatur aulâ, nec leves metuit Deos Me videat; & te Domus.

Cal. P. Quid ait *Amylio*?

Am. Nempe quia spectrorum plena est, id dolet.

Cal. P. Spectrorum? ubi sunt? [*uiitur spec.*] Nulla hic video *Amylio*.

Am. At intus potes sine quatuor oculis.

Cal. F. Si ita est Pater, utantur nostrâ domo: superest illic locus.

Cal. P. Nunquam vidi melius consilium dari; quid tu *Bombardomachides*? Potes ibi oportune filiam tuam huic nostro nuptum dare.

Bom. Consilium bonum est, animoque aridet meo.

Cal. F. Sed ubi est Virgo? reliquisti ruri?

Bom. Sæpe respicias; sæpe, quod quaras, adest.

Cal. F. Latere miror posse tam diu fidera. [*Osculatur.*]

Rediisse salvas gaudeo; & meum simul Hunc esse reditum credo, nam vobiscum abfui: Condonate Amore cæco, vos si conspexi minus.

Eu. Si nunquam conspicias postea lubenter tamen condonabimus, Misericordes omnes sumus naturâ mulieres.

Ag. Amore cæcus es *Calliphanes*? immo oculis nimium vales, Quod nec est, nec futurum est vides, cum nos appelles sidera.

Cal. F. Immo *Ægle* verum dixi! nam si coeli facibus Formosum nondum nomen imponeretur siderum, Propter similitudinem quandam vestrum id jam nancisci poterant.

Pse. O Diana! toto corde amo has confabulationunculas.

Bom. *Calliphanes*, oculis nil tale objectum est meis, Pedibus quanquam cuncta conculcavi loca Asiæq, Europæq, Americæ atq, Africæ, Aliasq, terræ partes quas taceo sciens.

Cal. P. Memini idem accidere olim cum essem puer, Anno abhinc—hum—Grammaticæ tum operam dedi. Anno—hum! quinquagesimo secundo—hum? non convenit numerus, O—quinquagesimo tertio—is profectò annus est.

Eu. Licetne, Pater, videre has umbras, & malos Genios?

Bom. Videre? nata, non timeo; fac ut voles.

Eu. Aperi sis ostium *Amylio*.

Am. Perii in perpetuum modum, Nimiò

nimis metuo ut sint isti probi *Cacodæmones*. Sane es? credin' illos aspectui tuo objici perperam?

Eu. Num loquuntur?

Am. Satis id quidem: sed horrendum in modum, Cave sis ne animam agas.

Eu. Disputabit cum illis *Psecas*.

Pse. Paratâ sum satis *Amylio*, ante hoc temporis disputavi cum *Dæmone*.

Am. Scio te bonâ esse voce: proculdubio illum obrues, Si tympana, bombardas, tubas, & tintinnabula oris tui afferas.

Pf. Itane me accipis indignis modis? nunquid cristas erigis De illis vestimentis? amabo, unde habes mi *Amylio*.

Am. Pish, dicam tibi, cum sit otium. Quid ais *Calliphanes*?

Cal. F. Ubi clavis? cedo mihi sis.

Cal. P. Quid stas lapis? quin aperis?

Am. Dii te filicernium—Unum pedem in Charontis cymbâ habet (secum) Et altero tamen ambulat.

Eu. Oh! non audis malos Genios?

Bom. Ha!

Cal. F. Nihil est: crepuerunt fores.

Ag. Crepuerunt? O sordidas fores.

[*Supra.*] *Din.* Oho, oho oho, Urite, fundite, tundite, vertite domum.

Bom. Oh, oh—valete: & timeatis nihil.

Eu. Quo abis Pater?

Bom. Videre non sustineo tot timidos simul. [*Exit Bom.*]

Eu. O Deas! hæc illa Leonis vox est *Psecas*.

Ag. Abeamus obsecro, *Calliphanes*. [*Subt.*]

Gno. Flectere si nequeam superos, Acheronta movebo.

Cal. F. O Poeticum *Dæmonem*!

Ag. Est furiosissimus omnium proculdubio.

Cal. P. Mira sunt: nunquam vidi tale quid, nisi anno abhinc quinquagesimo tertio.

Mor. O! profecto sum in Barathro.

[*Subter*]

Eu. O *Psecas*, quid faciam?

Pf. Quid? faciam periculum in disputatione. Quodnam est tibi nomen *Dæmon*?

Am. Itane ineptè stulta es? cave ne te rapiat in maximam malam crucem.

Pf. Mene? non audet: ego illi oculos effodiam *Carnifici*.

Gn. Ζεὺ πάτερ, ἰδὲν μούρων, κούρε, μέγιστε, καὶ πόρτοι, καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οἱ ὑπάρχοντες χαμόντες, τ' μὲν μέρτεροι ἐστέ.

Pf. Immo etfi loquaris Hebraicè, Ego bene intelligo.

Am. Abi sis stulta: Græcum est hoc tibi.

Din. Ohò meretrix!

Pf.

Pf. O scelus! ego introibo: ne me detine. Involabo in faciem illi: Egon' meretrix appellabor à malo Genio? Mentiris Cacodæmon, mentiris.

Am. Medius fidius hæc mulier Cacodæmon est.

Ag. O Venus! nihilne vides *Eucomissa*?

Eu. Maxime: ubi est?

Ag. Ingentem, nigrum ursum!

Eu. Proh Deos immortales! cum-caudâ Ignea.

Cal. F. Ubi est? ego nihil planè.

Am. Nihil? circumspice: ut scintillant oculi! *Psecas* cave malum: nam te devoraturus proculdubio huc venit.

Pf. Oh!

Cal. P. Quid aiunt *Amylio*?

Am. Ingentem belluam illic — vide modo.

Cal. P. Ubi sunt specularia mea? Oh nisi fallor Leopardus est. Quid hoc monstri? Gnate abeamus, precatum Deos.

Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam omnes illico [*sonitus supra*]

Eu. O *Agle*! cedo manum, & fugiamus. [*Exeunt.*]

(*Infra sonant catenæ.*)

Am. Ha, ha, hæ, descende ut te exoculer bone Cacodæmon. [*Exit.*]

Din. Venio: urite, fundite, tundite, cædite, vertite, &c. [*Descendit.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Scena Prima.

Amylio, Dinon.

Am. A Ge, incipe *Dinon*.

Din. Non, non: exemplum à te capiam.

1.

Am. Purgate cerebrum, Medici O insani,
Nec sitis amplius Mortis Publicani,
Ob hominum peccata Orbi
Vos primum missi, postea morbi.
Doctrina caput ægrotare,
Et Sese voluit expurgare:

Tum vestrum quidam vomitu per ora

Existis, quidam per Posteriora:

Sic natos, via est inventa,

Ut vos nutrent Excrementa.

Nos melius homines evacuamus

Et loculis Clysterium damus.

Am. O sacram rem! scientia talis

Dicenda est sola Liberalis.

2.

Din. Sartores legum, stentorumque natio,
Jam vobis Longa facta sit Vacatio.

Vestri parentes litigarunt

Tunc cum vosmet generarunt.

O vos miseros si uxores

Similis vestri essent oris!

At suos multæ Clientes habuerunt

Tunc vestras causas alii egerunt.

Rectè: nam nulli velint haberi

Causidicorum filii veri.

Jam

Jam vobis fallere Lege ne sit cura,
Sed fallite nobiscum Fure.

Am. O sacram rem! &c.

3.

Am. Friget inter ignes ars tua, *Alchymista*,
Argentum, nisi vivum, non habet ista.

Cum qui sunt & qui fuerunt

Omnes Philosophi eguerunt.

Quem fore reris divitem

Per Philosophicum lapidem?

Huc adsis, hic ex lapide lucrum capis:

Quid aliud stultus, nisi Philosophi lapis?

Hunc sapiens coquet, distillabit,

Plumbeus licet, aurum dabit.

Quid ex syderibus quæris cursum Fati?

Prudentium gratia stulti nati.

Am. O sacram rem! &c.

4.

Din. Præteritorum, Mathematici, vates,
Qui præter barbam nihil jam alatis.

Quæis cælum creditur magis notum,

Quam Deo, qui id fecit totum

Qui illud tam se putant scire

Illuc ut recusent ire.

Vos, à secretis syderum —

Am. Aufer te ocyùs Mathematicè, nam adest *Bombard*.

Din. Opportunè; Nam hærere caput carmen — Scientia talis.

Dicenda est sola liberalis.

[*Exit.*]

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Bombardomachides.

Bom. Amylio.

Am. Hem!

Bom. Quis somnus aures, quis vapor claudit tuas? Amylio, rursus voce non parca tono.

Am. Et ego rursus tono, Hem tibi.

Bom. Opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca Nigri profundo Tartari emissus specu, Incertus utras oderit sedes magis.

Am. Quam longum est iter ad id quod vis. Mihi herclè viatico usus est.

Bom. Quid dicis? audax Dæmon (O audax nimis) Nostros cruentus occupat serpens Lares, Hic regnat, immo hic, regnet at nolo diu.

Am. Scilicet; & hoc vis me ut sciam, qui primus id locutus tibi sum.

Bom. Locutus? at quam parum id? hic tonitru pares, Hic fulminantes stringere jambos decet.

Quis O Cothurnis mille sat clarum boet?

Am. Meherculè cothurnorum mille jam instar habuisti pulchrè.

Bom. Est intus (virumne dicam; an potius Deum)

Quique evocavit nubibus ficcis aquas, Egitque ad innum maria. Oceanus graves Interius undas æstibus victis dedit. Pariterque mundus lege confusâ ætheris Et solem & Astra vidit.

Am. Orationem compendiface; scio quid sequitur, Et vetitum mare tetigistis ursæ, Temporum flexæ vices, &c.

Nempe hic post tot ambages tandem exorcista est.

Bom. Hic monstra tanta voce terrèbit suâ.

Am. Prohibeant Superi, cave ne committas tandem,

Ut malè dictetur tibi in sermone publico, Si cum istarum operarum homine negotium contrahas.

Bom. Mutire de me Fama non audet; tace.

Am. At metuo famæ tuæ, uti me par est facere: Ubi is est?

Bom. Mox moxq; nobis aderit; hoc lentum est; Adest:

Parum est & hoc, quin, Adfuit—Claves mihi.

Am. Quamobrem?

Bom. Illis icu noster hic cardo strepet;

Ædesq; viset — Verba compescas miser, Peribis, at quid dixerim? infelix Peris.

Am. O quantum est deorum, quid me jam fiet denique!

Itane tantum facinus tam insigniter in te admittere?

Ten' claves ferre? Ætherias prius Perfunder Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax Constet æstus urida, & Jönio seges Matura pelago surget, uti modo pulcherrimè

Dixisti! I præ, sequor, subsequor te. [Exit.]

Bom. Cum recta dicis, laudo, consilium placet.

Am. Quoties hæc res in nervum penè erupit! bona machina

Quam nequiter expetivit!

Scena Tertia.

Dinon.

Q. Dinon audistin' nos nullos esse?

Din. Auscultavi ab ostio omnia; Dii te infelicitent cum cantionibus.

Hoc est scilicet ante Victoriâ Encomium canere.

Perdidisti nos planissimè. O sacram rem! scientia talis

Dicenda est sola Liberalis. Quando aderit ille

Cujus vox, tanquam Galli multo mane, perterret adeo Caoodæmones?

Am. Modo.

Din. Modo?

Am. Modo: jam, & veniet herclè non ingratis meis.

Din. Sed enim quid de captivis.

Am. Manta modò: istuc ibam.

Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numero mihi in mentem fuit.

Abi sane, educ legiones tuas, traduce properè ad proximum.

Din. Nempe in quem finem?

Am. Illic (nostin'!) scholam aliquam aperiant.

Aliquid aliquos doceant; ejus rei fructus longè uberrimu'st.

Nam & ab eorum oculis concedent, & quæstum tam ingentem facient,

Ut brevi se captos redimant. præsentem pecuniâ.

Modo aliquid mirum profiteantur, & usitatum minus.

Din. Quid si literas?

Am. Pol istud nunc dierum inusitatum satis.

Sed quis eas gratis discet, tantum, ut det mercedem, abest?

Din.

Din. Cheiromantiam, Physiognomoni-
am, aut aliquid ejusmodi?
Am. Omnes jam illas technas despica-
tas habent ac nihili
Nisi forte puer, vapulabit neque, exquisi-
tum ear,
Aut Ancilla, quot maritis ac quibus nupta
sit futura.
Din. Quid tandem?
Am. Dicam. Omnes nunc homines
videri volunt
Faceti atque elegantulæ, ad eam rem quo-
vis pacto affectant viam;
Novi qui amicos, qui vitam amittere, quam
jocum malunt,
Ita risum, captant, & habent quod volunt,
nam meherclè sunt ridiculi;
Eadem hæc scabie laborat *Gelastus*, ut qui
maxime.
Din. Vis Itaque illos profiteri Jocandi
Artem?
Am. Tenes.
Din. At enim commovere risum neque-
unt, nisi deridendos se propinent.
Am. Recte: hoc est joculari nunc die-
rum, præterea quis est qui nequit
In cognatione verborum, & sympathiâ
quâdam ludere?
Quot vocabula ad suturem pertinent, quasi
destinata hujusmodi salibus?
Ea habeat in mundo omnia. Quot autem
ad Philosophum?
Ars Predicabile, Arbor Porphyriana, Præ-
dicamentalis scala,
Conversio, Fallacia, Major, Minor, Bar-
bara, Cesare.
Celarent, Ferio, Festino, sic tollo, Dictum
simpliciter,
Secundum quid, Disputo ad Hominem,
Reduplicativè, &c.
Nam ad Conclusionem venio, Terminorum
hic usus optimus est.
Nam cum offendas eos in Authoribus, ju-
rabis non esse scriptos seriò.
Commoda sunt & Authorum quorundam
nomina Ramus, Scotus, Faber,
Toftatus, Suaresius, Naso, Tranquillus,
Suetonius, Tacitus, &c.
Bom. *Amylio.* [Intus.]
Am. Me vocat, illic. Quid dixi? oh!
est aliud genus salis
Deridere omnes mortales: parata sint (nam
vacua pudet esse pugillaria)
Scommata in omne genus hominum; sed
hi joci consistunt plurimum
In ridendo clare, in contrahendo nasum,
& induendo joculari faciem.
Barba quoque mirum in modum utilis est,
si attrahant benè,
Aliquando etiam jurent ornamenti gra-
tiâ, sed Dii boni!

(Pene exiit mihi.) mercede conducant
aliquos
Qui domi facitent, aliquos qui eant peti-
tum foras
Ex convivii, disputationibus, Comædiis,
Concionibus.
Aliquos etiam qui excribant, nam venia-
les habere debent
Seniles, juveniles, viriles, muliebres, Ge-
nerosos, jocos.
Hæc & similia doce illos, ab illis, fac offici-
um; sed audim?
Adesto illis semper, ne liberati in pedes se
coniciant. Quo ego jam faciam.
Din. Effectum dabo; Jocandi artem?
ha, ha, ha! [Exit.]
O miram rem! scientia talis dicenda est
sola liberalis. [Exit.]

Scena Quarta.

Calliphanes, p. Cal. f.

Cal. p. Itane obstinatè operam das face-
re me advorsum omnia?
Ego istuc ætatis obsequens obediensque
eram imperio Patris.
In mare ibam, rem familiarem augebam
lucro.
Ten virginem liberali facie nolle in uxo-
rem ducere,
Cui, tantum dotis dictum est?
Cal. f. At hodiè, Pater?
Cal. p. Eia! quam elegans! cras etiam
dices, At hodiè Pater?
Cal. f. At vetant Mathematici infausta
hæc luce adornari nuptias.
Cal. p. Perit, religiosus est; jamne pa-
trillas *Calliphanes*.
Puder tui, pigetque.
Cal. f. At ægrorū sum, non valeo, pater.
Cal. f. Imò non egrotas jam, sed malè
habes *Calliphanes*.
Si animus ibi esset — & quid ni sit?
Cal. f. Præterea —
Cal. p. Age, quid præterea?
Cal. f. Nihil est parati; solitudo in ædi-
bus; hæccine conveniunt nuptiis?
Cal. p. Nempe id de industria: volu-
mus isthoc sine tumultu peragi.
Ut ne tanti fiant sumptus, tamq. in nullam
rem utiles.
Quid sibi volunt Hymæneum & cantian-
culæ? quasi tu nequeas
Ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis sine
auxilio fidicinis.
Proin tu & illa hanc rem quasi injussu no-
stro, tacite agite.
Nisi fortè *Amylione*, & *Ægle* arbitris.
Cal. f. *Ægle?* maxime.

Cal. p.

Cal. p. Abi modò, atque morem mihi gere.

Cal. f. Quid si non vult, pater?

Cal. p. Nequicquam non vult; ità illam intus admonuit pater.

Aggredere illam amatorio more; Ah!

Ego isthuc ætatis —

Sequere me sis intrò; Audin'? nisi quod imperavi facias

Patrem me esse senties, atque iratum ex leni; dixi *Calliphanes*.

Dii boni, quanta est prudentia, moderari posse filio in hunc modum!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quinta.

Æmylio, Psecas.

Pf. Quid ais *Æmylio*? amabò audistin' adhuc

De novâ scholâ? Dii vestram fidem! rem lepidam?

Vehementer cupio illam videre, & periculum facere

Quid in jocos possint, sentient quæ mulier siem.

Non metuo sanè, ut posteriores feram.

Audistin' quam fortiter disputabam modo cum Dæmone!

Ne verbum quidem habuit, quo responderet mihi.

Æm. Plus vocem credo tuam, quam Templi Campanæ odit

Aut concionatoris rustici, qui illum Leonem vocat.

Nunquam tuam audebit auferre secum animam

(Licet suam esse noverit) quia potentia Tantum loquendi illic manere dicitur.

Pf. Meritissimo tuo te eximium habeo, ità lepidè loqueris.

Derideri me facile patiar, si isthoc fiat modo?

Donabo te ob hos lepores, ut mihi osculum feras.

Æm. Si me necesse est hercle, hoc pacto remunerarier,

Abhorrentem feceris brevi a fecetiis omnibus!

Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' tu' fortunata fieri?

Pf. Equidem cupio; etsi infelix non sum, Diis gratias.

Æm. Fac induas regillam induculam, fac gemmis splendeas,

Et filiam te esse simules *Bombardomachidis*.

Pf. Cupio id mecastor; sed erro quam insistas viam.

Æm. *Gelasimus* hic in proximo vendit jocos

Hæres ditissimus, atque uti esse tales solent, Merus stipes, huncce hominem admutuari pervelim.

Itaque hodiè inter te atq; illum nuptias cupio facere.

Pf. Nuptias? ha, ha, hæ! mecastor facinus lepidum!

Æm. Sic tu tibi divitias facies, atque illum pro arbitrio reges,

Multoque tum liberius amare licet quempiam

Quam nunc licet: ut voles eris: Ille, Vir bonus,

Aut ignorabit prorsus, aut ad calicem dormiet vigilans.

Pf. Scio; nam cum facta ero *Heroina* nobilis

Æquum est oblectare memet illo more Aulico.

Æmylio, Tum me vises aliquandò, tui immemor

Non committam ego ut siem.

Æm. Sed properato opus est.

Para te ocyus; ego te producam illuc.

Psecas, insiste hoc negotium sapienter & cautè.

Nam nisi sedulò fingas, quasi animum illi adjeceris,

Nihil agis.

Pf. Pish! potin' ut molestus ne fies?

An docenda sum hoc ætatis inescare homines?

Ego vel te, *Æmylio*, captare poteram: abi. Nè sis in expectatione mihi, cum parata sim.

Quiescas cætera.

Æm. Immò non metuo, ut sis satis mala, Te magistram quæram mihi, unquam si defecero.

Pf. Docebo equidem libenter; quod possum: Abi modò [*Exit Æmylio.*]

Nubam sanè non gravate, sed nunquam filio

Me gravidam faciet, ad hanc rem alius Illius fungetur vice; ne natus ex me fier,

Mihi qui fit dedecori, atque ingenio meo. [*Exit.*]

Scena Sexta.

Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion.

(*Schola aperitur.*)

Gno. M. T. Cicero, Oratorum omnium Coryphæus (Quo verbo ipse usus est) De Orat. secundo libro,

Quem oculis mei plus amo, Artem negavit esse Salis.

Erravit;

Erravit; Ciceronem semper ego existi-
mavi hominem.

Gel. Pish! Cicero salem non habuit;
quisquamne de tot vocibus

Figurarum & Troporum nullum unquam
faceret jocum?

Poteram herclè ego ab Aurorâ ad hoc
quod est diei —

Ah Metaphora, bonum es verbum: & le-
pores herclè hujusmodi

Ex Academici lectoris oratione collectos
habemus plurimos.

O Dii boni! jocum pulcherrimum excrip-
simus in Tullium

Qui nudiùs quartus in Scholis publicis di-
ctus est proxima Academia.

Legam vobis — [ascendit in cathed.]

Gno. Sed ferox nimium ne sis in Cice-
ronem nostrum;

Nam erat Eloquentiæ Pater.

Gel. Quid hoc? oh — Jocus magnus in
Prætoris oppidani cornua — novi —

[querit paginam.]
Jocus in militem malè vestitum — An

ostenderunt terga? — oh —

Hic exemptus est ex meis pugillaribus — &
certè magnus est — hum!

Quid hoc? Ex declamationibus publicis
nono die Novembris unus jocus,

Sex demi-joci, & tres egregiæ sententiæ.
Oh memini — Joci sacri

Et pia Hilaria nunquam hæc vendemus —
Oh — jam inveni — Jocus magnus in

Ciceronem.

Gn. Lege; arrectisque auribus aslo.

Gel. (legit) Ciceronis nomen vanum,
Abeat nunc in Tullianū, & potest converti

Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum —
Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus est.

Mor. Tutor hoc tuum est verbum.

Gel. Cæteri abeant in Tullianum.

Gn. Optimè! nam est locus in carcere,
quod Tullianum appellatur.

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ!

Gel. Quid rides?

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ: Abeat in Tullianum?
ha, ha.

Gel. Hoc dictum in utramq; partem ac-
cipi potest, est jocus ambidexter. Ibi ego

Obiter facetus sum; audin' Tutor? Mori-
on scribe isthoc.

Mor. Maxime.

Gn. Hem! suntne in mundo omnia?

Gel. Sunt in orbe terrarum: Ibi iterum:
Ludo Tutor, in dictum tuum.

Mor. Joc: jo. — jocus — Estne Ge-
lasime cum g. o, vel cum v. o?

Gel. Cum i, o: Scripsistin?

Mor. Ita credo.

Gel. Repete: Mor. Dexter est
Ambo — joci. Gel. O scelus! est jocus

ambidexter, cedo calamum.

Mor. Maxime: in idem redit. Scripsi
valdè benè Tutor.

Gn. Immo: insanum bens, ut Comice
loquar: Ibi ego Gelasime —

Gel. At malè vereor ne hoc non de gra-
vitate meâ detrahat.

Non, non, ipsi Doctores jocantur in his re-
gionibus.

In condemnatos falsi sunt ipsi Judices,
Dormiant, capite annuunt & ille Judicia-

lis jocus est.

Generosi joci solvunt Creditoribus.

Hic homines omnia joco. Promittunt joco.
Joco jurant, joco fallunt: rem agunt divi-

nam joco.

Panè dixi, vivunt joco: tantu jocantur serio.

Gn. Atque ego ita faciam: si canimus
sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.

Gel. Morion, vidi ecqui licitatores propè
sint: an prospectus est sterilis?

Mor. Joci, novi joci, optimi novi joci,
quis emit novos jocos?

Gno. Nullos ne nundinatus es modò?
hic dies scelestus est

(Ut utar Comici phrase) divendendis jocis.

Gel. Mox dabit nobis grandes bolos: ita
supercilium salit.

Non sum ob nihilum tam ingeniosus hodiè,
Nunquid cessavi hoc mane leri facere?

Vendidi modò mulieri, nescio cui, duos jo-
cos.

In Papam Johannam, quos missarum ajebat
sele

Ad electum fratrem suum fidelem pasto-
rem in Angliâ,

Unum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus &
Coronâ triplici.

Gno. Quanti emit?

Gel. Unis drachmis in jocos singulos.
Sed corollarii loco, voluit sibi unum dari.

Demi — jocum in Bellarminum: itaque
dedi, Mentiris Bellarmine.

Gno. Benè habet: Capram cælestem o-
rientem conspeximus

Id est, Beati sumus. Teste Erasmo Roter-
damo in Adagiis. Ecquid aliud?

Gel. Præstinavit etiam Justiciarius qui-
dam quatuor jocos,

In honorem Legis; & sex ingeniosas sen-
tentias.

Quas in cœnâ dicturu'st, cum vicinos quo-
tannis accipit

Clientum alitibus. Venit post illa Jesuita ali-
quis

(Quantum conjecturam capio; nam orna-
tus erat basilicum in modum.)

Et pecuniam in antecessum dedit, ut tibi facerem

Salsum & ingeniosum Dialogum inter Lutherum & Diabolum.

Omitto reliquos—

Mor. Pax? st! adest emptor: quid vis tibi Domine

Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos!

Scena septima.

Juvenis Academicus.

Acad. Vellem mihi dari Archididasalum hujus scholæ.

Mor. Dari? non, non; habebis, si vis emere tibi.

Ac. Quis est Archididasalus?

Mor. Ego sum *Morion*.

Ac. Sed illum conventum cupio.

Mor. Non me cupis?

Ego possum jocari aliquando.

Gel. *Morion*, exscribe sis

Hanc paginam.

Mo. Totam? vis, credo, vitam meam interimere.

Gno. Juvenis, ecum me præsto tibi. Coram, quem queritis, adsum

Trojus Æneas.

Ac. Si Æneas tibi nomen sit, alium volo.

Gno. Non: sed loquor cum Poetâ: is sum, quid venisti loquere.

Ac. Muneris nostri est moderari inter disputantes in scholis publicis.

Gno. O? Agonotheta es, *ἀγωνοθέτης* & *ῥήτορας*: nam sic docti vocant.

Ac. Facetus videre velim; tantam libenter dabo

Mercedem, quantam alii solent, eodem qui officio functi sunt.

Gel. Rectè: nam si argumenta non potes, solvenda est pecunia.

Audin' quæ dixi? *Morion* scribe hoc sis ocyus.

Mor. Dii te perdant,

Credo te jocari solitum fuisse in utero Matris,

Atque ita semper facis, mihi ut facessas in scribendo negotium.

Gel. Memento tamen, Juvenis, in quo sis loco.

Ingeniosus esse non debes nimis.

Nullumne adhuc habes in parato jocolum?

Ac. Nullum equidem præter, satisfecisti officio tuo.

Mor. A — r — ar — a — rgu — O jam habeo—

Ac. An bonam habetis copiam philosophicorum salum?

Gel. Videbis: *Morion* cedo libellum de

jocis Philosophicis.
Hem! legam tibi aliquos.

Scena Octava.

Mulier.

Mul. Quis intus est?

Mor. Quis hæc mulier est? quid vis?

Mu. Tune es Magister Scholæ?

Mor. Ego sum. Ego: quid tua? Magister? maximè.

Mu. Recede quæso; est tibi quod in aurem dicam. Nupta sum, si placet; Imperito morum, & impuri oris Viro, Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit, & Canis es.

Itaque ego emere illi facetias volo.

Mor. Nupta es imperito morum & impuri oris Viros, [clara voce.]

Qui te meretricem vocat: hæc in aurem dicis mihi?

Non, non: quid si dolus hic latet?

Gno. *Mulier*, adi sis propius.

Ac. Ha, ha, hæ! non abstineo quin plaudam—accipe sis pecuniam.

[plaudit manib.]

Ob isthoc credo dictum me sustollent humeris.

Gn. Cujus generis facetias vis?

Mul. Omnium, si placet, generum.

Gn. *Morion*, cedo Pia hilaria, nunquam hæc vendemus aliter.

Mul. Non multa, si placet, pia.

Gno. Non, non, paucæ pro Die Dominico.

Vin' etiam jocos generosos?

Mu. Quoscunque tibi visum est.

Gn. At aliqui lascivi sunt.

Mul. Non refert, si sint tantum aliqui. Indica, fac pretium.

Gn. Non cari sunt sex minis, Tu verò quoniam pulchra es, & Pulchrior est virtus veniens è corpore pulchro,

Sex solidis feres.

Mu. Accipe; Dii vos sospitent.

Mor. Nunquam sic auferes; aliquid mihi dabis. [osculatur] Exit.

Ac. Profectò, si unquam te in Academia uspiam viderim,

Accipiam te opiparè coctis prunis, & cervisiâ primariâ.

Sed necesse est, ut confutationem Orationis componas mihi.

Gel. Effectum tibi dabo nunc jam; mihi facile effluit.

Morion, adesdum, scribe, quæ loquor; paratus es?

Ac. Sed ita componas oro, ut eadem confutatione hæc, Respondeam aliis Orationibus.

Gel.

Gel. Omnibus, si vis.
Antequam ad Disputationem deveiamus,
ad aliqua tibi respondendum est, habuisti
itaque in vestibulo Orationis tuæ —
Mor. Quid? vest — vestibulum — de-
lectaris credo vocabulis
Quæ sunt scriptu difficilia.
Gel. Aliquid de meis laudibus, sed pro-
fecto ego ingenuè fateor me
Non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus.
Dixisti porro —
Dixisti porro, aliquid de Mari Philoso-
phico —
Ac. Quid si non dicit?
Gel. Pish, ne time: nunquam quisquam
omittet Mare Philosophicum —
Sed video nullas hinc natas Veneres — ha!
Quid ais Juvenis?
Ac. Hum! hum! hum! medius fidius
pulchrè.
Gel. Dixisti etiam quod — & tum in-
terponas illius verba.
Ac. Quæso tu id facias; non possum
quicquam interponere.
Gel. Benè habet: non est opus; perge
ad hunc modum. Cætera ex memoriâ
dilapsa sunt, itaque sic — & tum Ac-
cingas te ad disputandum, scripsisti
Morion?
Mor. Ferè; Dilapsa sunt, itaque sic —
& tum te accingas ad disputandum.
[*legit.*]
Gel. Pish; non oportuit scriptum —
& tum te accingas.
Mor. Non? significatum hoc oportuit
mihi — sed delebo tamen.
Ac. Nihil suprâ: O si repetere possim
cum ingenioso tono.
Gel. Id facillimum est; audies *Morion-*
nem, Morion, procede in mediûm.
Et lege Confutationem, uti ego te docui.
Mor. Tun' me docuisti? non; ego na-
turâ sic loquor.
Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus
ad aliqua tibi
Respondendum est, habuisti itaque in
vest — vestibulo Orationis.
Tux aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profectò
ego ingenuè fateor,
Me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus,
dixisti porro aliquid
De mari Philosophico, pish ne time, nun-
quam quisquam.
Gel. Quid? scripsisti id? dele, in-
quam ocyûs.
Mor. Quid? non est jocus? delebon'
ego jocum optimum? benè, si vis —
[*delet.*]
Sed video nullas hinc natas Venena —

Gel. Quid? venena?
Mor. Maximè; ammon rectè id quidè?
Gel. Pish! Veneres.
Mor. Veneres? benè in idem redit —
Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt,
Itaque sic —
Ac. Legit pol' facetissimè: quî datur,
tanti indica.
Gel. Non cara'st auro contrâ; sed soli-
do tibi destino.
Mor. Non, non: ponam ego precium
illi, quia repetebam benè.
Viden' has vestes, jocularès nimio nimis?
Dabis mihi subligacula.
Ac. Hem tibi solidum — adest pere-
grinus —
Valete; confutabo nunc omnes hominès,
quibuscum loquor. [*Exit.*]

Scena Nona.

Bombardomachides.

Gn. Adest alius:
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena la-
boris?
Bom. Heus! ecquid istâ venditis jocos
scholâ?
Effare & istud pande, quodcunque est mihi.
Gno. Dicis vera quidem, veri sed gra-
viora fide.
Ut Ovidius in Tristibus, quem librum com-
posuit
Postquam in exilium missus est ab *Augusto*.
Sed sine me dicere tibi cum Poeta; Dic
nomen.
Bom. Meumne nescis nomen? O ingens
scelus!
Dum terra cælum media libratur feret,
Nitidusque certas mundus evolver vices,
Numerusque arenis deërit, haud nomen
meum
Latebit ullos.
Gno. Hic homo (quantum video) non-
dum Virgilium legit.
Nam eandem rem cum Poeta quanto dix-
isset melius.
In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus
umbræ
Lustrabunt, convexa polus dum sydera
pascet
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesq,
manebunt.
Mor. Vix audio herclè; Hem! fortem
me præstabo.
Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos, emisne
novos jocos?
Bom. Ain' carufex?
Mor. Nihil, profectò nihil.

Mecum ipse loqui soleo; hic homo non jocatur.

Bom. In profligatas hostium turmas jocos Empturus argentum fero, argentum bonum; Miraris, quisquis numerat, inveniet duas. [ostendit pecun.]

Mor. Ha! ha! habeo! hem tibi jocos pulcherrimum.

Ad hunc modum hostibus responde. Abite in Tullianum,

Et ad laudem eorum converti potest, si dicas modo

Ne abeatis in Tullianum; ha, ha, he!

Gel. Ecquid pestis te tenet? in Cicero-nem id oportet dictum.

Mor. Scio hoc, sed aliis applicari facile potest; annon

Locus est in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur?

Possam ego jocari satis in loco, diis gratias.

Cel. Hem tibi sales militares!

Gno. Alexander, seu Pellaus juvenis Nunquam est locutus meliores, exempli gratia.

Rex, inquit, Macedonicas mihi ipse dedit. Tum dicit aliquis, Quid dedit? pecuniam? Respondes facillime, Tergum vobis dedit.

Bom. Sed fac Tambri cancta ut incedant pede,

Efficias jam nuno, nam mox hac referam gradus.

Gel. Adipor ha commode processimus, lepide hoc officium fungamur.

Mor. Pulchre nos inter nos congratulamur, ingeniosi omnes sumus.

Gno. Savis inter se convenit utis, ut Vir omni literarum genere cultissimus.

Gel. Recte, obstatum multum dicit. Abite, bellua estis multorum capitum,

Ha, ha, ha! multorum capitum. Ha, ha! redite post prandium,

Vos qui estis bellua multorum capitum. Tutor, eamus quaso ad prandium.

Gno. Recte, nam, ut inquit Poeta, Ludit permistis sobria Musa jocos.

[Exeunt.]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Scena Prima.

Cal. Filius, Eucomissa.

Cal. F. O Me hominem invenustum! *Eu.* O infortunatam me puellulam!

Cal. F. Amare res liberrima est, Amare tamen cogor.

Eu. Odisse res est liberrima, Odisse tamen vetor.

Cal. Cur superi, quam amemus eligunt, quacum vivamus Patres?

Eu. Cur Patres in corpora potestatem habent, in animos superi?

Cal. Adest Eucomissa, aliquid ei dicerem, sed quid dicam nescio.

Eucomissa —

Eu. Quid?

Cal. Ne valeam, si verbum de nuptiis

Eucomissa —

Eu. Quid? fac me ut sciam, siquid vis.

Cal. Egon? nihil.

Eu. Cur vocasti autem?

Cal. Immo tantum est, Salva sis.

Et aliud certe volo si ad audiendum adest benignitas.

Eu. Adest, sed in pauca confers.

Cal. Siquid unquam ego —

Eu. Exordia Calliphanes? quasi docilis reddenda sum & benevola?

Ad rem veni.

Cal. Verbo expediam, Vale. [Exit.]

Eu. Enimvero ad hoc audiendum adest benignitas. Vale

Nam ego infelix puella, tam suavem quae amatum nacta sum!

Intemperiae hominem tenent, at Patrem multo magis,

Quid huic me hodie nuptum cerrito daret.

O Amytlo, [Calliphan. redit.] Tecum vivendum est solo, si vivendum est mihi.

Te Pater, tu me cepisti, injuriam fortunae ultus es.

Cal. Eucomissa, salve, aliquid te rogatum oportuit quia me propter huc exanimatum reduxi tibi.

Eu. Satin molestus tandem? quaso te ut sanus fies.

Cal. Praeter jus aequumque oras, nam amare, & simul sapere,

Ne

Na deos quidem penes est, sed Eucomissa?
hodie?

Eu. Ajunt.

Cal. Quid pater?

Eu. Suber, instas, urget.

Cal. si hodie nuptura es, mihi cras me efferes.

Eu. Falsus es, nam si nubam hodie hodie moriar.

Cal. Epitaphium mihi fieri in Epichalammi loco.

Eu. Genialis mihi lectus sepulchri fungetur vice.

Cal. Ob lepidum isthoc diem nunc demum places mihi.

Nunc illud est, cum te libenter penes in uxorem acciperem.

Quam vix sonabat blandum cum promittat tua,

Qua cum, cum negat, suavis est.

Eu. Mecastor ego

Vix iam à meo impetro, ut ne te amem, Cum te amari nolis ita amanter facis.

Cal. O amore omne dulcor contemio!

Eu. O amor pace pugnam optabilis!

Cal. Sic sua Turtures molliores Venere, Et murmurant, & gemunt, & queruntur invicem.

Sed questus inter, gemitum, & murmur amant.

Eu. Sic gratum nostris fortuna cum fiat auribus,

Pax bellica inter chordas pugnautes agitur, Concordant simul, simul & ligant soni.

Cal. Per Venerem Eucomissa, liberalis es, fructum opto,

Uxorem à Diis ipsis non peterem aliam. At cætera, sponte facimus, amamus fato.

Eu. Gerundus igitur Ego, non Patri mos est.

Cal. Ne valeam, cum contempar faciem, si quicquam supra est,

Tam lubrica frons est, oculorum ut effundat aciem.

Cincinnati vincendis animis nati tibi. Modestus genarum color, & qualem alia

A vorecundia mutantur, genasque emulantur labia,

Abeamus, nam si te conspexero diutius, Periero, Venena mellea in medullas serpunt. Vin' te Eucomissa mihi in Uxorem dari?

Cupio, per Deos cupio, Eucomissa, loquere. Sed ne concedas, cupio, ne concedas tamen.

Nisidura, & difficilis mancas, me interficis. Nam conceptis ego verbis iurandum dedi,

Uxorem, nisi Aglen.

Eu. Aglen Calliphanes?

Cal. Non, non, non, ah quid feci! aliam volui dicere.

Eu. Afficiam te hodie Calliphanes, nuncio letabili, Si Aglen deperis, mutuum tecum facit.

Cal. Quid ais, ah noli in spem fluxam me conficere. Men Aglen?

Eu. Oculis plus, inquam, suis.

Cal. Deus sum, si isthoc verum est, O Eucomissa,

Cedo sis manum mihi, ut supplex eam exoluler.

Ne vivam, nisi semper te feci merito maximam.

Eu. Accersas Aglen, rem tibi Authorem dabo.

Consilium una capiemus, interea temporis, Vale.

Cal. Nunc illud est, cum me

Eu. Pish, supersede istis verbis abi.

Cal. Abeo—sed Eucomissa—bene: abeo. [Exit.]

Scena Secunda.

Amylio, Eucomissa.

Am. Edipol nã hæc machina successit lepidè sub manus.

Ita parata fecerunt omnia ad jocandi artem utilia.

Accommodavit illis Dinon aliquid pecuniaræ manu.

Unde utantur, & nunc, credo, aperuerunt Scholam.

Eu. Ha! ad est, amorem meum non est uti celem amplius. Amylio, ad es dum, paucis te volo.

Am. Eucomissa, salve.

Eu. Amylio, hodie nuptura sum.

Am. Du vortant bene.

Eu. Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot uti nuptis prodat dies.

Estne hoc miserum?

Am. Enimvero nihil prolixius. Nam eo citius virginem exues.

Eu. Sed fac Amylio.

Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligenter adeo faceres?

De improvisa duceres?

Am. Utinam faceres periculum.

Equidem nullis rebus prævorterem.

Eu. Mecastor, pone ita esse.

Ego amo te, sed adversum nos affirmat Pater,

Quid enim ageres?

Am. Quid? si esset centies pater,

Glaciam ob oculos obicerem, uti ne quod vider, videat.

Itaque primam rogo te, vin' hodie mihi nubere?

Eu.

Eu. Volo.

Am. Lepidè partes tuas agis: sed da mihi firmatam fidem.

Eu. Do testem Venerem.

Am. Et Martem ego tibi Me hodie te ducturum, dicta confirmemus suavio.

O festiuium facinus! herclè verò jam nunc mihi serio uxor es.

Da suaviui alterum.

Eu. Proh deorum fidem! os hominis!

Am. Osculandi pausam faciam, si os non placet,

Sed aliquid noctu fiet, qua me propter ames merito.

Eu. Quin aufer te, inquam, ocyus, nempe quod dixi joco

Ten' aliam in partem accipere decet, impudens?

Mecastor faxo ut ne impune in me inluseris. Unde isthac confidentia est? quæ opes tibi? quæ factio?

Servitutem servire te memineris captum manu.

Am. At enim liber natus sum, ac forti familia.

Eu. Linguam comprime,

Aut dicam Patri ut me in tricas conjicis.

Am. Iste herclè exitus rem lepidam pervertit malè.

Vale igitur, si vis, ad novam scholam me conferam,

Atque aliquos emam jocos in iracundam Virginem.

Eu. Quam ineptè stulta sum! timeo, ut severa fuerim.

Quid si revocem? *Amylio* redi, quid præter morem ita.

Præterque ingenium tuum ea mali consulis. Quæ jucundè dicta sunt? credin' me locutam serio?

Am. Non, non, serio? neque posse feminam arbitror.

Eu. Cape sis hunc anulum tibi, indignum quo doneris donio.

Si memoria nos excidimus hic facito ut subveniat tibi.

Am. Anulum? maxime, sed jamne locuta es serio?

Eu. O *Amylio*, si nosceres—&c quidni noscas tamen?

Am. Quidni? quia non sum Oedipus: præter anulum nil intelligo.

Eu. Adeone tardus es? facis haud consuetudine.

Quin, vultum legas, legas &c suspiria, Hunc ipsum legas anulum; sat loquor tacita.

Am. Legam herclè lubentissimus —

oh—cum annulo

Quid est? *Eucomissa*, hoc verbum non vult legi.

Oh—efficiam ut velit—Cum annulo animus.

Eu. Ineptuses; res alias si sic agis, Vale.

Quid dixi? immo Vale, sed ne abeas tamen.

Am. Hum! sic est profecto: nam si memini bene

Concinna facie sum; staturâ commodâ, & ætate integrâ.

Experiar quid sit: *Eucomissa*, advorte animum.

O *Eucomissa*, diu te amavi perditæ.

Eu. Ha!

Am. Usque adhuc ausus nihil, nisi oculos pascere.

Amoris tædio enecor, nunc itaque tuum Perspicere animum, ut sese habeat velim,

In spe atque in timore attentus sum. *Eucomissa*, loquere.

Eu. Pudet confiteri; ô, quid faciam misera?

Mene? similitatem non revereris Patris?

Sed mitto Patrem —

Am. Missam hanc facito modestiam.

Vin' me Maritum tibi? verbo expedias.

Eu. Maritum? ha! quid si id cupiam maxime?

Cupiam? non, nolo *Amylio*: habes brevissimè.

Quid respondes?

Am. Me esse infelicem: Vale.

Eu. Non, non, manra sis modò? Volo, inquam, Volo.

O *Amylio*, tua sum, tuæ me commendo fidei.

Am. Et ego *Eucomissa* tuus; præ lætitiâ, ita me dñ ament.

Apud me non sum; sed mittamus isthac, adsunt arbitri.

Scena Tertia.

Calliphanes, Egla, Eucomissa, Amylio.

Cal. Beasti me; hoc dicto reddidisti animum.

Nec hominum, nec deorum iram teruncii æstimo.

Eucomissa, — *Amylio*, — Divorum vitam adepti sumus.

Am. Quid soror? tunc *Calliphanem* amas?

Eg. Meipsam minus.

Eu. Frustrâ adhuc sumus; quid Patri respondebimus?

Cal. Ha! Patri? quantâ de lætitiâ quam subito decidi? Nullamne facere possumus in nuptiis fallaciam *Amylio*?

Am. Non minor meâ hic res agitur, quam tua, Itaque admonere desine.

Eu. At siquid potes *Amylio*.

Am.

Em. An hodiè te uxorem commissurus est *Calliphani*?
Eu. Ità.
Em. Dic te velle.
Eu. Ah *Amylio*, tam subito animum A nobis segregas?
Em. Dii avortant omèn.
 Nemo te unquam nisi mors eripiet mihi.
 Nunc quam rem agam accipe: hic nuptiis dictus est dies.
 Veras esse credat Pater, at ne sint tamen.
 Nam *Egle* tuam vicem cum *Calliphane* noctu cubet.
 Diurna ejus uxor sis ipsa in aliquod tempus.
 Nam fortè in diebus paucis aliud se nobis offeret.
 Amolimini hinc vos properè, si consilium placet.
Eu. Nullum vidi melius.
Cal. Abeamus *Egle*. [Exeunt.]

Scena Quarta.

Gnomicus, *Gelasimus*, *Morion*, *Academicus secundus*.

Gn. Ad Cathedram, ad Cathedram ocyus, nam adest peregrinus,
 Titubatque pede pes, densusque Viro Vir.
Aca. Tune es Magister Scholæ?
Mor. Hei! Magister! nemo homo Me querit uspiam; his vestibus nimium lateo.
Aca. Professor jocosum Academicus proximâ Hebdomade jocaturus est publicè.
 Itaque huc me misit salutem ut vobis dicerem,
 Opemque in hac re expetissit, & consilium vestrum.
 Ideoque hoc munus æqui bonique ut consulatis obsecrat.
Gel. Pecuniam ab illo? Dii melius; meus frater est.
Ac. Eo accipias magis, nam fratres metuit suos.
Gno. Quanquam te Jocator Frater annum jam sales in hoc tempus colligentem, idq; Academiâ, abundare oportet præceptis institutisq; hujus artis propter summum & Doctoris tui ingenium & Collegii, tamen ad hanc rem, nos, (ut videmur) magnum tibi emolumentum afferemus, atque hoc veluti in transitu; sepiusculè excurro Oratoriè.
Gel. Præ re isthac rem prævortam nullam, Sed ecquos ipse fecit sales?
Aca. Collegit aliquos;

Sed fecit ipse adhuc, quod sciam ego, paucissimos.
 Fortè an duos tresve demi — jocos.
Gel. *Morion* porrige schedulam
 Illam mihi jocosum Tripodalium; nam in Angliâ patria nostrâ,
 Jocosum Professori Tripodis nomen ponimus. Hem tibi!
Aca. An isti concinnè, in quæstionem ejus cadent?
Gel. Equè herclè concinnè in Quæstionem ejus, atque in ullam aliam.
 Hoc habeat propè in exordii loco, dein Quæstio autem
 Sequatur è longinquo, evocabit suos ipse Terminos,
 Atque si recusent ingredi, invitos trahat secum atque ingratis,
 Uti non raro factum vidimus. Hæc itaq; est salutatio
 Auditorum omnium, ubi obiter deridendos præbet
 Medicinæ, Legisque Professores, & Doctores omnes præcipuè,
 Absque hoc nunquam quisquam plausum sibi repperit.
 Sed (pæne oblitus fui dicere) nullane hic Comœdia.
 Agitur circiter hoc temporis.
Aca. Immoè verò hodiè.
Gel. Ha, ha, hæ! vah Poetam infortunatum nimis,
 Nam quisquis is est, facetiis meis proximâ Hebdomade jugulabitur.
 Accipe sis hanc schedulam; scriptum hic inveniet,
 Quod sufficiet largiter ad deridendum omnes posthac Comœdias.
Aca. Dii tibi dent quæ velis, benè valeas.
Gel. Sc! audin' etiam?
 Tribus verbis te volo; istam Fabulam Ludos faciet.
 Fabula (intellextin'?) Ludus dicitur, jam te dimitto, Vale. [Exit Aca.]

Scena Quinta.

Amylio (alio ornatu) *Psecas*, *Gnom.* *Gel.* *Mor.*
Gel. Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo, annon?
Ædipol virgo fortis est, efficiam ut me depereat de ingenio.
Mor. Principio atque hanc video, manere non possum diutius,
 Ita lauta est; nimio nimi' modestus sum his vestibus.
Em. Jam para te *Psecas*; si pectus sapit, duras illis dabis.

Pf. Pish, aliud otra, magnificè tractabo isthunc Asinum;
O Venus! hæccine est illa schola? lepidus mecastor locus est.
 Semper ego facerías amavi multum, & nutritrix mihi
Dicere solita est: Abi, abi, ut vitalis sis metuo,
Ita præter ætatem tuam ingeniosa es nimium.
Et ego pol ridebam: rides? inquit illa, *Dii boni!*
Ut hujus nunquam non meminero!
Am. Pish, perge ad rem.
Pf. Quam sæpe res mihi otiosè hæreat in memoriâ?
O Diana! quam mihi tunc dierum pro ci-bo fuit jocularier?
 Sæpè ad focum domi obsedimus; ego narrare fabulas,
 Festivè multa dicere, omnes in cachinnos solvere,
 Nulla (licet ipsa dicam) primarum artium magi princeps extitit.
 Sed ubi est Magister? videre vellem nimio,
 Nam communicabimus inter nosmet facerías invicem,
 Opem meam (fatis scio) non habebit despiciatui.
Ubi est?
Gn. Coram, quem quæritis, adsum *Trojus Aeneas*, necesse habeo novam de hæc re sententiam quærere.
Pf. *O Musas!* studuisti arti Musicæ: illud ex Virgilio
 Accepisti mutuum, immò ego poetas legi. Sic sum, non tantum verbis dici potest Quantum re ipsa versus amo, & feci sanè Mediocres.
Gn. Mediocribus esse poetis.
 Non homines, non Dii, non concessere Columnæ.
Gel. Oh! oh! oh! incantavit me aliquis: quod ego
 Nunquam futurum credidi, nequeo unum concinnare adeo joculum.
 Hum! ficcin? Oh! tandem ad meipsum redeo.
 O cujus genis rosæ invident, & pudore rubescunt solo,
 Et tum —
Mor. Ha, ha, ha! pulcherrimè! si ornatus essem ex meis virtutibus
 Sic adirem virginem; nam deperiret istam faciem.
Am. Tun' solus hic regnum possides? ubi, si placet, cæteri?
Gn. St! *Gelasime.*

Gel. Maximè — Pallet Luna, & se vitum confitetur —
 Statim vobis adero — nec fidera — hum! isthoc non placet.
Ceciderunt plane fidera, Ceciderunt; ha, ha, ut nescienti mihi
Effluxit istic jocus?
Gn. Hem *Morion*, ubi es?
Mor. St! ego non adsum.
Am. Ha, ha, ha, an se præsens præsentem negat?
Nisi jurato tibi, Morion, non credemus.
Mor. Per Deos non adsum.
Ut carè delusi homines! illi hic me esse nesciunt, ha, ha, ha!
Gn. An *Morion* atrâ bili percussus? id est, an delirat?
Cesson' illum educere ex insidiis, ut lepidè loquar?
Morion, adesto. [*Educit.*]
Am. Ha, ha! ut stat! reclamante Philosophiâ
 Negarem hunc esse rationalem, nisi quia risibilem video.
Gn. Humanum est errare: erras profecto hospes,
 Nam omnis homo est rationalis, ut acutissime observat *Simplicius*.
Pf. Nolite, obsecro, deridere, per pol quam modestus est!
Mor. Mè laudat.
Gel. Euge! jam habeo.
Mor. Hercle audacter alloquar.
 Salve tu, O cujus genis rosæ invident, & pudore rubescunt solo.
Gel. O mastigiam! quæ mea est Oratio, occupat præloqui,
 Ut perdidit mihi sex jocos, & tres amatorias sententias!
Gno. Perge *Morion*.
Mor. Perge tu, si vis, ego dixi satis.
Gno. Adestum *Gelasime*. Hic est jocator ille, Cui meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.
Pf. Mecastor liberalis est: salve multum, te unum ex omnibus
 Festivum fama magnificavit, itaque ad te huc venimus visere.
 Nam me etiam lepidam vocant, etsi hanc mihi Laudem non arrogem.
Gel. fideri equidem cujus sub auspicio natu' sum, minorem gratiam habeo, Quam oculorum tuorum syderibus, quæ me perpexerunt modò.
 Ha, ha! optimè loquor semper de improvviso,
 Quod signum est boni ingenii, proculdubio hæc mea' est,
 Obsecro, quænam est hæc virgo?

Am.

Am. Factione summâ, & divitiis pol-
lens.

Bombardomachidis filia' st strenuissimi ducis.

Gel. Nimiò nimi' novi ego istum *Bom-
bardomachidem*.

(Hic illum derideo) sed tamen tantò me-
liu'st.

Am. Ecquis homo tantum stultitiæ in
se possedit uspiam.

Quid si oblectem me cum istis? placet,
heus! audicin'?

Quoniam vosmet magnificatis ità de istis
artibus,

Dabo equidem sponsionem, me vos unum
singulos

Redacturum modò jocos meis ad silentium.

Agite sultis, experiamur in hanc partem
quis plus possiet.

Pf. Vide quid agas priùs. Ego ab hujus
parte stabo.

Gel. A meâ: nescio unde hoc sit, multò
sum beatior

Quam vulgus hominum, quæcunque vo-
cem audiunt,

Continuò me amant perditè. O Superi!
gratias ago,

Multum de me meruistis; Heus, audacule,
Quoniam ità vis vitâ interfici, ascende hanc
fellulam.

Opponam ego primus; sed miseret me tui.

Mor. Benè herclè facis; ego obsecunda-
bo tibi in loco,

Abi, audacule, abi in Tullianum.

Am. Esto tu moderator.

Gno. Agonotheta ero, ἄνδρ' ἀγών & ἡ-
γήμην: nam sic docti vocant. Tu oppones
Morion

Secundo in loco.

Mor. Rectè, recedam paululum

Et confutationem Orationis ejus medita-
bor tecum.

Gn. Antequam illam nosti?

Mor. Nosti? nemo non potest

Confutare tum cum noverit, ero singula-
ris ego.

Pf. Discrutior animi, quod mos non pa-
titur,

Disputare foeminas publicè: vellem hos
Opponentès mihi.

Gn. Ascendat Jocator.

Proditum est memoriæ antiquos Philoso-
phos post multos labores sese recreare
solitos fuisse. Agite igitur, hilarem
hunc sumamus diem, nam arcus nimium
intentus citò frangitur; habent sua
Ludicra Musæ; & Apollo Musarum
Parens, aliquandò latet, aliquando pa-
tet. Tu vero Spartam quam nactus
es, hanc orna, ut non minus, aut etiam

plus modestia tua, quam ingenium ap-
pareat. Cave à Majoribus, nam inge-
nium non ferent, & observa semper
cum Poetâ, Parcere personis, dicere de
vitiis.

Am. Orationem tuam —

Gn. Nolo pati istam impudentiam, con-
feras te ad provinciam tuam.

Am. Sapienter quidem facis, quod ora-
tionem tuam non vis repeti.

Gn. Auhoritate mihi ab Apolline com-
missâ, jubeo te acquiescere.

Pf. Ha, ha, hæ! utinam ista mihi au-
thoritas committeretur ab Apolline.

Am. non datur ars jocandi — Inci-
piam à postremo

Termino Jocandi, qui est Terminus Hil-
larii. Artem omitto, quia mos est ita
facere.

Datur est verbum; nam nunc dierum Res
talis non est, quædam dicuntur dari
proprie & simpliciter, sed hinc sensus
verbi jam antiquatus est: alii verò im-
proprie & secundum quid, ut Gradus
in Academiâ, & in Collégiis —

Gn. Omitte illud verbum; scimus quid
velis.

Am. Sed, ne erretis in hac re, dicam
vobis, quid dandum sit, quid non,
primum omnium dabitis mihi — si
placeo — Manus vestras — sin mi-
nus — Veniam. Dabitis Aulico no-
va juramenta, nam fregit omnia ve-
tera. Ad Cælum enim ire ne cogitat
quidem, quia audit paucos illic esse
tonsores & sutores vestiarios, itaque
nunquam oravit in totâ vitâ, tantum
aliquandò dixit Deo, se ejus servum
esse ter humillimum. Et tamen odit
Diabolum, quia Cornutus est, eoque
similior illius Creditorum Civium. Se-
cundò dabitis Puritanis verba; jam
enim illis silentium indicitur, siquandò
autem privatim prædicent, dabitur au-
res vestras; nam suas amiserunt. Da-
bitis Academiis —

Gn. Nolo istud dici; ne quos ridere hic
oportuit,

Erubescant aliqui: satisfecisti officio tuo.
Respondere tibi vellem, sed neminem in
loco meo

Extrà unum novi, qui respondit nugis hu-
jusce modi.

Ascendat Opponens primus; Disputatio-
nem in alium

Differamus diem, nunc jam respondeas
tantum breviter.

Age; Spartam, quam nactus es, hanc or-
na.

Gel. Faciam, sed numera jocos meos, dum respondeam.

Gn. Pauperis est numerare pecus. Numera hoc *Gelasime*,

Obsecro, auditores ut in adversam partem ne rapiatis,

Quod in hoc dignitatis gradu præter morem aliquandò jocos.

Am. Si in eam partem peccas, facile te profectò condonabimus.

Sed mihi crede, Doctissime Moderator, adhuc ab hac culpâ liber es.

Gn. Doctissimum me vocat; non interficiam illum hodiè.

Gel. Quoniam dandi regulas nobis dedisti. Ibi unus *Gnomice*,

Est magnus jocus.

Am. Tam magnus herclè ut videri nequeat.

Gel. Pish! annon ludo in reduplicati-
one tæ Dare?

Gn. Est certè dimidia pars joci.

Am. Oh! ille, fortasse credidit,
Dimidium plus toto esse.

Gel. Dii, Deæque, Superi, Inferi,
Pessimis me exemplis perduint, nisi dicturus id eram

Numera *Gnomice* pro meo, Eripuit eum ex animo meo.

Am. Rectam herclè instas viam, ingeniosus ut fias,

Si furaris, ego quæ dico.

Pf. Summi est ingeni,
Sic facere, nam tuo jam te jugulat gladio.
Ibi ego etiam: pudet sanè ne mutam stare
Inter tot jocantes.

Gel. Sed repetamur à diverticulo:
Dicam ergò tibi, quid dedit mihi rex *Macedonicus*—

Am. Quin pergis?

Gel. Quia jam te oportet dicere,
Quid dedit tibi? pecuniam?

Am. Quid si nolim dicere?

Tun' me coges?

Gel. Non, sed nisi detur Ansa, quis potest jocarier?

Am. Benè, si me oras, dicam, ne omnino coram hac sceminâ nobili

Ignominiosè taceas.

Gel. Et ego sic respondeo:
Pecuniam? non, non, non. Tergum vel pœnas dedit.

Ibi duo joci *Gnomice*. Sed obiter hoc—
Dixisti Artem, jocandi non dari. Falsum!

nam ars jocandi est
Res ingeniosa, sed res ingeniosa datur; nam

Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.

Am. Caru'st hic jocus, nam tribus abhinc petitur milliaribus.

Concionatorem nunquam audivi, textum cum perdiderit,

(Ut sæpè sit) per tot circulos illū quærere.
Walli in hunc planè modum ad suam scandunt originem.

Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur, Ap Res, Ap ingenium, Ap

Crede mihi res est ingeniosa dare.

Gel. Onerabas deinde maledictis Aulicos; sed nimium rusticè,

Iterum *Gnomice*; ab rusticitatem illum derideo,

Est & elegans quædam antithesis inter Aulicos & rusticè.

Quæ addidisti de Puritanis, intacta prætereo,

Quoniam imitatus es illa quæ hodiè mane dixerim,

Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire jussi, cætera

Ex memoriâ aufugerunt.

Pf. Nequeo quin plaudam manibus.

Atque ita omnes vellem, cum audiant quod placet, facere.

Gn. Satisfecisti officio tuo: ascendat *Morion*.

Mor. Ità facio; quæso ut jocos meos numeres *Gnomice*.

Am. Hei! cum istis vestibus disputaturus venis?

Carent Modo, & Figurâ. Nulla est Consequentia

Inter earum partes.

Mor. An vestes meæ tibi nocent?

Am. Ità sanè me terrebant modò, cum hic ascenderas.

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ! ut me vidit, hominem terrui; novit qui sim.

Quid cum me audierit? Attendite, nunc incipio.

In principio orationis tuæ habuisti aliquid de meis laudibus, sed

Ego ingenuè fateor, me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus.

Am. Egon' de tuis laudibus?

Merito pol me confutare possis, si habuisses tale quid.

Mor. Pish! ego hoc suppono—itaque nunc pergo, numera *Gnomice*.

Dixisti porrò aliquid de mari Philosophico.

Am. Quid? de mari Philosophico?

At illud ego adhuc ne primoribus quidem labiis attigi.

Sed si animum induxisti deridere Mare Philosophicum.

Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.

Mor. Non? tum hæc tua culpa'st *Gelasime*.

Annon

Annon dicebas, quod nunquam quisquam
omitteret Mare Philosophicum?

Æm. Ha, ha, hæ!

Mor. Ecquid me ridet?

Gn. Perge *Morion*.

Mor. Pergat qui vult, si ridetis: ego sa-
tisfici officio meo.

Cætera ex memoria diladsa sunt: Et sic
desino. [descendit.]

Gn. Vos itaque cum meritis omnes di-
mitto laudibus,

Et Vitulâ tu dignus & hic. Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.

Pf. Deus bone! quam pulchrè vos om-
nes processistis hodiè,

Ego vobiscum ipsa disputabo vice proximâ.
Doctissime Moderator vale, diu tibi dent

quæ expetis.

Gn. Et longum formosa vale, vale in-
quit Iola.

Pf. Tu *Gelasime*, sequere me sis domum,
nam de arte isthac est tibi

Quod sola soli dicam.

Gel. Beatus sum! libenter sequor.

Quantum diis magnis debeo, quod me tam
lepidum fecerint!

Pf. *Æmylio*, i præ, pish, omitte istas ce-
remonas.

Mor. Ego illos comitabor, satis sum jo-
catus hodiè.

Gn. At ego intus me recipiam, benè ho-
diè fecimus. [Exeunt.]

Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite Ca-
pellæ. [Exit.]

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Scena Prima.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. Pro certon' habes advenisse
Polyporum?

Din. Siquidem quod vidi certum est.
Nisi fallant oculi.

Æm. Mirum est ni fallant aliquandò, si
sint tui,

Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil nisi
astutia es.

Sed, ut placet, ubi vidisti? ecquid idoneus
visus t.

Ex quo argentum cudimus? hæ! numquid
est tractabilis?

Utinam accepisset literas.

Din. Accepit jam importu.

Et largus lacrymarum huc properat.

Æm. Qui istud nosti?

Din. Ut vidi, suspensio gradu ibam, ad-
stebam, comprimebam animam,

Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, sermo-
nem hoc captavi modo.

Pro in tu *Bombardomachidem* induas, ut ac-
cipiamus hominem.

Hic esto; cum rogabit, ubi habet *Bom-
bardomachides*?

Huc per posticum introducam illum tibi.

Æm. At militi claves reddidi.

Din. Pish! sexcentæ sunt causæ quam-
obrem illas possis repetere.

Abi modo: sed enim captivis, quid facie-
mus? absunt per incommodè.

Æm. Oh! dicam *Poliporo* tempus nunc
non esse, ut illos videat,

Et jubebo cras redeat: Satin' polita sunt
hæc consilia?

O fors fortuna quam secundis rebus hanc
mihi onerasti diem!

Abeamus mi charissime *Dinon*.

Din. O, mi suavissime *Æmylio* abea-
mus. [Exeunt.]

Scena Secunda.

Gelasimus, Psecas, Morion.

Pf. Viden' ergò quam posthabui omnes
res ingenio tuo?

Nam me in uxorem multi expetiverunt
Principes,

Quos demisi, quia indocti erant, doloris
compores.

Gel. Diu me faciant quod volunt, nisi
minu gandeam

De pollentiâ tuâ (nam & ipse in mea patriâ
Sat dives & factiosus sum) quam quod hæ

nuptiæ

Magno futuræ sint totius orbis commodo.

Namque ex te nostro quisquis suscipitur

semine

Suis se dictis immortalis afficiet gloria,

Fietque Imperator jocorum optimus maxi-
mus,

Pf. Cupio equidem Poetam parere.

Gel. Meâ fide paries.

Nam vagiebam ego metricè, & in lactis loco

Heliconis aquam fuxi, tum autem in Parnasso bicipiti
 Sæpiculè somniavi, sed, ut verum fatear
 Nulla mihi carmina tam facili Minervæ
 fluunt,
 Quam Epigrammata, aut Satyri, nam festivissimè
 (Ut nosti) deridere homines soleo.
 Pf. OMufas omnes!
 Quam undiquaque sententiis tuis intermiscer
 ces faceris!
 Gel. Ha, ha, hæ, animadvertistin? at
 peperci ego dicere,
 De illis, ut experirer, utrum tute per te eas
 intelligeres.
 Pf. Ah! nunquam Patris in me inimicitias
 caperem
 Tui causâ, nisi intelligerem probè ingenium
 tuum.
 Mor. Colloquuntur familiaritèr, metuo
 ne præripiat mihi
 Illius animum, namque amo illam plus vino
 & faccaro.
 Et nisi me amet mutuò, abeat sanè in locum
 In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.
 Gel. Abeamus, mea Sappho,
 Ut à sacerdote aliquo celebretur nobis
 matrimonium.
 Morion, abi tu domum.
 Mor. Ne me contemptim conteras;
 Tam ego disputabam hodiè, quam tu,
 publicitûs,
 Et confutavi hominem.
 Pf. Exemplis pessimis
 Ludificator istum fruticem nisi hinc pro
 perè avolet.
 Oh superas! occidi, mortua sum! Pater
 huc venit, nos quæritans,
 Et stricto gladio necem huc minatur omni
 bus.
 Mor. Oh, oh, non possum aspicere Bom
 bardomachidem.
 Nimiò nimis ferox est, jocari mecum no
 luit modò.
 Gel. Tam mortui herclè sumus, quam
 mare est mortuum.
 Ibi iterum, velim, nolim, non reprimò
 me, quin jocer.
 Nullumne hic latibulum est?
 Mor. Oh! quæso ostendas aliquod,
 In ipso foramine Acus nunc jam jacere
 poteram,
 Ecquem hic habes caseum? nam muris in
 star optimè
 In illo delitescerem.
 Gel. Non, non, falsus es, Morion,
 Nam tunc exedere latebras tuas. Ut illum
 derideo

Hoc tanto in periculo!

Pf. Hei mihi! est intus dolium —
 Ut contollit gradum! ut oculi virent ira
 cundiâ! —

Illic si vis temet occultare.

Mor. Dolium? cedò sis, bona fœmina:
 Nunquam me pudebit à Diogene exem
 plum sumere.

Utinam esset plenum, evacuarem mihi
 quam citissimè.

Pf. Sequere me, tibi mox prospiciam Ge
 lasime. [Exeunt Psecas, Morion.]

Mor. Ità, cum ego in tuto sim; dolium?
 magnifica pol domus est.

Gel. Oh! oh! audire visu' sum strepi
 tum militis,

Tergum vel pœnas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex
 Macedonicus.

Oh! jam venit, scio; jacebo hìc, quasi es
 sem mortuus;

Nolo saltèrn cernere fatum meum.

[recumbit] [Psecas intrat]

Pf. Ha, ha, he!

Gel. Oh! adest!

Pf. Gelasime, surge, ne metuas malum.

Gel. Profectò, Bombardomachides, non
 duxi tuam filiam.

Neque unquam volui.

Pf. Quid?

Gel. Non: quæso, ne me jugules,
 Memineris, obsecro, jocosum Militarium,
 quos feci tibi,

Quin effeci insuper, Iambi ut incedant pe
 de.

Pf. O Venus! ludos lepidos. Adspice
 ad me Gelasime, Pater non adest.

Gel. O mea Sappho! ubi est pater tuus?
 obsecro an venit?

Pf. Neque venturus est, ex composito
 hoc feci adeo,

Ut nobis sine Morione arbitro fierent
 nuptiæ.

Gel. Hæ! scio hoc equidem, & ego eti
 am per industriam [surgit]

Diffimulavi quasi essem timidus — sed,
 numinam in vado sumus? —

Annon dissimulabam lepide? — certè ali
 quid audio —

Non venit spero.

Pf. Ne time; sed festinato opus est,
 Ne tandèrn fortasse serio nos pater oppri
 mat.

Gel. Vera dicis; properemus mea Musa,
 mea Urania.

Ut te amo meâ Polyhymnie, mea Melpo
 mène! [Exeunt.]

Scena.

Scena Tertia.

Amylio, (ornatu militis) Dinon, Polyporus.

Am. Intromittatur sino; fac pateat janua.

Poly. Tun' ille es Miles, arte tam insignis duellica?

Am. Periphrasin veram nominis dicis mei.

Pol. Si is es, filium manu cepisti meum.

Am. Si filium cepi tuum, captivo Pater es meo.

Pol. Huc itaque cā gratiā huc veni tibi, Illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam duim, Oro igitur me absolvas, quam primum poteris,

Nec mora in te sit sita, quin pretium auferas.

Cupio videre ipsos; & complecti miseros, Tam Pater capto sum, quam dudum fui libero.

Am. Nunc aliqui me expectant reges; cras redeas licet.

Pol. Cras illud, Patri filium quarenti annus est.

Bom. Oculisne claves obviam fiunt tuis?

[*Intus.*]

Cal. P. Nisi jam reperiant, effringantur foribus cardines,

Ne mora Exorcistæ objecta sit, cum huc advenierit.

Bom. Edico jam nunc foribus bellum meis,

Posthæc ut istum timeant, efficiam, pedem.

[*Bombardom. frangit fores.*]

Am. Occisissimi sumus *Dinon*; Heus! quis est ad fores?

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, Calliphanes P. Amylio, Dinon, Polyporus, servi Bombard.

Bom. Oh! spectra cerno? ludit an oculos meos

Imago fallax? non possum pergere Iambicé,

Ita validè timeo.

Cal. P. Ha! quid est? quid tremis adeo?

Bom. Me frigus, haud formido, ut tremam facit.

Am. *Dinon*, in te spes omnis vertitur, sis Dæmon iterum,

Representari salus nostra non aliter potest.

Din. Ne desponde animum, pulchrè homines vorfabimus.

Cal. P. Nihil adhuc video—hum—Leopardus, rediit, ipse est. Leopardus quem conspexi prius.

Din. Oh, ho, o, ho, urite, fundite, tundite, cædite, vertite, domum, ho, ho, fundite, tundite domum.

Pol. Quænam hæc deliramenta? suntne atrabile perciti?

Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἀνὰ στα, χέταστα, πέρυτα πε, δόχμα τ' ἤλδον.

Am. Φειλά δεκτοντόμων ἐδαίξο φίλα γάντων.

Pol. Quicquid sit, aut hi homines infaniunt validè,

Aut aliquid nostri subest, quā fugere infistam viā?

Bom. Oh! quæso bone Dæmon ne accedas adeo, oh!

Polyp. Men' quæris? obsecro, Recedas, tecum nihil negoti est mihi. Oh! quæso.

Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἀνὰ στα χέταστα.

Am. πέρυτα πε, δόχμα τ' ἤλδον.

Cal. P. Oh! metuo malè ne me persequantur Dæmones,

Quia ad nuptias injusticiā meā coegi filium.

Bom. Mallem in mediā acie, quam hic stare loci.

Utinam—(quid faciam?) utinam essem jam nunc mortuus,

Sed mori non possum.

Pol. Proculdubio istud somnium est.

Ita res hæc me dubium dat, ut quis sim, aut ubi, nesciam.

Bom. Claudam herclè oculos, videre non sustineo.

Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam, fundam, tundam omnes illicò.

Bom. Immo non time, video profectò nihil.

Cal. P. Nihil? cæcus est *Bombardomachides*? accipe sis specularia.

[*Bombard. manus extendens forte tiam Amylionis dejecit.*]

Am. Πολυφαιστό δαδάστος.

Bom. Oh!

Am. O *Dinon* acta res est: emergere hinc non potest.

Bom. Servusne noster? facinus indignum & grave!

Jupiter, omni parte violentum intona.

Jaculare flammæ, lumen ereptum polo

Fulminibus exple—jam possum iterum Iambicé.

Cal. P. Proh Deos! ficcin' te servus pro delectamento usu st?

Arripiant aliqui sublimem, & extinguant illi animam.

Tun' (*scelus*) pro arbitrio nos terres fenes?

Bom. Terrere me non potuit, timui nihil.

Cal. P. Non sum compos animi, ita incendor iracundiâ.

Itane istud patere *Bombardomachides*? occide eos.

Bom. De fine penæ loqueris, ego pœnam volo.

Ardeo furore: tam diu cur innocens

Hos versor inter? tota jam ante oculos meos

Imago cædis errat.

Din. O! dii te perdant *Amylio*.

Am. Quin, quod ferendum est feramus æquo animo,

Video non licere quicquam jam pertendere.

Pol. Frustrationes ego istas mirari satis nequeo.

Heus; estne miles hic, *Bombardomachides*?

Bom. Men' ergò nescis? Ipse *Bombardomachides* sum (in versu sequenti)

Pol. Paratus es meum mihi jam filium reddere?

Bom. Quem habeo filium reddam, sed nullum habeo.

Pol. Quæ te mala crux agitat autem? hem Literas tuas

Quas in portu accepi modò.

Bom. Ha! Dux *Bombardomachides*?

Amylio scripsit istud: O ingens scelus!

Incertus, atrox, mente non sanâ feror

Partes in omnes; unde me ulcisci queam?

[*Verberat Dinonem & ejus barbam arripit.*]

Din. Oh! obsecro te.

Pol. O Dii boni! quid ego video? Dinonem servum?

Hem! *Dinon*! quid hic agis? ubi filius meus?

Din. *Amylio*, quid faciam in his angustis confitebor omnia.

Am. Suspende te, si vis: Diis iratis natu' sum.

Cal. P. Hi homines ingentem aliquam adornarunt fabricam.

Articulatim te coneidit hic servus tuus
Quantum adhuc video: faxo confiteantur omnia,

Heus *Lorarii*! quis intus est? *Lorarii* inquam!

Pol. Immò depositâ veste se verberibus impleant invicem.

Donec omnia exquisivimus, ut lubitum sit nobis.

Bom. Locutus es, non malè, fiet modò.

Adeste servi, Dominus hoc vester jubet.

[*Ingrad. Lorarii*]

Am. Strenuum me præbebo hominem;

scapularum mihi Sat magna confidentia est. *Dinon*, bono animo es.

Din. Quin *Stoicus*, inquam sum, dolorem nunquam sentio.

Moriemur, sat scio; si præter spem quid evenit

In lucro deputabo esse.

Bom. Audin' serve?

Flagella Fac sint nobis in promptu duo.

[*Exit servus, & redit cum flagellis.*]

Cal. P. Interea quod est temporis, tu deme illis deploides.

Ha! statuæ verberæ, nos vetulos habetis ludibrio?

[*ponunt diploid.*]

Am. Aliud cura, Carnufex; non possum ego hoc exuere! [ad *Lorarium*.]

Vapulare herclè nolo in generosis meis vestibus,

Scio ego, quid sit vapulare.

Din. O miram rem! scientia talis, dicenda est sola liberalis. Satin' *Amylio* fortiter?

Bom. Ridetis? at mox flumen ex oculis cadet.

Cal. P. Hem! da flagella illis in manus ocius.

Nisi pœnas de se strenuè sumant invicem.

Quasi incudem cædas illos; ac pugnis oneres,

Din. Video necesse esse, ut exerceamus nosmet.

Age, incipiamus mea Commoditas.

Am. Mea opportunitas incipiamus.

Din. Tu nebulo major es, tibi herclè locum cedo.

Cal. P. Ludunt herclè; heus *Lorarii*, facite ut pugni in malis hæreant.

Ad mortem vos ambos darem, si essetis mei.

Am. Quin abi in malam rem; nil opera opus tuâ est.

[ad *Lorarium*.]

Annon *Dinon* satis idoneus visu' sit, qui me verberet?

Din. Hem tibi, mi Alter idem!

Am. Meus bonus Genius!

[*Se vicibus flagellant.*]

Din. Meus *Pilades*!

Am. *Orestes* meus!

Bom. Hæc ververandi mihi sat methodus placet.

Tam similis est bello.

Cal. P. Fecistis probè.

Cessate paululum, exquire nunc jam, quidvis.

Pol. Quid filio factum est meo, cum Tutore ejus & *Gelasimo*?

Din. Emunximus illos mucidos; & argentum effecimus.

Am.

Æm. Et vestes, viden' ornatum Morionis tui?
 Me multò decent magis.
Pol. O frontes hominum!
Din. Dicam omnia; animum advortite, nam fabula lepidissima est, Primum omnium, apposi probè ut obdormirent, fecimus.
Æm. Dein vestes Morionis panis commutavi meis.
Din. Dein, quasi captivos, in vinclis hic habuimus.
Din. Dein Scripsimus Epistolam, te ut vorfàremus insuper.
Din. Dein spectris fictis *Bombardomachidem* perter refecimus.
Bom. Egonè vana ut spectra timerem scelus!
 Adeste vel jam Dæmonum turbam velim.
Pol. O impudentiam! O mores! quid ego de vobis tantum merui?
Æm. Ha, ha! homo suavis! nos ut parceremus tibi?
 Cum bardum genuisti, sapientium id fecisti gratiâ.
 Stultus est Commune Bonum.
Cal. P. Obstupesco! ita hæc res mira est.
Din. Immò nihil jam celabo, nolo, *Æmylio*,
 Ex istis technis tibi melius sit, quam mihi.
Eucomissa——
Æm. *Dinon!* ô scelestum caput!
 [*flagellat.*]
Bom. Muttiren' audes? pisce sis mutus magis.
Din. *Æmylion* nupsit hodiè, & Dii vortant feliciter.
Bom. Quid tangit aurem? ferte me insanae procul,
 Illò procellæ ferte, quo fertur dies
 Hinc raptus, ô, quis filiam ostendet mihi,
 Longinqua, clausa, abstrusa, diversa, invia
 Emetiemur, nullus obstabit locus.
 [*Exit. Bombard.*]
Æm. Nunc demum perii solidè, hoc durum in corde est mihi,
 Quod mei gratiâ, *Eucomissæ* pejus erit,
 Præterquam, quod carendum est illâ, nil adhuc doleo.
Cal. P. Si esset mea, omnem de illâ animum
 Ejicerem Patris, & alienarum miseram à familiâ.
 Si filius meus ad hunc modum——sed non-vult, aut si cuperet maximè,
 Captare consilii nil posset, quin olfacerem prius.
Dim. Immò Ille proculdubiò his noxiis vacuus est.

Nihil in se culpæ unquam commisit, Tantum,
 Præter imperium tuum, & præterquam iussisti sedulò,
Æglen hodiè duxit.
Cal. P. *Æglen?* non potest fieri.
 Non, non, non audet: quicquid sit, videbo tamen.
 Si verum est, statim cum uxore quatiatur foras. [*Exit.*]
Æm. Quicumque sis, peregrine, nolo precator mihi
 Orare ut sis, nam adversus isthæc obfirmavi mala,
 Sed ut pacem *Eucomissæ* conciliares ab ejus Patre
 Id oro, atque obsecro: age, etsi parum de te meruerim,
 Popularis tuus sum.
Pol. Meus?
Æm. Siquidem es Anglus patriâ.
Pol. Qui istud factum est, hic ut servitutem servias?
Æm. Fortunæ adipol, vitio, nam prognatus patre
 Mercatore sum ditissimo, sed sic fors tulit
 Cum sorore simul parvulâ hic ut me caperet parvulum.
Pol. Hei mihi!
Æm. Quid lacrymas obsecro? istud me decet magis.
Pol. Quia miseras mihi meas hoc dicto in memoriam redigis.
 Nam filiolum ego etiam cum fratre unâ perdidit.
 Ubi capti estis?
Æm. In navi, cum in Hispaniam transfemilit Pater
 Mercaturæ operam dans, ac rei studens.
Pol. Quodnam erat navi signum?
Æm. Castor & Pollux.
Pol. Dii boni, quo magis quero, eò plus plusque convenit.
 Si est, ut hæc mihi res indicium facit,
 Omnium, qui sunt in terrâ, sum beatissimus.
 Quot annis abhinc?
Æm. Mense proximo erunt octodecem.
Pol. Dii memet ex re perditâ servatum volunt.
 Si isthæc vera sunt, non dubito quin sis meus.
 Cæterum adest Miles, ille me certorem faciet.

Scena Quinta.

Bombard. Cal. P. Cal. F. Eucomissa, Ægle.
Cal. P. Quin exi, flagitium hominis, cum uxore triveneficâ,
 Faxo, si vita mihi superet, istius obsaturabere.
Æg.

Ag. Obsecro prolixè senex, uti quod te habet malè,

In me totum evomas, cum illo modò in gratiam redeas.

Mea omnis culpa est; Ille abste innoxius, Per Deos mea est.

Cal. F. Non, non, cave illi credas Pater, Tuam in me iram derivari multò æqui u'st. Blanditiis istam meis conjeci invitam in nuptias.

Pol. Accommoda mihi miles paululum aures tuas, Nisi sit molestum.

Bom. Uruntur irâ fibræ, & exardet jecur,

Uruntur inquam; loquere at quidvis tamen.

Eu. O *Amylio!* huncè in modum celebrantur nuptiæ?

Vereor ne eodem fiam vidua quo die nupta sum.

Am. Habe modo bonum animum, mea Vita, tibi nil faciet mali.

Meamque ne doleas, vicem, nam Deos testor,

Si unâ hâc nocte cubuissèm in complexu tuo.

Cras illud esset, cum me vellem interfici, Ne ulla unquam ægritudo contaminaret illud gaudium.

Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, spes fita est mea.

Pol. Immò omnem mihi rem explicatam dedisti pulchre.

Inseperate File, salve, Cum hic te conspicio; quam superat mihi Atque abundat lætitiâ pectus! ubi soror tua est?

Am. Eccam ipsam, mi pater charissime! amœnitates quantas

Hic mihi dies obtulit! *Pol.* Jam, virgo mea es.

Ha, ha! filium & filiam? ha, ha! lacrymo gaudio.

Et tam liberaliter educatos! quis me felicior?

Age Miles, face te lubentem filix nuptiis.

Bom. Nil jam negabo, cuncta concedo senex,

Quoniâque natam duxit, ut ducat volo.

Am. Audin' *Eucomissa?* iterum mihi natus videor.

Eu. Et ego iterum nupta; ô mi *Amylio.*

Cal. p. Quam suo mihi hic sermone arrexit aures!

Fili, quoniam istam virginem tam misere deperis,

Difficultas à me non erit, quin pro uxore habeas.

Cal. f. Reverà mihi pater es, & diis ipsis proximus.

Din. Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapulandum est mihi.

Amylio, volo te de communi re appellare mea, & tuâ.

Meministin' quo ornatu te primum inveni-

Meâ profectò operâ hæc omnia eveni-

runt tibi. *Am.* Fæneratò hanc mihi operam locasti, *Dinon,*

Nam mecum semper vives, supeditabo ego tibi sumptibus.

Din. O mea Commoditas! meus bonus Genius!

Am. Meruisti herculé;

Nam vel modo, mea opportunitas, quam me verberasti strenue!

Din. Meruisti herculé. Ego vel iterum, mi *Amylio,*

Voluptatis tuæ causâ, defessus verberando fierem.

Am. Sed obsecro, mi Pater, an *Morion,* meus frater est?

Pol. Nihil minus; nam cum vosmet infortunatus perdidisti;

Ne prorsus viderer ortus, recens natum servi mei puerum

Pro meo sustuli; is hic est, quem vidistis, *Morion.*

Scena Sexta.

Gelësime, Psecas.

Sed quem ego video? *Gelasimum,* amicum *Morionis* mei?

Gelësime salve.

Gel. O *Polypore* salve: nescis quam beatus ego sum!

Ubi est *Bombardomachides?*

Pf. Illic; non vides?

Gel. Hic non est ille *Bombardomachides,* ad quem me insinuavi callidé.

Pf. Pish, credin' me ignorare patrem meum, quis fiet;

Gel. Non, non; filius tuus *Gelasimus,* hîc flexo poplite

Ut sibi benedicas, obsecrat, atque ut nuptiis suis.

Bom. Ex ore quid venit tuo? Tun' filius meus?

Gel. Fortassis hoc me credis per jocum dicere,

Quia joculari semper soleo; sed profectò loquor seriò.

Detrahe velum, mea Musa; hem! nostin' filiam tuam?

Om.

Om. Ha, ha, hæ.
Pf. Immò ne admiremini.
 Ego nupsi isti Asino, sed præceptis meis,
 Efficiam brevi, ut moratus sit sat bene.
Eucomissa salve, jam sum ejusdem tecum
 ordinis,
 Colloquennur inter nosmet amicè, & capie-
 mus consilium,
 Quid maritis faciendum sit, servire si no-
 lint nobis.
Gel. Tun' negas filiam tuam hanc esse!
Om. Ha, ha, hæ.
Gel. Quid (malum) ridetis? nullum
 hic dixi jocum.
Am. *Gelasime*, da hoc etiam pugillari-
 bus tuis.
 Os mihi callidè sublitum est quarto Non.
 Feb.
Gel. Nolo sic me rideant; immò, quæ
 sit, satis novi.
 Egon' ut filiam tuam in uxorem acciperem?
 Vah! ista ingeniosa est, hoc sufficit mihi.
 Facetissimè à me amovi istud dedecus.
Mor. Oh! non possum recipere animam.
 quæso bona fœmina. [*intus*]
Am. Ha! quid hoc?
Pf. Inter tot nuptias
 Ne desit vinum, donabo vos pleno dolio. [*Exit.*]
Cal. p. Frustrationes ego tantas, & tam
 miras res.
 Nullà me vidisse unquam in Comediâ me-
 mini.
 Ha! quid fit tandem?

Scena Septima.

Pfecas, Morion in dolio.

Pf. Hem! vobis vinum meum!
Mor. Non, non, ego non sum vinum.
 [*in dol.*] [*Exit.*]
 Ha! quosnam hic video? ego iterum intus
 me recipiam. [*ingred. interum.*]
Gel. Exi, exi inquam, *Diogenes*, ô *Mori-*
on, ut ego te derideo!
Mor. Videon' ego patrem meum? ô,
 pater, tun' hic aderas?

Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regionibus.
 Jocari homines doceo. *Pol.* Posthac ne me
 Patrem vocites.
 Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio
 sustuli.
Mor. O! tu me non nosti fortassis in
 his vestibibus.
 Ego sum profectò *Morion*; roga *Gelasim-*
um.
 Nos hic Captivi sumus. *Pol.* Non, non
 jam estis liberi.
 Sed meus, per Deos, non es, te ad patrem
 tuum,
 Adducam iterum, cum in Angliam trans-
 misimus.

Scena Octava.

Gnomicus.

Gel. O Tutor! mira hic profectò eve-
 nerunt hodiè;
 Omnia intus scies, tu verò Tutor, & *Mo-*
ri- on,
 Mundum omnem jocularum colligite, nam
 in Angliam mecum redibitis,
 Atque illic Cantabrigiæ istam aperiemus
 Scholam.
 Emptores jocosum ibi habitant quamplu-
 rimi.
Mor. Rectè; tum pater si nolis esse, ne
 sis amplius mihi.
 Tutor, ego non sum filius *Polypori* natu
 Maximus.
Gn. Enim verò, ut ait *Comicus*, Dii nos
 homines quasi pilas habent.
Cal. p. Interea ad me omnes introite ad
 prandium,
 Frugalitèr vos accipiam.
Gn. Consilium placet.
 Siqui nunc harum rerum Spectatores ad-
 fient
 Cum Poeta illis dicerem. Valetè, & plau-
 dite.
 Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata bibe-
 runt,
 Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.

EPILOGUS.

H Abet; peracta est fabula; nil restat denique:
Nisi ut vos valere jubeam; quod ut fiat mutuo
Valere & nos etiam jubeatis precor,
Naufragium sic non erit; nam vobis, si placuimus,
Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admirabilis,
Fam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

FINIS.

